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A HISTORY OF PAINTING


LINFANTE. MARGVERITE

A
HISTORY OF PAINTING

BY HALDANE MACFALL

WITH A PREFACE BY

FRANK BRANGWYN

IN EIGHT VOLUMES. ILLUSTRATED WITH
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VOL. III

LATER ITALIANS AND
GENIUS OF SPAIN

1972
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FOREWORD

To the student who desires full information upon the significance of the Italian genius in painting after the great outburst of that genius in the Renaissance, in the years of the so-called Decline, I can find few books to recommend in the English tongue—for the greatness of the Naturalisti has not yet been discovered, whilst the old vogue of the Eclectics was exaggerated as much in laudation as it is to-day condemned by contempt. But the great Spaniards have come into their own—or are coming. The best authorities on the scientific side concerning Velazquez and Spanish art generally are Beruete and Carl Justi, and they may be read in an English translation. An excellent survey of the Spanish achievement, set forth in fairly good balance, is the volume written by Mrs. Gasquoine Hartley, entitled "A Record of Spanish Painting." *The writings of R. A. M. Stevenson, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Arthur Symons, W. Rothenstein, and the many brilliant students, English and foreign, who have done so much to set the bays on the heads of the great Spaniards, are helpful. To understand Spanish or Dutch Art, if you have not rid your bonnet of the bee that Art is Beauty, is impossible; with that bee in the bonnet, however, you may even yet understand clever craftsmanship. But the superb achievement of the great Later Italians, of what is foolishly called The Decline, has been so little written upon that I have been unable to find any good*

works—any intelligent works—on the subject. I have confined myself therefore to the impression aroused in me in the presence of such masterpieces as my eyes have beheld, generally without clue to their history and often to their authorship. I would therefore add that even the high importance I have here essayed to bring back to the masters of the so-called Decline is wholly incommensurate to the splendour of the genius of this period, for there are masterpieces to-day so neglected that one cannot accept the unknown names attached to them, or else those names require research to place them without challenge amongst the greatest masters of all time. Take, for instance, one of the supreme portraits of the world, the stout figure of DEL BORRO *at Berlin, which is challenged as not being by Velazquez. I have not the advantage of having seen the original, but a reproduction from it has hung upon my walls for close on twenty years, and I can only say that, if it be not by Velazquez, then there lived and wrought his supreme genius a man unknown who is the peer of Velazquez. Yet whilst this man of supreme genius lived and wrought "in the Decline," his works are passed by, whilst enormous sums are paid for the works of the artists of the Renaissance who were not fit to hold his palette for him!*

I have seen paintings, and reproductions from paintings, in which the very costumes prove them to belong to the sixteen-hundreds, paintings that rank for sheer power with the masterpieces of the world, yet the names of the painters, if accurate, are unacknowledged, and the splendour of their artistry treated with the chill sneer of silence.

The tourist, eager for "artistic culture," swarms into Italy—

XV

VELAZQUEZ

1599 – 1660

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"INFANTA MARGARITA"

(Louvre)

Of the many portraits of the King's children painted by Velazquez, one of the most exquisite is this of the sedate little Princess—the Infanta Margarita, at the Louvre—not only as a picture of small girlhood, but for the subtlety of its greys and colour-values.

FOREWORD

to Florence, to Venice, to Rome; he carries his "book of the words" written by swarms of penmen upon the supreme achievement of Renaissance Italy in art—not an Italian amongst the dead who wrought even a fourth-rate art but has his biographer, so long as he had the astuteness to die before Michelangelo and Tintoretto gave up the ghost. But to Naples and to Spain how few go? How few realise that thereat may be found an art as great—in some qualities greater? How few realise that the masters there essayed an art vastly larger, vastly more profound, than was possible to the men of the Renaissance, for the simple reason that its profundity had not been revealed to the Renaissance, that their orchestration is deeper and wider and more compelling?

HALDANE MACFALL.

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THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

A HISTORY OF PAINTING

CHAPTER I

WHEREIN IS HINT THAT IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO CLIMB DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL IN ORDER TO CLIMB UP A HIGHER

WHEREIN IS HINT THAT IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO CLIMB DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL IN ORDER TO CLIMB UP A HIGHER

By the middle fifteen-hundreds the Renaissance in Italy was dead. The whole significance of the New Thought was stifled. The New Humanism had struggled to find the gateway to a fuller life—had fought through the great Italian years of the fourteen-hundreds for conquest—and failed, overborne by the incapacity of Italy to become a nation, overborne by a thousand tyrannies from which she could not rid herself, overborne by the sudden alarm of the very church that had fostered it. And the New Thought, baffled by the Italians, gathering its cloak about it, stepped across the Alps to the Rhine, or betook itself to Naples, thence to Spain, shaking the dust of Renaissance Italy from its feet.

For centuries Italy was to be but a splendid ruin—the picturesque home of a dead romance—yet, by very reason of that romance, the inspirer of some of the poetry of the greater breeds.

The Good Friday that saw the death of Raphael on the 6th day of April in 1520; and the year that witnessed the death of Michelangelo—these were the autumn of the Renaissance in Italy. 'Tis true that the Renaissance lingered on awhile in northern Venice; but Venice was

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

closer akin in art and aim to the northern peoples than to Italy; and the giants who still uttered her greatness outlived their age—Titian and Veronese, and Tintoretto and Bassano were all old men; but to them the mighty land of promise had been revealed.

By the end of the fifteen-hundreds even Venice was silent.

Michelangelo died in 1564, Bronzino in 1572, Titian in 1576, Veronese in 1588, Bassano in 1592, Tintoretto in 1594. And after them—a mighty silence threatened Italian art.

With the aged Michelangelo the Renaissance in Italy fell down dead, 'tis true enough; but another was to arise who should guide to a new achievement—a violent fellow given to violent acts. It was only the mistaken effort to create the new nations in the spirit of antique days that had ended. There was about to arise in Europe, and in Italy itself, a revelation more vital than any aim of restoring ancient days. The new genius was about to shed all antique direction and go straight to Nature and Reality; was about to essay the discovery of a new world—Itself.

It has long been a fashion to speak of all Italian art after the deaths of Michelangelo and Tintoretto as being wholly in decay—a thing of contempt, scarce worthy of notice.

It is true that the Counter-Reformation, though it saved Italy to the Church, came too late to save Italy from falling amongst the lesser peoples. But the simple fact was that the whole political structure of Italy, her broken aims, and her rending into petty states under petty rulers, caused her fall much more than did her religious troubles. She had not the strength of will for great religious troubles. She

was doomed to death by her very indifference to vigorous aims. She became merely parochial. The Counter-Reformation but made for compromise in Italy; but outside Italy it grew to power and became a vast significance. So with Art. From Italy, art stepped over the mountains and flitted across the sea, and brought forth vast increase. Yet even Italy was to make an effort to realise it.

WHEREIN IS HINT THAT IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO CLIMB DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL IN ORDER TO CLIMB UP A HIGHER

But—and here let us be very clear—though the Italian Renaissance lay down and died before 1600 struck, art in Italy did not die. There was not a complete blotting out of art.

It is true that the colossal achievement of Michelangelo completed the whole utterance of the Renaissance in Central Italy; it is equally true that Titian, Veronese, Correggio, and Tintoretto uttered the complete significance of the Renaissance in the North. But the Renaissance was only the beginning of the New Thought.

For awhile in Central Italy, the death of Michelangelo silenced all further endeavour, as, in the North, did the death of Tintoretto. After these giants laid them down and entered into silence, the artists of all Italy for awhile could do nothing but make an academic attempt to repeat what the great men of the past had said—they looked at life through the spectacles of dead men. And all academic art is decay.

But this decay was *not* confined to the Italy that saw the death of the giants. For a whole century Italy had been bringing forth mediocre artists. Rottenness was begun in the land even whilst the last of the Renaissance giants wrought their art. There was therefore no sudden decay at the death of Tintoretto and Michelangelo. It was only that their deaths pronounced the hollowness of the void.

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

But though the Italians essayed for awhile to create art through the spectacles of the great dead, we must avoid all tendency to despise the further endeavour of Italy. As we shall see, out of this initiative effort came dissatisfaction; and a new school was to arise even in Italy, which began to feel out towards the new development of art which was stirring in the Low Countries. Schools arose which were at first concerned merely with trying to do what Raphael had done so successfully—to blend the styles of the great dead into a general style. They failed thereby to achieve great art, for they were concerned with style instead of with Life. They were painters for the sake of painting—the which is death to all art. They were wholly blind to the great driving ideas and emotions that were stirring strong men in the West. But after a time they caught something of its reflected enthusiasm; and men arose amongst them who earnestly set themselves to develop the art where Michelangelo and Tintoretto had left it; and though at first they did not reach to the supreme heights in their endeavour, as indeed reflected life never can so reach, they did develop their craft considerably; and in the doing they handed on the flame to Spain, and the Spaniards fanned the flame until it lit all Europe.

The terms "decline" and "decadence" are not without their difficulties. We cannot speak of a "decadent" art which created the splendour of Spain. Decline is perhaps the less objectionable phrase, in that it may be made to suggest the act of one who has climbed a steep hill and descends on the farther side, since perchance there may be a still greater hill to climb beyond. But it must be borne in mind that the greater artists of the so-called Italian Decline did not descend to deeps so far on the other side as to bring them below the level of her art at its beginnings. They

descended from the high peaks of the achievement of Michelangelo, 'tis true enough; but they descended only down a slope that led towards the further heights—the adventure upon which was to lead them to develop still further the gamut of the utterance of art; and they descended only so far as to meet a goodly company of Spaniards and Dutchmen, who took the guarded flame of the genius of Italy from their careful hands, to carry it to still higher achievement in the splendour of the sixteen hundreds. And in the splendour was to arise the native genius of Velazquez and Rembrandt.

WHEREIN IS HINT THAT IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO CLIMB DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF A HIILL IN ORDER TO CLIMB UP A HIGHER

CHAPTER II

WHEREIN WE SEE SO-CALLED DECLINE MAKE A HALT, AND TURN TO UPWARD STRIVING

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

THE Reformation in the North came with a rending effect upon the Church therein. The Renaissance had done its work, and men's eyes were set upon the freedom of the individual. A virile aim pulsed through the Germanic peoples. That which created the schism of Luther towards 1540 in the North, was also felt within the Church in Italy; but Italy was too closely enwrapped in her ancient traditions, too broken amongst a hundred despots, to do more than quarrel with the Pontiffs; and the Pontiffs, startled at last by the buffet of Luther and the Protesters, awoke to their danger, and the Catholic Counter-Reformation was set astir. Henceforth the Catholic ideals have nothing in common with the triumphant dogma of the Middle Ages. Rome was now on the defensive. The lesson had been a hard one, but she learnt *it*—*if* late. The task henceforth was to win hearts, not to grind down the intellect. Shrewd and energetic Popes saved Catholicism from utter ruin, and slowly re-won some of the ground lost in the first years of the Reformation. There came to their aid the astute confraternity of the Jesuits, who "made religion easy," and amongst other things called the fascination of art to the service of the Church, foreseeing that the Puritan enmity to the arts would repulse generous minds.

The art which the New Catholicism protected and

fostered was that which contributed most to devotional ecstasy and charmed the multitude. We shall see the church architecture at once answer to the call, and develop into what is called the "Jesuit style," and the art of painting take for its aim a kind of sensual mysticism, founded upon the grace of Correggio and Raphael. The whole spirit of the Middle Ages is flown. The austere Christian thought that still went side by side with the Paganism of the Renaissance, is wholly fled, and, strangest part of it, enters into the Reformers. We shall see this "Jesuit style" filter through Italy into Flanders and produce the genius of Rubens.

WHEREIN WE SEE SO-CALLED DECLINE MAKE A HALT, AND TURN TO UPWARD STRIVING

It has been neatly said that the Renaissance was the age of Glorified Snobbery; and the charge is not without truth. It was an age of the glorification of the Born Great—but it must be remembered that the People had not yet found voice. The New Learning had not yet been taken into the homes of the people. The Reformation, with all its faults and narrownesses, at least did this mighty thing—it brought Freedom to the hearth of the cottage, if at first in grey fashion enough.

Yet, whilst Italy fell, she could not go wholly back. She fell behind in the race. That was all. Art and life were evolving for awhile even in her deserted land. Even whilst her artists thought to copy slavishly the works of the great dead, the new world-spirit dragged her along in spite of herself.

Italy, by her lack of nationality, fell under the heel of Spain and of Austria, and her greatness departed. The Counter-Reformation in 1545, as we have seen, had as part of its aim the desire to win the heart by ecstasy and rapture —and the artists gave way to sentimentality, and a part of their appeal lay in emphasising the tortures of martyrs and

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

the like emotionalisms. We shall find a new motive in the Italian art, wholly foreign to the Italians of the Renaissance. We see the Christ and the Madonna and the Magdalene with tear-filled eyes cast upwards to heaven, and a general pietism sets in that is not without mawkishness. The repentant Magdalene takes the place of Venus, proud of her feminine allure; but she is, as Morelli wittily put it, "the Venetian Venus translated into the Jesuit style"—the sensual and the devotional are wrought together into the sentimental.

This is all true enough. But the criticism of to-day, whilst it pours the vials of its contempt upon the faults and weaknesses of the art of the Italian "Decline," keeps a silent tongue upon the glaring faults and weaknesses of the great Italian Renaissance. These defects of vision in the men of the Decline are no worse than the pompous vulgarity of the Renaissance—and the mightiest of the Venetians were not the least of the offenders—that shrank from placing the Madonna in a humble cottage, but, since she could not have the manger in the most splendid room of a palace, mitigated the humility by ruining a palace in order to place her therein. The whole art of the Renaissance is afflicted by just as sentimental untruths as the art of the "Decline."

Besides, this "Jesuit style," that threatened to be so disastrous to Italian art in painting and sculpture and architecture, brought forth superb artistry in Flanders, where it created Rubens and the Flemish School, and in Spain. We must therefore look for some deeper reason for decay. We have not far to go. The New Thought had departed from Italy. The new nationalism, that was making Western Europe into great peoples, left Italy untouched. The lamp of Liberty was taken from her. The

cause of her decay, as of all decay in art whatsoever, was the academic vision. She fell into an ecstatic admiration of her own great achievement in the Renaissance, and it stupefied her. He who would climb to the heights looking over his shoulder at the pathway he has trod, must have a fall.

WHEREIN WE SEE SO-CALLED DECLINE MAKE A HALT, AND TURN TO UPWARD STRIVING

But there were men in Italy still who were not wholly to fall to mimicry. And it must be remembered that it was these very men who largely brought to life the art of Spain and of the Low Countries, and of England and France.

CHAPTER III

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT TO IMITATE CAN NEVER BE TO SURPASS

THE MANNERISTS
OR
IMITATORS OF ONE
1564 – 1600

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

That Raphael, the King of Borrowers, should create a vast school of borrowers in Italy was inevitable. Lacking Raphael's genius, that brought creation into his borrowing to purify it, they wrought their art, seeing life only through the spectacles of the dead. They gazed on paintings instead of upon Nature.

On the death of Michelangelo in 1564, without his mighty art to overwhelm their insignificance, these men came to recognition, and stood forth in a period of extravagant imitation in which they wrought mediocre travesties of the great dead. No sooner was Michelangelo dead than the artists tried to imitate him. They were prominent from Michelangelo's death in 1564 until the end of the fifteen-hundreds, and are known as The Mannerists.

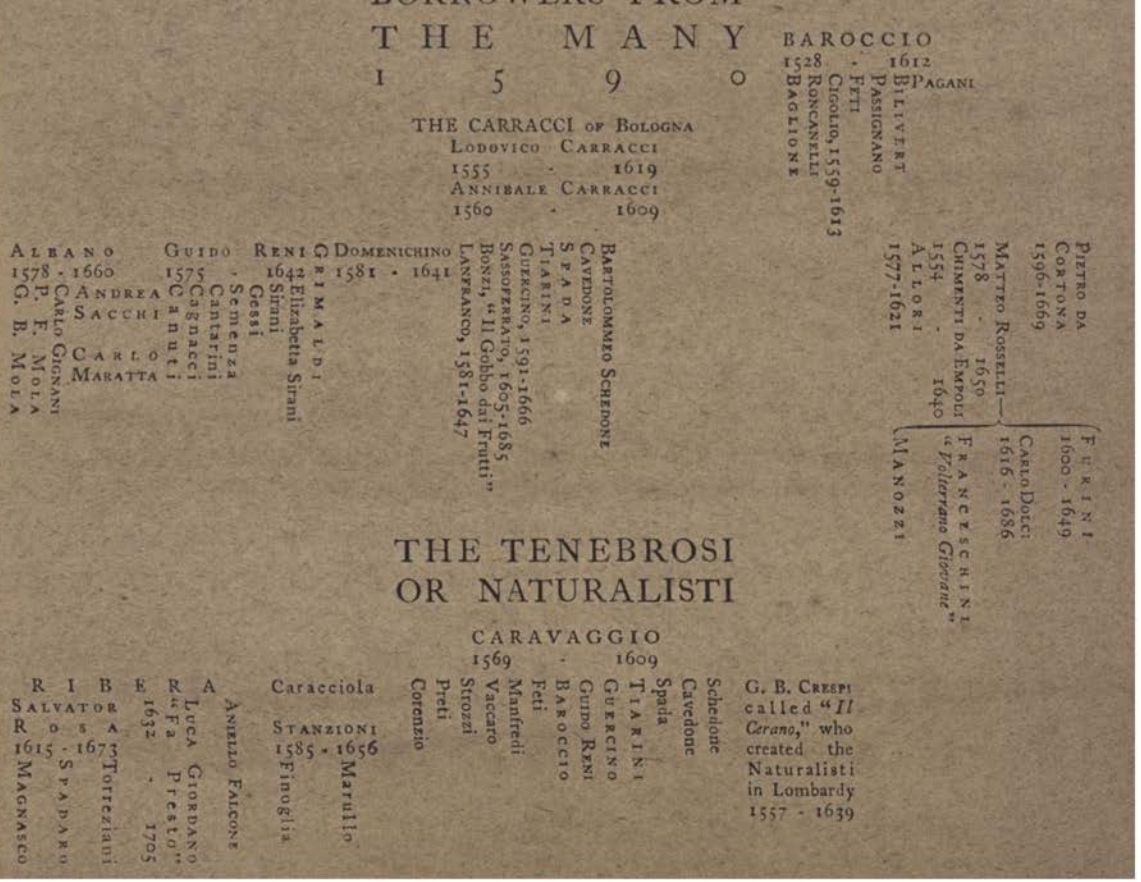
Raphael's pupil Giulio Romano was as much of the Decline as were any of the Mannerists so-called. He, too, was taken up with the externals of art—with mere craftsmanship and style—in plain words, he was an Academic, therefore a decadent. The poetic vision, the personal relation with life, were all absent. It was only in the

THE MANNERISTS
OR
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Denis Calvaert founds the Mannerist School of Bologna.

THE ECLECTICS
OR
BORROWERS FROM THE MANY
1590



THE TENEBROSI
OR NATURALISTI

presence of the sitter in portraiture that a glimpse of life came to these men; and in portraiture, by consequence, they did their best work. But patrons required huge paintings for the decoration of their houses in Raphael's manner, and paid as cheaply as they could—they naturally employed the most facile brushes. The artists began to pride themselves upon the pace at which they could cover a huge wall. The result is seen in the loss of depth—a general flatness of execution. They probably held this to be *decorative*. As in all states of decay in the arts, men began to write elaborate theories to justify their art, to work by rule and laws, to divide art into styles, and the rest of the vain business, blind to the fact that art has to *create a style that will best utter itself, as well as to create the art itself.*

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT TO IMITATE CAN NEVER BE TO SURPASS

All the Italian schools collapsed. The followers of Perugino, ADONE DONI and the ALFANI and the rest, fell into collapse. The so-called Netherlandish artists of the Roman School—as far as one can gather—were mere imitators and copyists. The men of Milan, who looked to the tradition of Leonardo da Vinci and Gaudenzio Ferrari—Bernardino, LANINI, LOMAZZO, better known as a writer upon art, his pupil FIGINO, and the rest scarce deserve attention. The School of Raphael, or Raphaelesques, such as GIULIO ROMANO, are brilliant imitators—and include the men of the so-called Genoese School, headed by PERINO DEL VAGA and the men who went to the French Court.

Of the large number of pupils and assistants to Raphael, who tried to imitate his style and carried it over Italy, largely scattered by the conquest and pillage of Rome by the French in 1527, spreading a cold, formal, and insipid academicism over the land, the most famous was GIULIO PIPPI DE' GIANNUZZI, better known as GIULIO ROMANO

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

(1492-1546). He and GIANFRANCESCO PENNI were the most beloved pupils of Raphael, and were made heirs to his drawings and designs. Giulio Romano's many pupils only exaggerated his weaknesses—of these were the two Mantuans, RINALDO and FERMO GUISONI, and the famous miniature-painter GIULIO CLOVIO; but his pupil, FRANCESCO PRIMATICCIO, is of more worthy stuff.

PRIMATICCIO
1504 – 1570

Born in 1504 at Bologna, PRIMATICCIO died in France in 1570. Invited to France by Francis I., he wrought many decorations for the French king and for the two kings after him. He was made the Commissary-General of public buildings in place of the Florentine IL ROSSO, called LE ROUX by the French. In Fontainebleau he imitated Giulio Romano in his decorations in fresco and stucco. Francis I. created him Abbot of St. Martin. Most of his work has perished. His stately art, though affected and weak in colour, had a wide influence upon the French art of the time.

NICCOLO DELL' ABBATE, of Modena, was Primaticcio's assistant in France. Bologna possesses a fine *Adoration of the Shepherds* by him. He was, however, an imitator of the Ferrara School.

PIERINO BUONACCORSI, called PERINO DEL VAGA (1500-1547), was a pupil and imitator of Raphael, with a light, facile touch. After the sack of Rome he went to GENOA, where he decorated the Doria Palace in the style of Giulio Romano with frescoes and stucco. Later, he returned to Rome and opened a studio. His best pupils in Genoa were LAZZARO, PANTALEO CALVI, and GIANBATTISTA CASTELLI of Bergamo.

GIANFRANCESCO PENNI, known as IL FATTORE (1488-1528), was brother-in-law to Perino del Vaga. He was, as we have seen, with Giulio Romano, Raphael's most trusted and favourite pupil. He died early. We shall meet him at the end of his life in NAPLES, pursuing his mediocre art; at Naples he trained LEONARDO, called IL PISTOJA, a Tuscan, his only pupil.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT TO IMITATE CAN NEVER BE TO SURPASS

POLIDORO CALDARA, known as POLIDORO DA CARAVAGGIO (1495-1543), we shall see settling in Naples, and developing there a Realistic school far removed from his early Mannerist style of imitation of Raphael. Of him and his violent career we shall see more anon.

PELLEGRINO TIBALDI, known as PELLEGRINO PELLEGRINI, of Bologna, born in 1527, imitated Michelangelo rather than entered into the style of the Raphaelesques. Going to Spain, he took the Michelangelesque style with him. His art shows an unaffected grace and is earnest in intention. Bologna has one of his rare works in the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, and Vienna possesses a *St. Cecilia* by him. He died at Milan in 1596.

GIOVANNI DA UDINE, born in 1487, was assistant to Raphael in the famous arabesques of the Loggie and other works. He was pupil to Giovanni Bellini, beginning his art career in Venice before going to Rome. He was a fine painter of fruit, animals, birds, and still life. The sack of Rome sent him wandering to many parts of Italy. He returned to Udine, where he passed most of the rest of his life, decorating many buildings. Going to Rome with Cosimo de' Medici in 1560, he died there in 1564.

PELLEGRINO DA MODENA was another pupil of Raphael, as was TOMMASO VINCIDORE of Bologna, called THOMAS POLONIUS in Durer's *Journal*; also JACOPONE DA FAENZA, a mediocre fellow.

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VINCENZO TAMAGNI, or DA SAN GEMIGNANO, from his birthplace, said by Vasari to have been pupil to Raphael, and born in 1492, belongs to the School of Siena.

DOMENICO ALFANI was a fellow-student of Raphael's in Perugino's workshops, but afterwards became an imitator of Raphael in Rome: after Raphael's death he imitated Il Rosso and Andrea del Sarto.

The Fleming, MICHAEL COXCIE, imitated Raphael's style, and took it to the Low Countries.

To Genoa the Roman School had spread under PERINO DEL VAGA; of the best of these Genoese artists were the brothers ANDREA and OTTAVIO SEMINI and LUCA CAMBIASO, called LUCHETTO DA GENOVA. POLIDORO DA CARAVAGGIO essayed a somewhat flaccid and empty naturalism, but not wholly without feeling; and the School of Naples took up this vague naturalism and came near to distinction thereby. The best of the Naples Mannerists was SIMONE PAPA, whose most important frescoes are in the church of Mont' Oliveto there. The followers of Correggio and the later men of Ferrara fell into triviality. Venice still showed painters not wholly bereft of the living sense of art, if not so profound a sense as that of her great years; she was to give forth masters yet.

In FLORENCE the whole aim was to imitate Michelangelo. This imitation chiefly took theform of exaggerating his muscularities. They called it the Grand Style—they hungered after the Grand Manner.

The most able follower, as he was the most independent, of Michelangelo was he whom they call Daniele da Volterra.

DANIELE DA VOLTERRA
1509 – 1566

DANIELE RICCIARELLI, better known as DANIELE DA

VOLTERRA, was born about 1509, and became the pupil of Bazzi, then of Peruzzi. His early work was simple and graceful, akin to the art of the early fifteen-hundreds. But he became subject to Michelangelo. His *Descent from the Cross* in the Trinità de' Monti at Rome is his masterpiece—powerful, and marked by grandeur. How fine was his draughtsmanship is proved by the fact that his double picture of *David and Goliath*, at the Louvre, long passed for the work of Michelangelo. The Uffizi possesses his *Massacre of the Innocents*, a chilly affair of many figures. He is said to have done much painting upon the outside of palaces in Rome.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT TO IMITATE CAN NEVER BE TO SURPASS

Of these Florentine Mannerists was one Vasari of the gossip pen, pupil and friend and bear-leader to Michelangelo. Unfortunately we have not Michelangelo's opinion of him.

GIORGIO VASARI
of Arezzo
1512 – 1574

Vasari, like so many of these men, had all the versatilities. He was historical painter, architect, writer. As to his architecture, his flimsy brain may be seen turned to stone in Florence, Rome, Naples, and Arezzo. As to his painting, it may be seen in overladen designs of battles and ceremonies that are upon the walls of the Sala Regia at the Vatican, wherein the Popes were wont to give audience to foreign ambassadors. But his *Portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici* at the Uffizi, and of *Cosimo I.* at Berlin, show him to have had his moments. He was, however, at his best as a writer; and it is by his pleasantly written gossip of the lives of the painters, published in 1550, and enlarged and republished in 1568, that his name lives. As a work

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derived from gossip it is astoundingly good, in spite of many inaccuracies.

Vasari's friend, FRANCESCO DE' ROSSI (1510-1563), known as DE' SALVIATI, worked with him in the Sala Regia at the Vatican.

Another friend, often set down as being of the Decline, was Angiolo di Cosimo, known as IL BRONZINO (1502-1572); but Bronzino, a pupil of Pontormo, has been underrated by modern criticism—he was a far greater artist than many who are raved about to-day, who lived in his great day; and to tear him out of the great Italian achievement, and fling him into the Decline, is to show an utter incapacity to appreciate great art. The man who could paint Bronzino's famous *Allegory* at the National Gallery was a rare master; and his superb portraits strongly foretell the art of Velasquez. I have tried to restore him to his honourable place in the achievement of the Italian Renaissance.

Bronzino's nephew, ALESSANDRO ALLORI, BATTISTA NALDINI, and BERNARDINO BARBATELLI, whom they call POCCETTI, were the better known men of the Mannerists. But Bronzino's pupil, SANTO TITI or SANTO DI TITO, had better stuff in him; and his achievement deserves recognition.

Two pupils of Andrea del Sarto, JACONE and DOMENICO PULIGO, who poured out *Holy Families*, were of the Mannerists. GIAMBATTISTA, son of Jacopo di Guaspare, and better known as IL ROSSO or ROSSO FIORENTINO, born in 1494, died in France in 1541; he worked much with Andrea del Sarto; but, even as early as this, Mannerism had set in. Il Rosso spent most of his artistic life in France, where he was known as MAÎTRE ROUX, in the service of Francis I. at the Palace of Fontainebleau.

Bazzi, called Il Sodoma, had founded a school at SIENA, on the Leonardesque tradition, and had many pupils, of whom were MATTEO BALDUCCI; GIACOMO MAGAGNI, known as GIOMO DEL SODOMA; LORENZO, called IL RUSTICO; BARTOLOMMEO NERONI, called IL RICCIO; and GIOVANNI MARIA TUCCI.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT TO IMITATE CAN NEVER BE TO SURPASS

DOMENICO BECCAFUMI, called MECARINO or MECUCCIO (1486-1551), was an imitator of Bazzi, but had qualities of his own. He assisted Bazzi in the oratory of S. Bernardino, and caught much of the noble simplicity and style of his master. The Academy at Siena possesses a great altarpiece by him. But he degenerated into an academic painter, with flashes of the Florentine genius. He employed colour always in a beautiful, limpid manner. Beccafumi also worked at Rome and Genoa.

BALDASSARE PERUZZI (1481-1536) is famed rather as an architect than painter; but he came to some distinction also as painter. Beginning by imitating Pinturicchio, he turned his imitation to Bazzi, thence fell under the glamour of Raphael, the all-conquering in Rome.

And although VENTURA SALINIBENI, FRANCESCO VANNI, DOMENICO MANETTI, and their like, are far enough away from the great Sienese achievement, they did not lose touch with nature.

Of Michelangelo's imitators, MARCO PINO or MARCO DA SIENA, the pupil either of Perino del Vaga or of Beccafumi, was assistant to Daniele da Volterra in Rome, and worked upon the Sala Regia in the Vatican. He went to Naples later, and there practised his art.

ROME was the home of the most absolute degeneracy. It is clear that looking upon the great masterpieces of the world does not tend to create artists. Pope Gregory XIII., and the Popes that followed after him, filled Rome with

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buildings and paintings of the poorest kind. At the same time, Rome did not sin in giving birth to the painters of the so-called Roman School, except only GIULIO ROMANO, beloved of Raphael, but none the greater genius for that. GIROLAMO SICIOLANTE DA SERMONETA imitated Raphael fairly well, and rose to a fine *Pietà*, now at Berlin; indeed, he was about the best of the tribe. PASQUALE CATI DA JESI was one of Michelangelo's best pupils—his frescoes in the Remigius chapel of S. Luigi de' Francesi is perhaps his chief work. TADDEO ZUCCARO and FEDERIGO ZUCCARO, smooth, insipid, and trivial, show talent when portraiture compels a return to nature, as in Federigo's portrait of *A Man with two Dogs* at the Pitti. Whilst his colossal figures in the cupola of the Duomo at Florence roused the titter of his age, it must be said in fairness to him that he was also the creator of the *Dead Christ surrounded by Angels* in the Borghese at Rome. A pupil of Santo di Tito, one AGOSTINO CIAMPELLI, was the author of some graceful angels in S. Maria in Trastavere at Rome, and had considerable feeling for beauty.

BAROCCIO
1528 – 1612

At Urbino, in the Papal States, one FEDERIGO BAROCCIO, taught the mysteries of art by his father, Ambrogio Baroccio, a sculptor of Milan, became a pupil of Battista Franco. Having copied works by Titian, he formed himself on Correggio. Flashy in colour as he is, Baroccio at least has a grip of action and emotion; does not lack idyllic grace, a sense of light and shade, and a skill in the employment of colour not unlike that of Rubens in later years. Baroccio has charm. He seems to have made a stir in Rome, for his rivals plotted the taking of his life;

and being nearly poisoned by them, he departed again for Urbino, whence, being in great demand, he scattered his pictures over the land.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT TO IMITATE CAN NEVER BE TO SURPASS

Unfortunately the poison, which failed to destroy his life, destroyed his health, and for the remaining fifty-two years of his life he suffered from a disease of the stomach which prevented him from working for more than two hours a day. Perhaps it was inevitable that he should henceforth aim at rapid execution. With much of Correggio's subtlety of light and shade, Baroccio lacked Correggio's exquisite feeling for the subtleties of yellow, which led to the peculiar colouring that is so marked in all Baroccio's work. His pronounced use of vermilion and ultramarine led to Reynolds's neat phrase that he "falls under the criticism that was made of an ancient painter, *that his figures looked as if they fed upon roses.*" His style, as will be seen, had a prodigious influence upon the art of the seventeen-hundreds in France and elsewhere. His *Madonna upon Clouds, with St. Lucy and St. Anthony*, at the Louvre, shows his best qualities; and his *Descent from the Cross* in the Arciginasio at Bologna is his masterpiece. The National Gallery possesses his *Madonna del Gatto*, so called from the cat therein painted.

Baroccio was to come into the Eclectic movement, and was to assail the Mannerists of whom he came, as we shall see. Of his pupils were CRISTOFERO RONCALLI, known as IL CAVALIERE DELLE POMARANCE, and GIOVANNI BAGLIONE, with a number of men who worked in Genoa and other cities. Of his followers and influence we shall see more.

At RAVENNA, an artist, LUCA LONGHI, began by painting in a weak, pallid style, as in his altarpiece at Berlin, of 1542; but he later developed a rich warm colour-faculty, which may be seen in his altarpieces at the Louvre and at

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the Brera, though Raphaelesque is written over all. He later came under the influence of Parmigiano. Luca Longhi had an accomplished daughter, BARBARA LONGHI, who displayed a certain merit ; and a kinsman of the same family was the mediocre FRANCESCO LONGHI.

At BOLOGNA, the so-called Roman School was swamped by Raphael's pupils and imitators. The best of these, perhaps, were PROSPERO FONTANA, LORENZO SABBATINI, ORAZIO SAMMACHINI, BARTOLOMMEO PASSEROTTI, and one of the best of them all, Prospero Fontana's daughter, LAVINIA FONTANA, whose bold and clever painting has left us some very fine portraits. BARTOLOMMEO CESI, like Lavinia Fontana, kept closer to nature.

To Bologna came a Flemish artist, DENYS CALVAERT, from Antwerp, known to Italians as DIONISIO FIAMMINGO, who lifted the achievement of this school ; his warmth of colour mitigates his Michelangelesque mannerism. This DENYS CALVAERT founded a school in Bologna in 1575, which thenceforth, for a considerable time, took the place of Florence and Rome as the centre of Italian art, as we shall see.

Thus far had Art fallen away at the end of the fifteen-hundreds ; its chief home in Bologna, where the three CARRACCI then opened their famous school, and raised the standard of revolt against the Mannerists, founding the school that the pedants call the Eclectics—by which they mean Borrowers. Thus was Bologna to become for close upon a century—during the sixteen-hundreds—the teaching school of the world ! the cockpit of all the Isms.

CHAPTER IV

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

THE ECLECTICS
OR
BORROWERS FROM THE MANY
1590

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

One Lodovico Carracci, taking as his pupils and assistants his two kinsmen, Agostino and Annibale Carracci, set up and opened an academy in that city in 1589, known as the School of the Incamminati, in fierce opposition to Calvaert's school of the Mannerists or Imitators—it created the school of painters better known to fame as the Eclectics. Carracci assailed the imitation of Michelangelo, and taught instead that from each great artist should be taken what was best in his revelation in art, since only thereby could the artist hope to rise above the men of the past by combining their best qualities. The aim was to select and unite the best qualities of each of the great masters.

THE CARRACCI

Lodovico Carracci (1555-1619), the founder of the Eclectics, was born at Bologna in 1555. He became a pupil of the Raphaelesque Prospero Fontana, a Mannerist of Bologna—he who was father of the brilliant girl Lavinia;

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here Lodovico Carracci was so dull of comprehension that he was known amongst his fellow-students as "the Ox." Thence he went to Parma and studied the works of Correggio, where he also fell in love with the art of Correggio's pupil Parmigiano; thence at Mantua he looked upon the work of Giulio Romano; and at Venice pored over the art of Titian. He is said to have gone awhile into the studio of Tintoretto. He was thoroughly dissatisfied with the ideals of the Mannerists—and still more disgusted with their achievement. He spent his rebel youth in heavy study of the best painters who had already become a mock to the men of his day, and brought much ridicule and contempt on himself thereby. But he set his will to discovering some means to check the general decay. He saw nothing for it but to draw up a science of painting, based on the practice of the most eminent of the great dead. He realised that such an attack on the conceit of the Mannerists was not to be effectual by mere talk, and would be no light affair. He determined to set up an academy at Bologna in open opposition to Calvaert's school; and taking his two kinsmen into his scheme, he trained AGOSTINO and ANNIBALE CARRACCI in the mysteries of art. The two youths, sons of a tailor, had already been apprenticed, Agostino to a goldsmith, Annibale to his father's calling of tailor, but had displayed considerable artistic gifts. With his two kinsmen as assistants, Lodovico Carracci opened his academy at Bologna, furnished with casts, drawings, engravings, and all the stock-in-trade of an art school as we now know the term, provided living models, and drew up a scheme of instruction in anatomy, perspective, and the rest of it, and taught the students with judgment and kindness. By consequence, the academy was soon filled with youngsters dissatisfied with the indifferent training to be

had elsewhere. In spite of bitter opposition, the other schools in Bologna soon shut their doors.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

Carracci insisted on the study of nature, and the study of the best qualities and style of the great masters—or what he took to be the best qualities and the best masters. The drawing of Rome; the action and light and shade of the Venetians; the dignified colour of Leonardo da Vinci and his school of Lombardy; the terrible manner of Michelangelo; the truth to nature of Titian; the sovereign purity of Correggio; the just symmetry of Raphael; the decorum and well-grounded style of Tibaldi; the invention of the learned Primaticcio; and something of the grace of Parmigiano! If the student did not desire so much heavy study and weariness of labour, he could imitate Niccolo dell' Abbate! Rather a drop, this!

It must be said, in justice to the Carracci, however, that this patchy aim was soon toned down in their system, and by the time they had settled down to a full practice, they reduced, indeed largely rejected, their eclectic scheme of wide borrowing from the many. And in their own art they showed a skill above their theories—and, at any rate, early put off from them any homage to the "decorum of Tibaldi" or the "invention of the learned Primaticcio." They all developed a considerable style and invention of their own, and were soon essaying to rival rather than imitate the masters. But their hard schooling left its cold, stiff, academic self-consciousness, which was ever the skeleton at their feast. Even this has something of dignity in it when set beside the vile exaggerations of the Mannerists about them; and when we consider the harsh training of imitation through which they had found their way to art, it is a wonder that they ever came to individual vision at all. They were to be attacked by a far greater school

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very soon—the Naturalists—but they themselves came under it and profited by it.

From 1600 Lodovico Carracci carried on his school single-handed, until his death on the 13th of the December of 1619.

LODOVICO CARRACCI himself comes down to us rather as a teacher and creator of a school than as an individual painter. It was Lodovico Carracci who created that pathos of sorrow which led to the creation by the Bolognese artists of the host of paintings of the *Ecce Homo* and *Sorrowing Virgin* that we associate with the "School of Bologna."

AGOSTINO CARRACCI (1558-1602), originally intended for a goldsmith, and trained in the elder Carracci's methods, going to Parma and Venice, returned to Bologna in 1589 to take part in the opening of the school. Agostino was a learned man, who chiefly directed the theoretic training of the academy. He is best known as an engraver. It was Agostino who put into the famous sonnet the tenets of the school. Agostino had a breach with his younger brother Annibale concerning their combined work at the Farnese Palace in Rome, which led to their separating. Agostino took himself off to Parma, fretted by the jealousy of Annibale; entered the service of Duke Ranuccio; and died and was buried in the cathedral there, in his forty-third year, the 22nd of March 1602. Painter, engraver, poet, and musician, his engraving of Tintoretto's *Crucifixion* drew the vehement praise of the great Venetian. His masterpiece is considered to be the *Communion of St. Jerome*, now at Bologna.

OF PAINTING

ANNIBALE CARRACCI
1560 – 1609

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

The finest artist of the Carracci was ANNIBALE CARRACCI. Taken out of his father's shop, where he was prenticed as tailor, he became the pupil of Lodovico Carracci. Visiting Parma in 1580, where he, too, studied the works of Correggio for about three years, he then went on to Venice for some years. Returning to Bologna, he joined the other two Carracci in opening the famous academy there in 1589. He was called to Rome by the Cardinal Odoardo Farnese to decorate the Farnese Palace, being treated with great favour and ceremony, taking the status of a courtier in the cardinal's household, and being allowed two servants. He called his brother Agostino to his assistance, and had also as his fellow-workers Lanfranco and the youthful Domenichino. He died on the 15th of the July of 1609, and was buried near Raphael in the Pantheon. We know that Poussin rated these frescoes at the Farnese as being the finest in Rome after those of Raphael.

Over his earlier work is the influence of Correggio and of Paolo Veronese; his later style shows that Rome had brought him the glamour of Raphael and made him subject to Michelangelo. The result was a powerful style that is less concerned with charm than with force. His *St. Roch distributing Alms*, now at Dresden, is perhaps one of his best known works. But, as a rule, he is seen at his highest in small pictures. In a *Pietà* he often reaches to dignity. His mythological frescoes at the Farnese at Rome are his masterpieces; his grip of modelling, his mastery of colour, and his vision for light and shade, are thrust as far as schooling can develop craftsmanship; it is only when we come to the innate gifts of genius, to the poetic sense that creates Art—in other words, to the *emotional communion of*

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

life—that the senses feel no great stirring of the vital essence, that the emotions, instead of being compelled, become critical. That Annibale Carracci could handle colour is proved by his *Bacchante* at the Uffizi.

The state in which Annibale was received by the Cardinal he soon found to be but an empty affair. For the frescoes he was paid in such parsimonious fashion that it provoked his passionate resentment, and he went to Naples in a brooding mood that did his health, already sapped by his residence in Rome, but little good. He came to Naples to suffer the venomous hostility of the artists there working, and lived a life of constant persecution that at last drove him back to Rome, where he died.

Annibale Carracci is said to have been the first Italian artist to paint landscapes as complete works of art. He was not wholly ignorant of the art of the Netherlands, and the Venetian love of landscape was not lost upon him. He handed this precious gift to his fellows, and thereby, through his school, he prepared the way for Poussin and Claude Lorraine, and thus, with the Dutchmen, opened the gates to the supreme achievement of France and England.

The school of the Carracci, with its academic vision of Eclecticism, produced several artists.

DOMENICHINO

1581 – 1641

Domenico Zampieri, better known as Domenichino, was born at Bologna on the 21st of October 1581. Sent as a mere boy to learn the mysteries of the craft of painting from Denis Calvaert, he passed thence into the academy of the Carracci. Called to Rome about nineteen by Albano, in whose house he lived for a considerable time, he early came to repute. He became one of the assistants to

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ANNIBALE CARRACCI

1560 – 1609

SCHOOL OF THE ECLECTICS

VIRGIN AND SLEEPING CHILD"

(Louvre)



Annibale Carracci in painting the frescoes at the Farnese, of which the *Death of Adonis* is his own.

The altarpiece of the *Liberation of St. Peter* in S. Pietro in Vincoli followed; then the fresco lunettes of the *Life of St. Jerome* at Sant' Onofrio. The fresco of the *Flagellation of St. Andrew*, opposite the fresco by Guido Reni in San Gregorio, brought him great honour in 1608. The frescoes from the *Life of St. Nilus*, at Grotta Ferrata, which occupied him from 1609 to 1610, prove his command of action, and are remarkable for the beauty of some of the types. He painted with Albano the mythological series at the castle of Bassano, and on his return to Rome the frescoes from the *Life of St. Cecilia* in S. Luigi de' Francesi, which show him at his best. Perhaps the picture of these earlier years by which he is best known to fame is his *Last Communion of St. Jerome*, at the Vatican.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

In 1617 Domenichino went to Bologna, and married there. During his stay at Bologna he did much work; and his frescoes in the Duomo of Fano are of this period. By 1621 he was again in Rome, painting his series of frescoes, which show him at the height of his powers in Sant' Andrea della Valle. His *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, now in S. Maria degli Angeli, reveals Domenichino essaying a subject for which his gifts were not suited.

Domenichino also won to distinction in the classical subject, as his *Diana and her Nymphs* at the Borghese bears witness.

In 1630 Domenichino had the ill-luck to be lured to Naples to waste his strength in ten years of toil upon the decoration of the chapel of the Tesoro in the Duomo, which he was destined not to finish—working upon it amidst heartburnings and the nagging distress of bitter persecution [redacted] threats from the Neapolitan group of artists, amongst

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whom stood out the notorious triumvirate known as the "Cabal of Naples"—Corenzio, Ribera (Spagnoletto), and Carracciola—who led him a dog's life, and by whom he was suspected of having been poisoned, dying there on the 15th of the April of 1641.

The Louvre possesses his *St. Cecilia playing upon a seven-stringed viola-da-gamba.*

The interest in landscape created by the Carracci was continued by Domenichino; and he set figures therein in wholly subordinate degree that proved his just sense of the value of landscape for its own sake. Indeed, his large frescoes in the Villa Ludovisi are landscape. He strove against the overwhelming tide of decay that fell upon the art of Italy owing to the academic vision of his time. He lacked the imagination to rid himself wholly from the fetters that the academics had fastened upon art; but he had much sense of grace and nobility. St. Cecilia always inspired him to his best utterance.

Domenichino seems to have had few pupils; and GIAMBATTISTA PASSERI became famous the rather as an excellent writer on the history of painting.

ALBANO
1578–1660

By the time 1600 struck, all was elegance. And the lord of elegance was FRANCESCO ALBANO. He is all smiles and graciousness. He loved the cheerful subject. And he went to mythology as steel to magnet. Venus became his goddess; and he set Venus and her companions in smiling landscapes, attended by flights of little infant Loves. To Albano, a painting was ever a decorative scheme; by consequence, landscape and figures are alike an affair of decorative arrangement. Every one plays at being play

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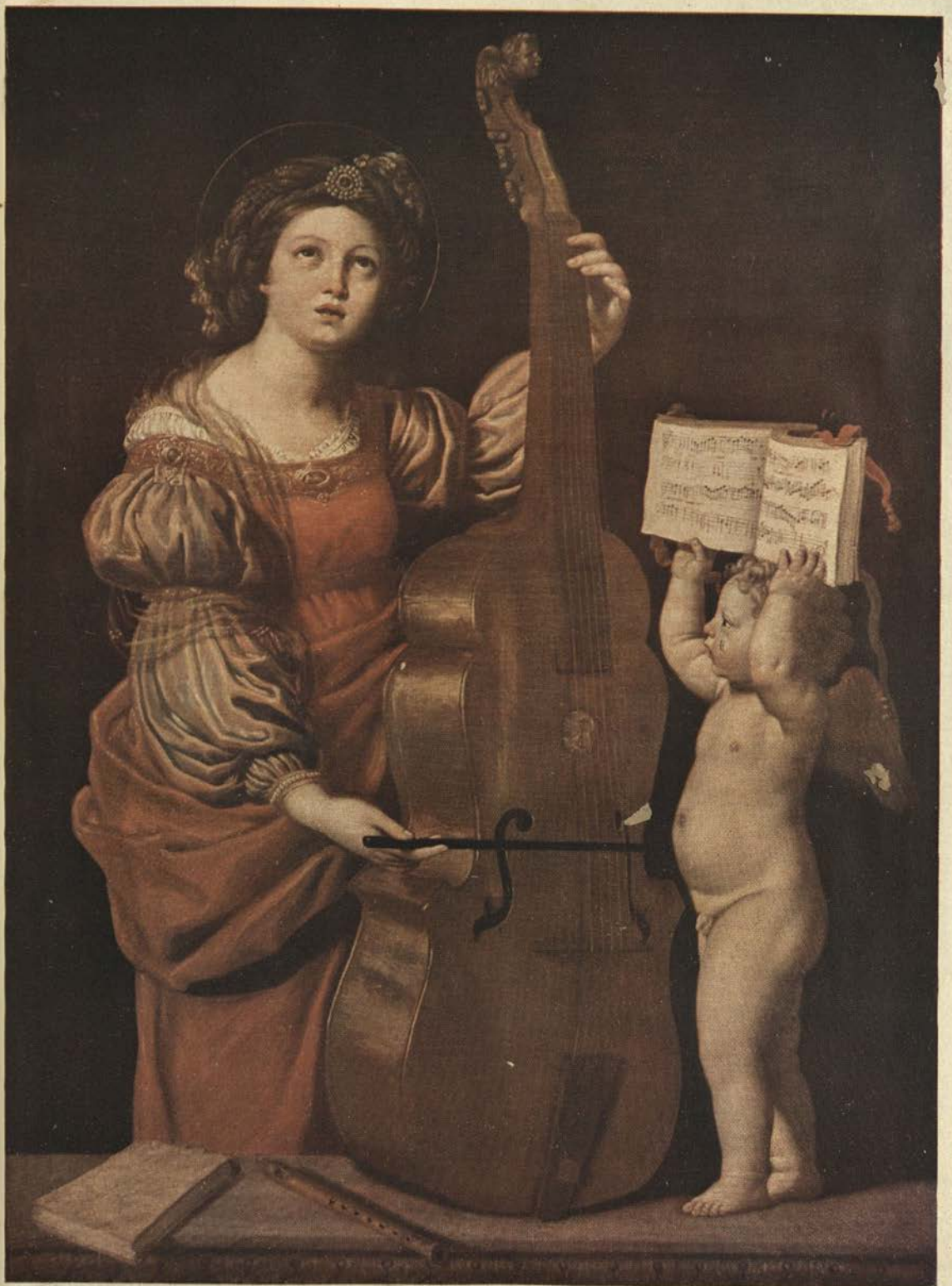
DOMENICHINO

1581 – 1641

SCHOOL OF THE ECLECTICS

"ST CECILIA PLAYING UPON A SEVEN-STRINGED VIOLA-DA-GAMBA"

(Louvre)



he was not eager enough to insist on their really enjoying themselves. It was all a business of elegance. Most of the great galleries—the Louvre, the Borghese, the Colonna, the Torlonia Palaces, hold his works. He is well known for his *Infant Christ sleeping on the Cross.* Brought forth by the school of the Carracci, Albano sipped from every flower of elegance.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

Albano's influence on the gracious art of France in the seventeen-hundreds was considerable.

Of his pupils were men who created remakable art, and not the least were GIOVANNI BATTISTA MOLA, PIER FRANCESCO MOLA, CARLO CIGNANI, and ANDREA SACCHI; he grandfathered the art of CARLO MARATTA, the pupil of Andrea Sacchi.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA MOLA was a Frenchman, who painted some excellent portraits, free of affectation. PIER FRANCESCO MOLA, who came from near Como, was a fine colourist who painted good historial pictures, and was seen at his best in single figures; whilst his landscapes—generally with a mythological or Biblical motive—show grandeur of composition, and a remarkable sense of light and atmosphere, particularly when he treats of evening.

SACCHI

ANDREA SACCHI was a man who had great moments, whose *S. Romualdo amongst the Friars of his Order*, at the Vatican, proves considerable gifts of artistry, and he displayed a luminous sense of colour.

CARLO MARATTA (or MARATTI), 1625-1713, a pupil of Andrea Sacchi, strove hard to create ideal beauty, and at least came to a certain capacity for composition. He is best known for the care with which he carried out the restoration of Raphael's frescoes at Rome. He painted

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more than one really fine portrait, of which the *Maria-Maddalena Rospigliosi* at the Louvre is a good example.

GUIDO RENI
1575 – 1642

We are now come to one of the most sneered-at artists to-day, GUIDO RENI. It is true that Guido Reni, in one phase of his art, descended to the depths in the mawkish sentimentality of the "Jesuit taste" of his day which cast such a blight over the age. Frankly, he is guilty of the charge.

Gifted with a refined sense of beauty that is almost effeminate, he was also gifted with a sense of form and grouping, and with virile sense of drama. Raphael dead was his curse. Elegance and grace were over the land; and Raphael had been chiefly responsible for it. Thus it came that Guido Reni, breathing the spirit of his age, came at last to seek his "ideal of beauty" in an empty abstraction, wherein, instead of sensing purified nature, he evolved an ideal that sheds from it the palpitating and vigorous individualities of life. Inevitably he went to Greek statuary instead of to the living forms about him; and the beauty of his forms—and their beauty cannot for a moment be denied—are wrought from the chill forms of celebrated antiques; the result is the sense of calculation and measured phrase instead of the thrill of spontaneous feeling. But his art was to go through three phases, phases so different that what we condemn in one must become praise of another. Whatever his faults at their worst, it was Guido Reni who painted and created the finest type of the Christ known throughout the whole range of art.

GUIDO RENI, or, as he is usually called, GUIDO, was born at Calverzano, by Bologna, on the 4th of the November

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GUIDO RENI

1575 – 1642

SCHOOL OF THE ECLECTICS

"ECCE HOMO!"

(National Gallery)



of 1575, to a musician of that town, and was intended for that calling; but showing precocious gifts for painting, he was placed as a youth in the studio of Denis Calvaert at Bologna, whence, in 1595, he went to the academy of the Carracci. About 1600 he, together with Albano, followed Annibale Carracci to Rome, and at once won to wide repute; being received with great distinction by the Borgian Pope Paul v.; and in Rome he wrought his art for close on twenty years.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

Guido, though trained in the school of the Eclectics under Carracci, seems to have come under the new teaching of the virile school of the Naturalists, or what we should call Realists, that Caravaggio was setting up in violent opposition to the Eclectics. Of this Naturalistic School of painting, and of its stupendous influence in stimulating the Dutch and Spanish genius, we shall see more soon. Guido Reni, at any rate, though this early phase of his art is that by which he is least known to the world in general, began as a powerful painter—of a style far removed from his last and pretty phase.

This early forcible stage of his art, akin to that of Caravaggio, reveals an imposing style almost violent in action and design, marked by grandeur, his powerful figures finely arranged, painted with strong shadows. He could not avoid the eternal martyrdoms; but he painted them without mawkishness—appropriately, as martyrdom should be painted, with brutal realism. He only lacked Caravaggio's great gift of passion that alone can bear out such qualities of realism. His age had so far tainted his blood. But his *Madonna della Pietà* and his *Crucifixion* at Bologna have unmistakable grandeur; and in the *Crucifixion*, with its solemnly beautiful Virgin, he achieved one of his supreme works. The *Crucifixion* at

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Modena, with its Christ on the Cross, the drapery fluttered by the storm, is as striking as the two works at Bologna.

But the atmosphere of elegance at Rome was doing its work, and Guido Reni was soon borrowing, though the second stage of his art, in which he passes towards that of his later *ideal beauty*, was marked by a fine naturalism, painted with simplicity if showing academic tendencies. Unfortunately his works of this period are few. It was at this stage that Guido Reni, like others of the Carracci School, was lured to Naples, and painted his fine *Nativity* in the choir of S. Martino there, only to be driven away before it was finished by the bitter enmity of the artists whose motto was "Death to Strangers." Here his women and shepherds reveal qualities in his art that he never again surpassed. His large and famous fresco of *Aurora preceding Phoebus*, on the ceiling of the garden-pavilion at the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, shows him a fine colourist at this time. And the fresco of a concert of angels in the apse of the Cappella S. Silvia is of this time, glowing with youth and animation. Nor can the fresco of *St. Andrew* on his way to execution, in the Cappella S. Andrea, the fresco of the *Glorification of St. Dominic* in the chapel of St. Dominic at S. Petronio in Bologna, nor the decorations in the cathedral of Ravenna, be passed by with the protruded lip of deprecation. In this, his middle period, his art knows a glowing warmth of colour that was soon wholly to desert him.

A vast gulf separates this Guido Reni from the man who painted the several canvases of a naked *Fortuna chased by a Love* that represent him in Art galleries over Europe.

Perhaps the man's life—his very frantic success—destroyed him. He had come to Rome, and had awakened to find himself famous. He was soon the lord of a princely

income. Free-handed, liberal, and generous, he flung his money about lavishly. He was, besides, a mighty gambler.

Suddenly his stay in Rome came to an end. It was when Urban the Eighth was Pope that Cardinal Spinola taunted Guido in harsh terms with the fact that it was years since he had received four hundred scudi to paint an altar-piece for St. Peter's and had not even yet commenced it. Guido, angered at the manner of the man, promptly flung him the four hundred scudi, and in a few days thereafter was on the road, bag and baggage, for Bologna—never to return. All effort to get him back to Rome failed. Guido settled in Bologna, set up a school thereat which was to become famous, and lived the rest of his years in that city in great splendour. But even his princely income could not stand the drain of his extravagance; he was soon heavily involved in debt. He now sold his time, at so much the hour, to certain dealers, one of whom is said to have stood beside him, "watch in hand," whilst he worked; and from this time he developed a slap-dash convention, pouring out heads and half-figures, which, apart from their quick and direct handling, degenerated into the works by which he is chiefly known to fame. Added to this, he had developed a theory of the *Ideal*, in which form naturally took more prominent place than character. Of this phase the head of Niobe became his obsession. His pressing needs made him at the same time develop a slight, quick style of painting that is very characteristic of him in his later work, and a cold silvery scheme of grey saved him from the problems of colour. The insipid that is in the Ideal at once became pronounced in a vapid generalisation wholly lacking in character. All was empty grace. So the long procession of Madonnas and Cleopatras and Sibyls and the rest of it, with eyes upcast, emerged from his studio

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

and spread their sentimental selves over Europe. He halted awhile now and again amidst the turmoil to raise himself to his full stature, and painted such works as the *Judith with the Head of Holofernes* in the Spada Gallery at Rome, and the *Andromeda*. His famous so-called portrait of the ill-fated *Beatrice Cenci* at the Barberini Palace is famous for its subject rather than for its somewhat mediocre achievement. He is said to have made many etchings.

Guido Reni died, in heavy debt, at Bologna on the 18th of August 1642, being buried amidst great pomp in the church of San Domenico there.

Guido bred a host of pupils, who mostly carried on his later mawkish, slick sentimentalities—of whom were DOMENICO CANUTI, GUIDO CAGNACCI, SIMONE CANTARINI, SEMENZA, GESSI, GIOVANNI ANDREA SIRANI, and Sirani's daughter, ELISABETTA SIRANI, distinguished as a great scholar, who imitated Guido. Of these the best was SIMONE CANTARINI, known as IL PESARESE, who painted the head of *Guido Reni* in the Gallery at Bologna.

GUERCINO

1591 – 1666

GIOVANNI FRANCESCO BARBIERI, better known from his affliction of a bad squint as IL GUERCINO DA CENTO, was born at Cento, by Bologna, of very humble stock, on the 2nd of February 1591. Whilst his father carried wood and faggots into the towns, the lad Guercino used to take charge of the woodcutter's cart. He trained himself in painting, but may have gone for a short while to Carracci's academy in Bologna—though this is doubtful. From Bologna he went to Venice, and thence, Paul v. being Pope, he went to Rome, where he came under the in-

fluence of Caravaggio, and set himself to found his art on the Realistic style. He soon cut himself adrift from personal acquaintance with that violent man, however, afraid of his vile temper, and returned to Cento, working there some twenty years until the death of Guido, when, in 1642, he betook himself to Bologna, where he rapidly became the leading painter, and knew very considerable affluence until his death in 1666.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

Guercino had been one of the chief masters of the group called *Tenebrosi*, under Caravaggio's vigorous leadership—the artists who painted in strong contrast of light and shade, and created strong dramatic effects thereby, to which we shall have to give attention a little later; but on taking Guido Reni's place in Bologna, he set himself to catch the mantle of fashion that fell from Guido's shoulders, and forsaking the vigorous style and forthright art of his greater day, he came to inevitable insipidity and cultivated the vapid.

Of his best period, his masterpiece is considered to be the great *Santa Petronilla* at the Capitol in Rome, originally painted for a chapel in St. Peter's. He displays more vivacity than Guido Reni; his earlier work has much the same power, the same solid qualities, and the same command of light and shade, as the art of Guido, though from the first he reveals a tenderness all his own that was not without danger. But, masterly in many ways as is his *St. Petronilla*, he painted more powerful works, glowing and resonant in colour, of which are *The Last Moments of Dido* in the Spada Palace at Rome, the *St. William of Aquitaine assuming the Garb of a Monk* and the *Virgin appearing to St. Bruno* at Bologna, *St. Peter raising Tabitha* at the Pitti, and the *Incredulity of St. Thomas* at the Vatican.

It must be said that, whilst his later, softer style loses

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force, he employed it with a delicate sense of colour that produces a wonderful grace to atone for the sentimentalities, of which the *Sibyl* at the Uffizi and the *Hagar and Ishmael* at the Brera, that won Byron's praise—whatever that was worth—are distinguished examples. As a landscape painter he proved himself a rich colourist.

Guercino, like Guido, trained a large number of pupils, of whom were the members of the GENNARI family, though all of them fell into imitation. Of these, BENEDETTO GENNARI was the most brilliant.

LANFRANCO
1581 – 1647

Lanfranco was perhaps the most widely popular of all this school in his day, but in his hands the decay of art set in as badly as in the years of the Mannerists before him. His art was sheer mechanics—his aim but dexterity and superficial cleverness. Violent contrast of light and shade, regardless of values or impression, grouping by law that became a mere formula without regard to subject or appropriateness, foreshortenings to show off draughtsmanship—all the tricks that academics may teach, he had in abundance. In his hands the appeal to nature, insisted upon by the Carracci as a part of artistic utterance, was wholly set aside, and from his art even the solid qualities of the Carracci by consequence vanished. Bright colour and a slick brush alone remained to him. It served his turn. He painted many cupolas. His best work, perhaps, is his *Liberation of St. Peter* at the Colonna Palace in Rome.

Of the less famous pupils of the Carracci were ALESSANDRO TIARINI, a fellow who could wield a clever brush; indeed, his *Flight into Egypt* altarpiece at S. Vitale

in Bologna reveals personal and charming arrangement—Lionello Spada, a painter of power who could combine the dignity of the Carracci with the forthright truth of Caravaggio—Giacomo Cavedone, another powerful painter, as may be seen at Bologna—Francesco Grimaldi, who wrought landscape with such decorative skill that many a pen-and-ink drawing by him to-day rests in great collections bearing the reputation of Titian upon them; he may be seen at his best at the Borghese in Rome—and Pietro Paoli Bonzi, better known as Il Gobbo dai Frutti, the "Hunchback of the Fruits," who painted pictures of fruit astounding well.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

Bartolommeo Schedone, of Modena, is also said to have been of the school of the Carracci. It was when he pushed all masters from him and, under the revelation of the Naturalists, went direct to nature that he revealed powers which were not destined to come to their full fruition, for he died, at an early age, in 1615. His best work is at Naples, where two pictures of the giving of alms to the poor show remarkable gifts.

Orazio Gentileschi, called Lomi, born at Pisa in 1562, and pupil to his half-brother, Aurelio Lomi, and to his uncle, Bacci Lomi. He went to Rome, and afterwards visited France. At Van Dyck's invitation he went to England, where he was employed by Charles I. for twelve years, dying in London in 1647.

SASSOFERRATO

1605 – 1685

Giovanni Battista Salvi, better known as Sassoferrato, from the place of his birth on the 11th of July 1605, was trained in the tradition of the Carracci, chiefly by Domenichino. Going back to the works of Raphael and Titian, he created a style of his own, which, however,

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was smooth and not without shallowness, and degenerates only too often into the prevailing vogue of sentimentality. He painted the *Madonna and Child* at first with considerable charm, but he painted the subject so often that he grew stale and his art enfeebled. He did the same with the domesticities of the *Holy Family*. What may be called his type-picture of this phase is his *Holy Family* at Naples, in which the youthful Christ is sweeping the room whilst the Madonna sews and Joseph planes wood. His masterpiece is considered to be his *Madonna del Rosario* in S. Sabina at Rome, which reveals dignity and high gifts. He died at Rome on the 8th of April 1685.

THE CAMPI
Of Cremona

At CREMONA there arose a school of Eclectics created by the CAMPI, which produced painters about the same time. Here GIULIO CAMPI was head of the school, who trained his brother ANTONIO CAMPI and his kinsman BERNARDINO CAMPI. BERNARDINO CAMPI's frescoes in the church of S. Sigismundo at Cremona show this school at its best. But the Cremona School came to its chief fame through its distinguished women.

SOFONISBA ANGUISCIOLA, pupil to Bernardino Campi, came of a noble family of Cremona. She early developed such brilliant gifts as a portrait-painter that she was invited to Spain in 1559, where she painted PHILIP II., QUEEN ISABELLA, and the unfortunate DON CARLOS, being received with great honour at the Court. She married Don Fabrizio di Moncada, a noble of Sicily, receiving a dowry of twelve thousand ducats; and on his death she married a gentleman of Genoa, one Lomellini, with a pension for life of one thousand ducats. At the Uffizi is her portrait

by herself when twenty. Another portrait of herself of about the same time, in which she signs herself as "Virgo" (1554), is at Vienna. She died an old woman, and blind, in 1626. This brilliant and fortunate lady had four sisters who were all painters—LUCIA, ANNA-MARIA, ELENA, and MINERVA, of whom LUCIA ANGUISCIOLA, who died in 1565, painted the portrait of the famous physician of Cremona, *Piermaria*, now at Madrid.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

THE PROCACCINI
Of Milan

At MILAN, also, arose a school of Eclectics, founded by ERCOLE PROCACCINI, which created artists of greater distinction than that at Cremona. This school had the advantage of being nursed under the patronage of the Borromeo family.

ERCOLE PROCACCINI (1520-1590), born and trained in Bologna, wrought his somewhat mediocre art during the late fifteen-hundreds. His son and pupil, CAMILLO PROCACCINI, worked during the early sixteen-hundreds. Imitating the styles of Correggio and Parmigiano, Camillo blended with this style a training founded upon nature. His best works are his *Madonna and Child* in S. Maria del Carmine at Milan, and his *Adoration of the Kings* at the Brera there. Camillo's brother, GIULIO CESARE PROCACCINI, founded his style on Correggio, and is seen at his best in small cabinet pictures.

LEON BRUNO was an artist of Mantua who imitated Correggio.

Of the many pupils of the Procaccini of Milan, the family of the CRESPI were to come to chief achievement. But the head and greatest of the Crespi, GIOVANNI BATTISTA CRESPI, called IL CERANO, was to come under the influence

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

of Caravaggio and create the Naturalistic movement of the Tenebrosi in Lombardy, the bitter enemies of the Eclectic School, and should really be classed with that powerful movement which was to find its home in Naples.

The Crespi had been a family of artists for some time in Lombardy. In the middle fifteen-hundreds, several miniaturists of the name were working there. Of this stock came GIOVANNI BATTISTA CRESPI, born at Cerano in 1557, and hence known as IL CERANO, who died in 1635. His *Virgin and Child, with Saint Dominic and Saint Catherine of Siena and Angels*, at the Brera, is a fine work.

DANIEL CRESPI, the son of Il Cerano and his pupil, had lesser gifts, but could paint a good portrait.

GIUSEPPE MARIA CRESPI seems to have been no relation whatsoever to the Milanese Crespi; he came from Bologna, and was known as LO SPAGNUOLO from his painting in what was known as the Spanish style—indeed, many of the works throughout Italy that are given to Murillo were painted by the Crespi. His masterpiece is the altarpiece of the *Martyrdom of Pedro de Arbues* (a Spanish saint) in the church of the Spagnuoli at Bologna. Altogether his record is very Spanish.

ENEA SALMEGGIA, called IL TALPINO, who began his training under the Campi of Cremona, completed it under the Procaccini of Milan, but founded his art on that of Luini.

The school of the Procaccini, however, early degenerated into a vapid empty academic state, wholly lacking all character. And ERCOLE PROCACCINI THE YOUNGER was a part of the vapidity.

OF PAINTING

BAROCCIO AND THE FLORENTINE ECLECTICS

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

We have seen that at Rome the decay of painting under the Mannerists had reached the lowest depths.

Giuseppe Cesare, called Il Cavaliere d'Arpino, though brought up in this school, tried to stem the tide of decay. He was an intelligent artist, with a clean sense of colour, and a free flowing touch, as his ceiling frescoes in the choir of S. Silvestro a Monte Cavallo at Rome prove. He founded an important school in Rome to lead the Roman achievement.

But the ablest man of this group was Federigo Baroccio of Urbino, trained in the school of the Mannerists, whom we have already seen to be working in Rome, and eventually fleeing thence from fear of poison. Now Baroccio had taken up the eclectic ideals of the Carracci, and strove to train his Roman pupils in these tenets in hot opposition to the Mannerists from whom he came—though he never wholly shed Mannerism from his art or from his Roman pupils. There had come to his school a group of Florentines who developed an eclectic style very distinctive of Florence of this time, which was marked by richness of colouring and aimed at beauty of the human type.

The most important Florentine pupil of Baroccio was Ludovico Cardi da Cigoli (1559-1613), whose work is marked by delicacy and warmth of colour, unfortunately allied to sentimentality or exaggerated passion. His *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* at the Uffizi is an excellent example of this conflict of qualities. *St. Francis* was a favourite subject. But it was in his *Ecce Homo* at the Pitti that he reached to his best.

Amongst his large number of pupils were Domenico Feti, who had looked upon the strong art of the Naturalists,

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

and has force—DOMENICO DA PASSIGNANO—GREGORIO PAGANI—and ANTONIO BILIVERT (*Bilevelt of Maestricht*), who painted the famous canvas of *Tobit and his Son Tobias with the Angel* in the Pitti Palace.

CRISTOFORO ALLORI

1577 – 1621

One of the finest artists of this group was CRISTOFANO ALLORI or CRISTOFORO ALLORI. It will be remembered that Bronzino had a nephew, Alessandro Allori, a mediocre painter; to this Alessandro Allori was born in 1577 his son Christopher, who was to restore something of dignity to the art of Florence amidst the general wreckage. He left his father's studio to go under Gregorio Pagani, one of the reformers of the Florentine School, against the imitation of Michelangelo — Pagani had a good sense of colour. Allori had in youth rebelled against the anatomical ideals founded on the art of Michelangelo, that were wrecking the art of Florence in an empty Mannerism. In his best works—alas! he was an unequal painter—he rises high above the achievement of his Florentine day. The head of Judith in his far-famed *Judith with the Head of Holofernes* at the Pitti Gallery, painted with rare distinction and astoundingly original, forestalls the coming achievement of Spain. It is said that, in her, Allori painted his mistress, whilst the head she holds by the hair is a portrait of himself. However that may be, he was inspired the day he painted her head as Judith. But that it was not one wilful act of a lifetime, the Wells *St. Cecilia* stands as proof; he was besides a master-painter of the portrait, and excelled in landscape on occasion. Allori died at Florence in 1621. He is sometimes stupidly and confusingly called Bronzino, after his famous great-uncle.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

CHIMENTI DA EMPOLI
1554 – 1640

An artist of Florence of this time, who caught some of the glow of colour and fine conception of her departed state, was JACOPO DA EMPOLI. Born in Florence in 1554 to one Chimenti, a cloth merchant from Empoli, Jacopo was trained in the arts by Tommaso da S. Fridiano, closely copying works by Andrea del Sarto the while, which copies brought him into notice; indeed in after years, when famous, he was often commissioned to make copies from Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, and Pontormo. He had the good fortune to win the favour of the princely house of Medici, and was soon famous. The favour of the church followed hot-foot. He was soon painting altar-pieces for Florence and Tuscany lying round about. In his early career he had a bad fall from a scaffolding in the Certosa, which made him turn his back on fresco-painting from that day—for it came near to killing him —somewhat unfortunately for that art. A fine draughtsman, wielding a free and masterly brush, he had considerable grip of character as shown in his heads, as his *Miracle of San Carlo Borromeo* in S. Domenico at Pistoia, and his *Sant' Yvo as Protector of Orphans* (1616) at the Uffizi, bear witness; the Uffizi picture displays a stately design, forceful truth, and glowing colour-sense. Empoli died in 1640, and his chief works and fame remain in Tuscany, for no man should be judged by his lesser moments.

MATTEO ROSSELLI
1578 – 1650 or 1655?

Not to be confused with Cosimo Rosselli of the Florentine Renaissance, is MATTEO ROSSELLI, who, strangely

enough, is generally remembered for his *Triumph of David* at the Pitti. But he is the rather of significance in the art of his time as having founded a school that brought forth considerable pupils, of whom the most eminent were GIOVANNI DA S. GIOVANNI, who is better known as MANOZZI—whose excellent *Hunting Party* at the Pitti is perhaps his best work, and is otherwise best known by his five naturalistic frescoes in the cloister of the Ognissanti at Florence; his painting of a man-cook about to dress a chicken is at the Pitti—BALDASSARE FRANCESCHINI, better known as VOLTERRANO GIOVANE (Volterrano the Younger), 1611-1689; the best known work by FRANCESCHINI IL VOLTERRANO is his *Love that is Bought* at the Pitti in Florence—CARLO DOLCE—and FRANCESCO FURINI.

FURINI
1600–1649

The pupils of Rosselli painted in an astoundingly modern manner akin to that of the eighteenth century Frenchmen; but of them all, Furini developed an original style based on a mysterious treatment of light and shade that has since been employed with consummate mastery by Henner and Carrière. Furini's masterpiece is the *Allegorical Head* of a beautiful girl, with naked shoulder, who holds a chalice in her hand, painted in an oval at the Pitti. An individual man, and painting in a style all his own, he wrought his mellow flesh-tones as in a mysterious twilight that, as his style passed into a convention, makes his figures reveal themselves as out of a mist.

CARLO DOLCE
1616 – 1686

Furini has escaped the modern sneer in the neglect of silence, but his fellow-pupil at Rosselli's, CARLO DOLCE or

DOLCI, is perhaps, with Guido Reni, the best sneered at man of all Italy. But no man underrates Carlo Dolce as he underrated himself. In many ways Carlo Dolce deserves the sneer, for he is judged on his best work, whilst Guido Reni is invariably judged upon his worst. Yet Carlo Dolce's portrait of himself at the Uffizi is distinctly akin to the great Realistic movement. But the mawkish sentimentality of his age engulfed the latent genius of the man; he could never rid his sensitive fingers of the sentimental touch that weakened all he wrought. The Pitti holds his excellent *Madonna and Child*, his firmly painted *St. John the Evangelist*, and his finely composed and vigorous *Martyrdom of St. Andreas* (1646), which is not without a touch of quaintness in the befeathered hat of the strongly painted central figure who helps to set up the typical cross of St. Andrew. At the Pitti also is the strongly handled and remarkable *St. Kasimir*. The Uffizi, besides possessing his well-painted head in the portrait of himself, has also the world-famous *Magdalene* holding the vessel containing the "spikenard, very precious," which has been reproduced time after time, and is probably known to every Christian household throughout the world. Dresden possesses his *St. Cecilia*.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

It is usual to approach Carlo Dolce with an apology. He needs none. He was but concerned with the prettiness of life, with its gentler moods, with its simple piety—and these things have their place in art as much as the profounder emotions of which he knew nothing and felt less. To ask of Carlo Dolce to utter the overwhelming sensations given to greater and more tragic souls, is to ask the butterfly to roar like the bull, and to condemn it because it roars prettily. The sole significance of Dolce is his love of prettiness and his gentle piety, and he uttered these things

with uncommon gifts. His adored Fra Angelico did these same things with naïve charm, Carlo Dolce with rare draughtsmanship.

Born at Florence on the 25th of May 1616 to a tailor of that city, of the name of Andrea Dolce, and to his wife, the daughter of a painter, Pietro Marinari, Carlo Dolce was one of five children. He knew poverty in childhood, for his father died when the little fellow was but four, leaving the family in very narrow circumstances. Carlo was a good child, and grew up a pious, simple man. At nine the pious boy showed the artistic bent, and was sent by his mother to the studios of Jacopo Vignali and Matteo Rosselli, where he worked hard, and by eleven was painting *heads of the Christ* and a *St. John.* A portrait of his mother so pleased the fond parent that she took it to Rosselli's studio, where, by good luck, Pietro de' Medici happened to be lolling away an idle hour, who straightway commissioned a portrait of himself from the child, and, taking off the pictures he had already painted, made the boy known to the Duke and the leaders of society. So the boy Carlo Dolce came upon the town as an infant prodigy, and was soon overwhelmed with portraits, painting also still life and flowers and fruit for his Confessor. Then came an *Adoration of the Magi* for Lorenzo de' Medici. These early successes were probably better for the boy's pocket than for his art, for his latent gifts were compelled into the narrow ideals of his day. He vowed himself to sacred subjects—and on the backs of his pictures are written always the date of their commencement and the Saint to whom the day was dedicate.

Shortly after painting the allegorical series, of which *Poetry* is one, for the Corsini, Dolce was elected in 1648 to the Academy of Florence. In 1654 he married Teresa di Giovanni, the absent-minded painter forgetting to go to the

IV

CARLO DOLCE

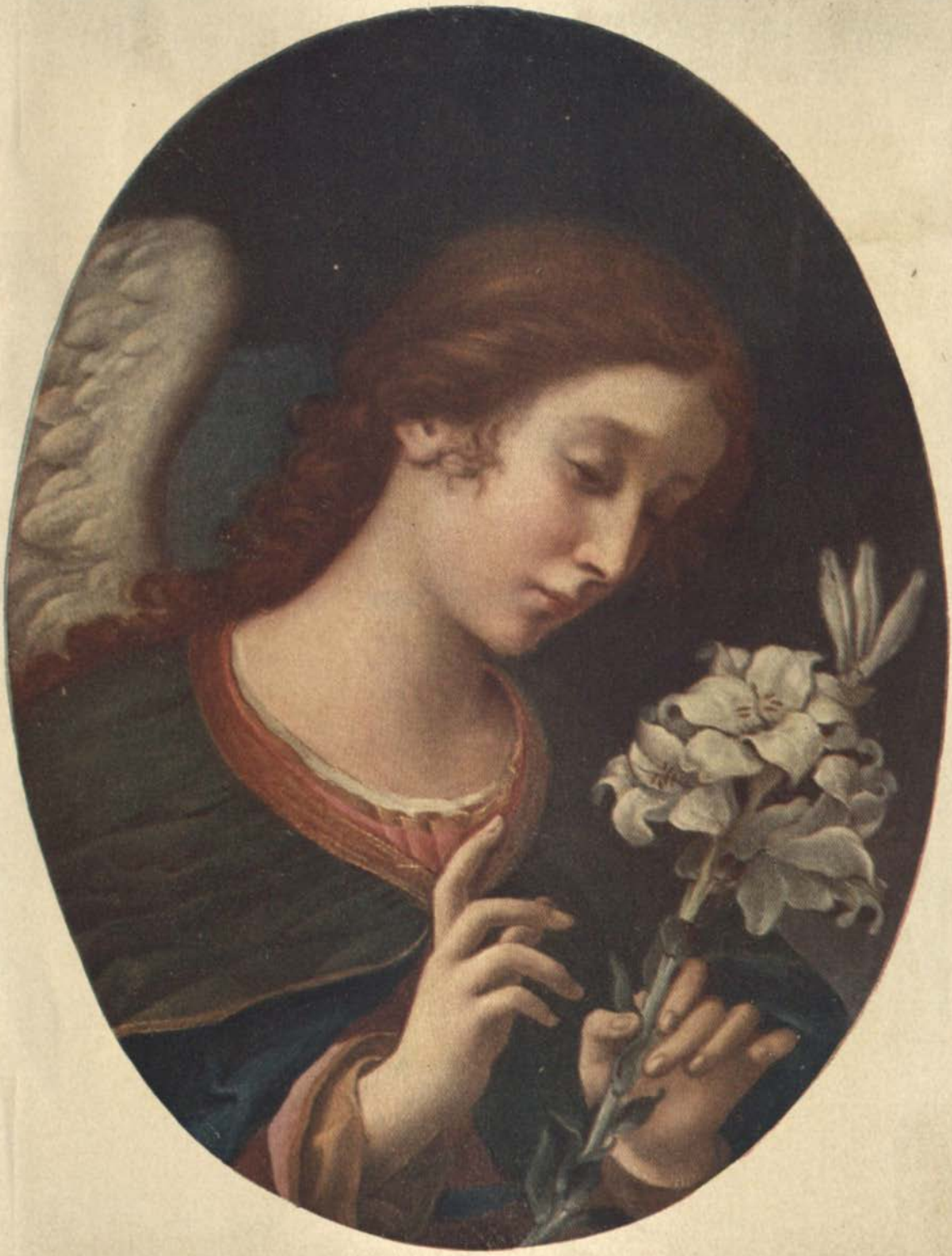
1616 – 1686

SCHOOL OF THE ECLECTICS

"ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION"

(Uffizi Palace, Florence)

Painted about 1656 for the house of the Benedictines in Florence



wedding, and being found, only after a long search, dreamily, mooning near a church. The bride forgave the indiscretion, and the marriage turned out a very happy one.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

The ageing painter went to Innsbruck to paint a portrait of Claudia, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand and Anna de' Medici, on that princess's marriage with the Emperor Leopold, and whilst there he touched up several masterpieces of the great dead whose works were suffering from decay—which unfortunately did not strike him as sacrilege. It was on his return that he painted his well-known *Sleeping Infant St. John.* He now fell into melancholy, and became obsessed with the conviction that his art was wretched; however, his friend Baldinucci took him away to the country, and brought him back cured.

Leading a simple life, concerned only with his art, Carlo Dolce never evolved his style to a broader manner, keeping his ideal of high finish to the end. It was in 1682 that Luca Giordano, coming to Florence to paint the frescoes in the chapel of the Corsini Palace, admired Dolce's work, but rallied him about the time he spent upon it. The remark set Dolce brooding, and brought back his melancholy. To add to his silent brooding, his beloved wife died. He took to his bed, and died on the 17th of January 1686, leaving a family of one son and seven daughters. He was buried in the church of the Santissima Nunziata, where he had been found absently straying on his wedding day. Carlo Dolce left a daughter, Agnese Dolce, who imitated her father's style, and copied some of his works.

PIETRO DA CORTONA

1596 – 1669

If Dolce be sneered at, Pietro da Cortona is snorted at by the pedants. Pietro Berettini, called Pietro da

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

CORTONA, scarcely comes under the heading of the ordinary Eclectics; he created a wholly new school that was to have a prodigious effect upon the art of France and of the eighteenth century.

It is usual to read a genteel disgust of the art of Pietro da Cortona. It is usual to speak of him with contempt as a most debased fellow, but to qualify the contempt with the comment that his art was well fitted to a drop-curtain in a theatre. The writers seem to consider that a theatre curtain must necessarily be a somewhat low form of art, and be rather vulgar. If there be one thing that should create the highest achievement in all art, it is the theatre. If a Velasquez had had to paint a curtain for a theatre, he might have created a masterpiece as vast as the theatre drew from Shakespeare.

Pietro da Cortona, as a matter of fact, was an artist of uncommon gifts—not the highest gifts, but fine gifts. Born in 1596, he wrought most of his art in Florence, ending his meteoric career in Rome, where he died in 1669. Called to Florence by Ferdinand II., to decorate the Pitti Palace, he there wrought his best work. Taking the low-reliefs of antiquity as the base of his design, and inflamed by the Venetian art and possessed of the Venetian revelation of colour, a brilliant draughtsman, he was gifted also with a fine sense of balance and arrangement. Immersing himself in the decorative tendencies of his day, which were florid and ornate, he bent this florid tendency into a style which is all his own. His aim was decorative splendour, and he achieved it. Some of the greatest decorative painters that the world has known have paid him the homage of their admiration, an ounce of which is worth a library of adulation by writers who cannot sense the emotions created by decorative art

that is not severe and primitive and stiff. He is not the greatest decorative painter that the world has known, but he was a creative decorative painter ; and to his design is due the development of much of that gracious art which beautified and brought charm into the homes of the eighteenth century—which is a model to all other centuries of the fascination of home.

WHEREIN WE SEE THAT, EVEN AS WE DESCEND THE OTHER SIDE OF A HILL, IT MAY BE ONLY TO FIND GREATER HEIGHTS TO BE CLIMBED

Pietro da Cortona had a thorough knowledge of nature ; and nature is the base of all his remarkable gifts of landscape, which he painted with astounding truth into his decorative design. His massing and his sense of "black and white," his gift of telling contrast and stately grace, yield a sumptuous design that is increased by his clever use of swags and the like to create decoration. His invention was tireless.

Both in Florence and at Rome he formed a large number of pupils, who were to carry his style throughout Europe.

But at his death, the art-achievements of Florence and Rome were at an end. Italy, except in Naples, was at an end—and Naples was largely Spanish. Naples was become the home of a school out of which was evolved the Spanish art, as we are about to discover.

1600

CHAPTER V

WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

THE NATURALISTS

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

THE rise of the Naturalists, or, as they are also called, the *Tenebrosi*, and their settlement in Naples, checks the decline of art in Southern Europe, and creates the splendour of Spain and undoubtedly influences the Dutch. This school is to-day neglected and misunderstood.

Naples had pitifully failed to create art in the Renaissance; but Naples was not a part of the Renaissance. She was dominated by Spain; and Spain was about to come into her own.

In Italy, Naples alone kept her power.

There had arisen, in violent opposition to the Eclectic painters, one MICHELANGELO AMERIGHI DA CARAVAGGIO, who went straight to Nature and created in Italy for the first time a school of painting that swept the Ideal wholly aside and concerned itself wholly with Realism. His school was to be known as the NATURALISTI, or the TENEBROSI. To class this stupendous movement as a part of the Decline of Italian Art could only have occurred to pedants with a cut-and-dried academic theory of art founded on a wholly mistaken and parochial conception of its significance, and therefore driven to fit achievement into their theory.

PAINTING

CARAVAGGIO
1569 – 1609

WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

MICHELANGELO AMERIGHI DA CARAVAGGIO was a violent man, and well-suited to the violent destiny that was to be his. He went straight to Nature for his schooling and his aim; and, with utter contempt of the Mannerists, and as great contempt for the Eclectics, whom he looked upon as only imitating from many what the school they assailed imitated from one, he brought his wilful hate and violence to bear on the Carracci and all their works.

The school of the NATURALISTI whom he led, carried out their war not only by their art but with poison and the knife.

They went wholly to nature. That which they felt in the presence of life was the fit subject for all art, and the only subject. And in this revelation they plumbed the deeps of the greatness of art. To them strong passions were as legitimate as any other; and being men of strong passions, and full of the vigour of life, they painted the passions fearlessly, regardless of all the canons and laws of the academies. They cared nothing whether passion were refined or unrefined, they left that to the moralists. Passions existed like turnips, and they painted either with the same enthusiasm and the same forceful mastery. They cared nothing for "Beauty being the evidence of moral harmony" —they saw that in nature it was nothing of the kind, that, in fact, this was all mere sophistry and a charming fable created by the moralist and the pedant. They cared nothing for Beauty at all. They did not concern themselves with laws of Beauty or lack of Beauty. They saw that Nature could be as Ugly as Beautiful—and that she was as astounding and wonderful in the one as she was in the other. At once they stood head and shoulders above the

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

Eclectics and the Mannerists, and took rank with the greatest achievement of the Renaissance in Italy. For—and mark this well—the art wrought by the Realists in Naples was an art created and developed to sounds that only a vast orchestra can yield, and was the beginning of an art which was to increase to a wider achievement in the art of Spain which it fathered. The gamut of the art of the Tenebrosi may be seen in Naples; and its tragic and intense volume is prodigious. Compared with the achievement of Renaissance Italy, it is like that of a vast orchestra as against the exquisite music of a violin or lute played to perfection. Its capacity is prodigiously greater; and in the art of Velazquez and Rembrandt it was to be sounded in supreme fashion that is a revelation to the ages.

These men had come into the heritage of the Renaissance; but instead of being content to play upon strings of the instrument that had been granted to them, and which they knew full well had been employed in all their power, they created a larger art and a fuller realm for that art. They took up art where it had left off; and their blood tingling to the new adventure of life that was abroad over the world, which the old instrument and the old Italy were too feeble to utter, they invented an art that should be deep enough to sound the mightier resonances and give forth the fuller life. The air was athrob with the song of the sea-dogs who were putting forth to the discovery of new worlds. And the men who created this art were of the same vigorous fibre. The sober ideals of Beauty that came down from antiquity were waste-paper to them. Their eyes were on the new romances.

MICHELANGELO AMERIGHI or MERIGI was the son of a mason of Caravaggio, in the Milanese country of Lombardy, where he was born in 1569; hence the name by which he

V

CARAVAGGIO

1569 – 1609

SCHOOL OF THE TENEBROSI OR NATURALISTS

"DEATH OF THE VIRGIN"

(Louvre)



is known to fame, and will one day be still better known. He seems to have been self-taught, and for about five years he is found painting portraits at Milan. Thence he betook himself to Venice, where he worked awhile, thence on to Rome.

WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

Arrived in Rome in a pitiful state of poverty, and unable to buy the materials to paint a picture, he entered the service of the artist Cavaliere Cesare d'Arpino. The Cavaliere Cesare d'Arpino employed the young fellow to paint the fruit and flowers and ornaments in his pictures. It is difficult to imagine the restive and violent assistant at the pretty business. But at last Caravaggio painted his celebrated *Il Giuoco di Carte*, or *The Cardplayers*, which was bought by the Cardinal del Monte, who probably procured him the painting of the several works in oils at the Contarelli chapel of the church of San Luigi de' Francesi. It was his first altarpiece for this chapel, the *St. Matthew writing the Gospel*, which was taken down by the horrified priests as being too vulgar—afterwards bought by the Marchese Vincenzio Giustiniani, who seems to have had the seeing eye. Caravaggio painted a second altarpiece which satisfied the fathers.

His masterpiece at Rome, the *Pietà* or *Deposition of Christ*, is now at the Vatican. The Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna has the good fortune to possess his superb *Lute Player*, in which the girl with the lute is painted with a force and style worthy of Velasquez, and astoundingly in contrast with the art of the Renaissance.

Caravaggio was fully established at Rome, creating a new movement and bringing the best of the Eclectics into the great heritage of a vital art, Guido Reni and Baroccio amongst the number, and checking the decay of painting in Italy, when his violent temper brought disaster to his

career in Rome. In a dispute with a friend, some say on a tennis-court, others on a scaffolding, Caravaggio flew into so violent a passion that he slew his companion. He realised his appalling act and its dread consequences, and straightway fled to Naples, whence, after painting a few pictures, he went on to Malta. At Malta he attracted the favour of the Grand-Master, Vignacourt, who sat to him for two fine portraits, and made him a Knight of the Cross of Malta. Unfortunately his violent temper again soon got him into trouble : a fierce quarrel with another knight saw him flung into prison, from which his daring enabled him to escape and fly to Syracuse, whence he visited Messina and Palermo, painting pictures in these cities. He returned to Naples, where he settled awhile as the head and front of the violent faction of artists there whose motto was death to all strange artists—with a particular hatred of the Carracci and their pupils. What a pest this fraternity was to several artists who went to work at Naples we have already seen ; indeed, the artist who came to Naples carried his life in his hands.

At last Caravaggio, through powerful friends, received the Pope's pardon for his murder in the tennis-court, and, hiring a felucca, he set out for Rome again ; but ill-luck dogged him, for he was arrested on his way by a Spanish coastguard, by mistake for some one else, only, on being freed, after a considerable time, to find that the felucca had gone off with all he possessed. Setting out on foot, he wandered in a miserable state along the coast until he came to Porto Ercole, where, in a despondent state, and overcome by his hardships and the fearful heat, he fell into a raging fever, and died in a few days, in 1609, only having reached his fortieth year.

With Caravaggio died a great and forceful genius, whose

WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

influence on art was prodigious, and his revelation of such vastness that has never yet received its bays. That art was in keeping with his wild passionate nature and his tempestuous destiny. The greater part of that fierce career had been passed in Rome, and he won the victory over the decadent schools of Italy, that he had aimed to do, with resolute will and as resolute and violent courage. Painting with astounding breadth, and gifted with a large style that suited his greatness of intention, seeing life with frank searching eyes, and wielding a fearless brush rid of all hesitancies and unhampered by academic laws, he looked nature straight in the face, and recorded his sensations with virile power. At once the mawkish sentimentality of the fashion gave way to deep tragic utterance, and pathos knew its translator. All his gifts added to his art. His grand feeling for line in his draperies, his vivid lighting and eloquent shadows, his rich sense of colour, his wonderful carnations, his strong draughtsmanship, went to create an art that increased the range of Michelangelo and led to the wide enlargement of the province of painting. It is said that several of his altarpieces were expelled from the churches for which he painted them, and the tribute thereby is to Caravaggio, who was too great for his petty surroundings. His early works for S. Luigi de' Francesi at Rome reveal the precocity of his great gifts, and the early force of his character. The cathedral at Malta possesses his masterly *Beheading of the Baptist.* The *Holy Family* at the Borghese is another great work. But his art was more fitted to secular subjects, and whether he paint sorcery or murder or other violence, he shows himself a master. The Louvre possesses his *Death of the Virgin.* The *Dishonest Gamester* in the Sciarra Palace at Rome—he painted several replicas—and the *Female Soothsayer* at the Capitol, are of his best. In single figures he

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reached to greatness. The *Geometry* in the Spada Palace at Rome, in which a smiling girl in rags plays with a pair of compasses; the masterly *Earthly Love* in Berlin, in which the reckless boy, eagle-winged, tramples books and musical instruments, a laurel-wreath, and the like, under foot; the *Magdalene* at the Doria Gallery in Rome, a sorrowful girl sitting by a casket of jewels—are all masterpieces. The Louvre possesses one of his portraits of the Grand-Master of Malta, Alof de Vignacourt, painted in 1601, and Berlin has another portrait, both striking and grand and glowing in colour.

Caravaggio had few direct pupils, but his followers, created by his style and aim, were many. They are known, as we have seen, by the title of the Tenebrosi or the Naturalists, with truth to nature as their aim, and the idealisation of the figure by selecting only that which goes towards beauty and rejects individual character as their hate. Guido Reni and Domenichino had come under his spell, and Guercino largely took from him. BARTOLOMMEO MANFREDI; RIBERA, called LO SPAGNOLETTO; CARLO SARACENO, the Venetian; VALENTIN the Frenchman; and the Fleming GERARD HONTHORST (known to the Italians as Gherardo della Notte), openly took him as their model.

Of his direct pupils were the two Frenchmen, MOSES VALENTIN and SIMON VOUET, and the Venetian CARLO SARACENO. But these men were hampered in Rome by the Eclectic fashion for grace.

There had come to Naples in his later years, one of Raphael's most trusted pupils, GIANFRANCESCO PENNI, called IL FATTORE (1488-1528), brother-in-law to Perino del Vaga. His rare works—he died early, eight years after Raphael—show a cold and opaque colour; indeed, he was

a mediocre Mannerist, better in copying his master than in original design. He left a pupil in Naples, one LEONARDO, called IL PISTOJA, a Tuscan.

WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

POLIDORO
1495 – 1543

There had also come to Naples from Lombardy a Mannerist of Raphael's school, called POLIDORO CALDARA, who was called POLIDORO DA CARAVAGGIO, from his native town, which was to give birth to a greater Caravaggio. Polidoro practised his art in Naples, and formed the Neapolitan Mannerists, who, as we have seen, had the germs of salvation in them owing to a certain feeling for nature, which was to break ground for the later school of the Naturalists. Polidoro was originally a mason employed at the Vatican, and only developed into a painter late in life. He is said to have decorated, with his bosom friend, MATURINO, a Florentine, the outsides of several palaces in Rome in chiaroscuro, which consists of painting a wall a dark colour and overlaying it with a lighter colour, when the design is scratched through the lighter coating, so that the darker shows through the lines so scratched. Such as remain show a marked study of the antique, and considerable power. At Naples he created a totally different style from his Raphaelesque Mannerism—in which he shows a gaudy naturalism that reveals considerable power and passion and vitality. It set the fashion in Naples. His last works are of a gloomy brown hue. Polidoro's life is one of the romances of painting—a violent romance as befitted Naples. Carrying the bricklayer's hod for Raphael at the Vatican, he trained himself to paint, helped by his friend Maturino, with whom he worked at his art. He quickly displayed skill. He and Maturino were like brothers, swearing to live and die together, and worked and lived together in

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common. The sack of Rome in 1527 by the Constable Bourbon, brought disaster to the two friends. Maturino, having fled, had not got far when he died of the plague, and was buried in S. Eustachio. Polidoro made his way to Naples, but finding small love of art thereat, he was like to have died of hunger had he not worked for other painters. Coming to the conclusion that the people of Naples were better judges of a horse than of an artist, he went aboard a galley and worked down to Messina, where he came to honour and painted much. Soon he began to long for Rome again, and drawing from the bank all his money, he prepared to set out; but his servant, a youth, with others, fell upon him in the night and murdered him as he lay asleep, strangling him with a cord, then carried him to the door of a lady whom he loved, that it might be thought her kinsmen had slain him. The boy, however, was suspected, confessed under torture, and was sent to the gallows. So runs Vasari's gossip pen.

Of this Naples School, then, came the Naturalists. The realism of Polidoro had done this at least—it had broken ground. At the head of the Naturalists, founding their art upon the Realism of Caravaggio, was GIUSEPPE RIBERA, the Spaniard, and known therefore in Italy as LO SPAGNOLETTO (1588-1656), of whom we shall see more when we come to the Spanish School. With two other artists, the Greek BELISARIO CORENZIO and with GIAMBATTISTA CARACCIOLA, Ribera formed the notorious and reckless triumvirate known as the "Cabal of Naples," who led the artists of that city in harassing all alien painters. This was all the more droll, since two of these men rather practised the style of the abhorred Carracci than that of their wild divinity Caravaggio, though Caravaggio's influence is not absent from their works.

RIBERA
1588–1656

WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

Ribera formed his style on, and lived the aim of, Caravaggio. It may be added that he also lived the life. The whole group of the School of Naples were violent, reckless men, practising an art that was a defiance. The new art and aims of Caravaggio came to a splendid soil in Ribera. At once the art of the man leaped to high endeavour. His *Pietà* in the sacristy of S. Martino at Naples is a masterpiece that can be set beside the achievement of the greatest painters. Here was no decay or decline, but most vital genius; and his *Last Supper* in the same church is worthy of Paolo Veronese in its superb style. Indeed, Naples is rich in masterpieces by him. His *Adoration of the Shepherds* (1650) enriches the great collection of the Louvre, and Madrid possesses many of his works. His wild and teeming imagination ran to the tragic and violent emotions — death stalked through his dreams. Berlin holds his *Preparation for the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*, which shows him in his typical vein. He let his lust for the agonies run into horrible subjects, that are as repellent as they are powerful. But it is well to remember that his many pupils copied him and signed their works "Spagnoletto," and Ribera must not be judged by these.

Ribera, the greatest of the Naturalisti, shows astounding power in all he does; his art was founded on a sound training, his draughtsmanship is superb, and his love for the mystery of strong shadows never overwhelmed his rich sense of colour. His influence in Spain was enormous.

Whatever their personal faults, the Realists did an immense service to art. In Naples a new art was developed, great and masterly in achievement, as her splendid

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

buildings and astounding craft remain to prove. It is true that the pedants who can see no further than the Renaissance, until Spain or the Low Countries are mentioned, prefers to sneer at the florid art of Naples; but to spit at the sphinx only brings contempt to the spitter.

Ribera's two most famous pupils were SALVATOR ROSA and LUCA GIORDANO; but before surveying their work, it is well to glance at the careers of some of the lesser painters of Naples of this time.

Of these lesser Naturalisti were MATTIA PRETI, known as IL CAVALIERE CALABRESE, who began as pupil to Guercino; BERNARDO STROZZI, a Genoese, better known as IL PRETE GENOVESE, who was a powerful painter with a fine sense of colour, and painted remarkable portraits; ANDREA VACCARO, of Naples, who formed himself on Caravaggio, and came to grandeur in the painting of single figures of saints.

Caracciola trained a pupil who was to achieve a fine style—MASSIMO STANZIONI.

MASSIMO STANZIONI
1585 – 1656

Massimo Stanzioni's death coincides with the death of Ribera, who was one day to become the plague of his life. But that one of the Cabal should have attacked any artist, particularly a pupil of the Cabal, reveals their belief in his powers, and the dread of rivalry. Small men they left alone. Stanzioni formed his art upon that of Caravaggio and Ribera; but he aimed at a nobility of motive and at an art that was outside their scheme and design, as his paintings in the chapel of S. Bruno in S. Martino fully testify. Here may be seen a high sense of noble simplicity and of splendid colour that make Stanzioni stand out in the

art of his age. His work drew the anger of Ribera, who persecuted him with a bitterness and insistence that he usually reserved for strangers.

WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

Stanzioni had painted a *Pietà* above the principal entrance to S. Martino, and the picture having darkened, Ribera persuaded the monks into allowing him to clean it, whereon he so ruined it with a corrosive liquid that Stanzioni refused to restore it, desiring that the scandalous act of treachery might stand as witness to all who passed by.

Stanzioni had a large number of pupils, but the best of them went over to the style of Ribera, of whom were DOMENICO FINOGLIA, whose many small pictures may be seen in the Certosa of the splendid monastery of S. Martino at Naples, where it towers high above the city on the steeps of S. Elmo—a rich treasure-house of art—and GIUSEPPE MARULLO amongst others.

Of Ribera's best known pupils, ANIELLO FALCONE, SALVATOR ROSA, and LUCA GIORDANO, the last was known as LUCA FA PRESTO, from the astounding rapidity of his work.

ANIELLO FALCONE

Aniello Falcone, a great painter of battle-pieces, founded a very large school, that also distinguished itself in the political ferment of the time, taking part in the insurrection under Masaniello against the Spaniards as an armed band known as *La Compagnia della Morte*, which was only broken up after the death of Masaniello. Aniello Falcone went to France; and his pupil Salvator Rosa, who had gone to him from Ribera, went to Rome.

SALVATOR ROSA
1615 – 1673

Salvator Rosa was a pupil of Ribera, but early left his master to go into the studio of Ribera's pupil Aniello Falcone,

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the battle-painter. A most unequal artist, Salvator Rosa is too often estimated to-day by his lesser achievement than by his greater. Poet, musician, and painter, he spent his gifts prodigally, to the loss of his art. As a painter he essayed history, the life of the people, and landscape. In his historical paintings he employed the style of the Naturalists; but it was in this province that he received some of his worst falls, though he sometimes won to remarkable achievement. His *Conspiracy of Catiline* at the Pitti is perhaps the most famous of these works. In portraiture Salvator Rosa is sometimes very great. His gloomy portrait of a *Man in Armour* at the Pitti reminds one of Rembrandt. In battle-pieces he is seen to great advantage, as at the Louvre. In landscape Salvator Rosa came to considerable distinction, and created an individual style that had much influence in the after-years. In certain phases, as in his great *Coast-scene* at the Colonna in Rome, he has the poetic sense of serenity and command of atmosphere, with an astounding decorative feeling, that are associated with the master-work of Claude. But he had not Claude's sustained force; and could descend at times to affectation and the insipid. It was when he painted wild scenes in the mountains and forests that the depth and solemn sense of their tragedy compelled him to his highest utterance. Salvator Rosa had spent his youth amongst the wild bandits of Lower Italy, as befitted an artist of the violent tradition of the School of Naples; and the native blood in him found its reality and its inspiration in these scenes—in which, by the way, he is fond of painting hermits or robbers or soldiers. His capacity to render desolation and threat and fear in landscape was profound. Indeed, his figure paintings are always at their best when he has a landscape after his heart as background.

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SALVATOR ROSA

1615 – 1673

SCHOOL OF THE TENEBROSI OR NATURALISTS

"LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES"

(National Gallery)



WHEREIN A NEW AND VASTER REVELATION COMES INTO ITALY, NOT WITHOUT VIOLENCE

From Salvator Rosa's pupils came two landscape-painters of distinction—Bartolommeo Torregiani, of Rome, who painted much like Claude; and Domenico Gargiuoli, of Naples, also known as Micco Spadaro; who also painted figures on a small scale, and whose series of pictures of the tragedy of Masaniello and the Plague of 1656 are a complete history in pictured form of these events.

MAGNASCO

A fine painter who founded his art on that of Salvator Rosa was Alessandro Magnasco, known as Lissandrino, a Genoese, born in 1662, whose works are often given to Salvator Rosa.

A good Sicilian painter of this school, Pietro Novelli, known as Monrealese, whose many excellent portraits may be seen in Rome, is most famous for his *Marriage at Cana* in the refectory of the Benedictines at Monreale.

Of the many fine battle-painters and painters of the life of the people of this time were Michelangelo Cerquozzi, and his pupil, the Frenchman Jacques Courtois or Bourgignon, whom the Italians call Jacopo Cortese Borgognone. Michelangelo Cerquozzi (1602-1660), known as Michelangelo delle Battaglie, was a most distinguished painter of battles, and even more of scenes from low life, much in the style of Pieter van Laar, who was at that time the object of great popularity at Rome. Michelangelo of the Battles could hold his own in humour and finish and masterly colour with the best painters of his kind in the Low Countries; and he had something of the Dutch essence, for he passed by the pretty side of Italian life and its gay dress and elaborate fashions to paint the ragged ruffians and common folk in their genial moments. His art knew the pathos also of the poor. His pupil, the Frenchman,

PAINTING

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

JACOPO CORTESE BORGOGNONE (1621-1671), whether as such, or known by his French name of Jacques Courtois or Bourgignon, was one of the most celebrated battle-painters of his age, though his pictures are slight in handling, if full of action. He was imitated to an enormous extent; and his name has suffered in consequence. The Borghese at Rome possesses two authentic examples.

LUCA FA PRESTO

1632 – 1705

Of Ribera's third famous pupil, LUCA GIORDANO, the most generally known thing is that he was called LUCA FA PRESTO, from the marvellous rapidity with which he painted a picture; and it is usual to shrug the shoulder of disdain upon him as that. As a matter of fact, the man was a genius. It is true that he sacrificed much of the real sense of beauty, a grip of character, and a marked dramatic power, to a deft and slight style of painting that would yield rapid effects. But he had a rare sense of glowing colour. And the man who could paint the ceiling frescoes of S. Martino and in the Riccardi Palace at Florence was a fine artist. Called to Madrid by Charles II. of Spain, he painted much in oil and fresco there, returning to Naples, where he died in 1705.

Thenceforth the artists of Naples came under the influence of Pietro da Cortona; and their work was wrought in the style that he had created.

CHAPTER VI

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

OF THE SO-CALLED DECLINE OF ART IN VENICE

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

In Venice, meanwhile, a city that kept a character apart, as she had always done, the artists had also fallen for some time to mediocrity. But now and again a master rose in the City amid the Waters, though why they should be considered to be in decline, since one or two painted as none in Venice of the Renaissance had painted better, nor could have painted better what they did, we must leave to the reasoning of the pedants. Yet authority, whilst it speaks with contempt of Naples, does endeavour to find excuse for Venice, and even to place one or two of her geniuses of the so-called Decline in Art amongst masters "worthy of a better age."

THE MANNERISTS OF VENICE

Of the Mannerists the Venetians also produced a number—men who simply repeated the manner of the great dead. Of these was Jacopo Palma Giovane, "Palma the Younger" (1544-1628), the son of the mediocre Antonio Palma, who was a nephew of Palma Vecchio. Palma Giovane, though imitative, had considerable charm, and caught much of the spirit of the great period before him —indeed, many of his works have passed to the credit of

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

greater men, and there is more than one to-day that solemnly poses under a greater name in the public galleries. He is to be seen at the Palace of the Doges in Venice, at the Academy there, in fact all over Venice, including the churches. Perhaps his *St. Catherine rescued from the Wheel* at the Frari, and the *Madonna with Saints* at S. Francesco della Vigna are his most famous works.

GIOVANNI CONTARINI imitated Titian with considerable success.

CARLO RIDOLFI, of about the same time as Contarini, shows much mannerism, and is better remembered as the biographer of the Venetian artists—the Vasari of Venice.

By the sixteen-hundreds a distinct imitation of the great Venetians had set in.

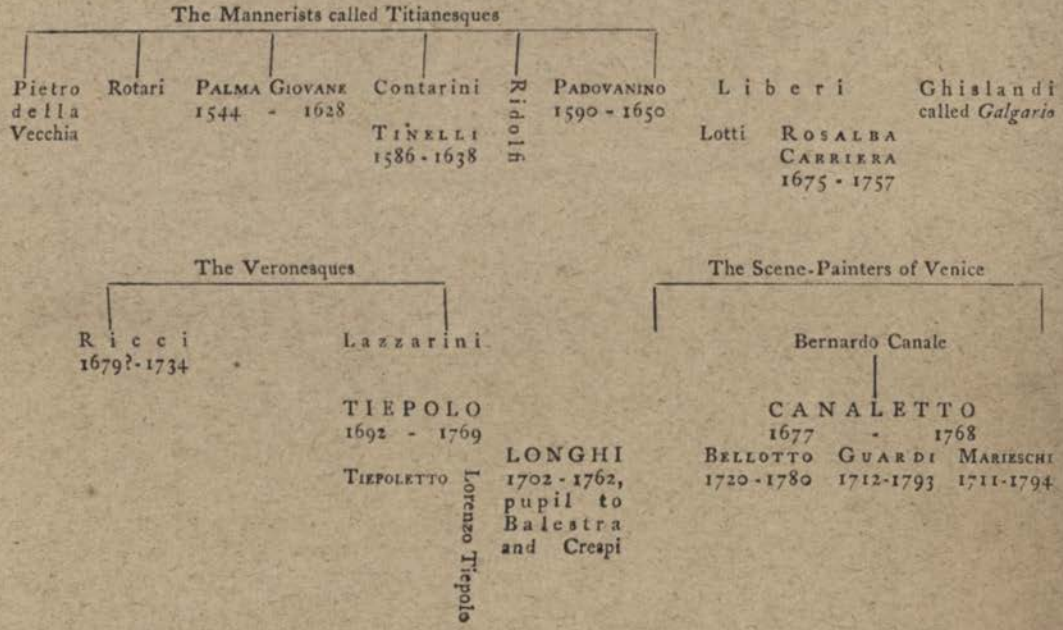
TINELLI
1586–1638

One of the supreme painters of Venice in the sixteen-hundreds was TIBERIO TINELLI, born at Venice, and becoming pupil to Giovanni Contarini, and then to Leandro Bassano. He painted superb portraits that will one day bring him into his own, being fond of arranging his sitter in an historic pose, which brought his art into wide demand. Louis XIII. of France knighted him; and it was Tinelli who largely created the portrait in the historic pose that was to have so wide a vogue in France. His altar-pieces and subjects were not so successful. His life was largely passed in Florence. Being driven to melancholy by domestic affliction, Tinelli took his own life in 1638.

PADOVANINO
1590 – 1650

Of the Venetians of the sixteen-hundreds, ALESSANDRO VARATORI of Padua, better known as IL PADOVANINO, is the

THE LATE VENETIANS



most famous. Drawn to the art of Titian, Padovanino avoided mere imitation of that master. At the Academy of Venice is his masterpiece, the *Marriage of Cana*, not without hint of Paolo Veronese. The altarpiece at S. Tomà shows him at his best in his Titianesque style.

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

Pietro Liberi, a Paduan, is of the Venetian Mannerists.

Alessandro Turchi, from Verona, and known as L'Orbetto, brought elaborate finish and the aim of grace into the Venetian ideal.

Vittore Ghislandi, born at Bergamo in 1655, was known as Frate di Galgario. He was painter, architect, and sculptor, but is at his best as a portraitist; several of his portraits are at Milan.

THE BAROQUE PAINTERS OF VENICE

By the end of the sixteen-hundreds the Venetian painters had come under the influence of the decorative style of Pietro da Cortona, who has been happily said to have looked upon all art as a design for tapestries.

The number of artists in Venice during these years was very large; of the best of the pupils of Pietro da Cortona were Gianfranco Romanelli (died 1662), Ciro Ferri (died 1689), Benedetto Luti (died 1724).

Of the pupils of Andrea Sacchi was Filippo Lauri (died 1694).

Of the imitators of Paolo Veronese was Sebastiano Ricci (1679?-1734), who painted several fine altarpieces in Venetian churches, of which perhaps his masterpiece is the *Pope Pius V. with St. Thomas and St. Peter Martyr* at the Gesuati.

Pietro della Vecchia; Carlo Lotti (died 1698), a native of Munich, called Loth, who was pupil to Liberi; Pietro Rotari, of Verona, who died in 1762, were all

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well-known Venetians who were trained in mannerism but came to distinction.

The seventeen-hundreds saw the Venetians still busy as decorators and painters. The whole art of Venice was now under the "baroque" influence, as it is called, that spread over Italy, influenced by Pietro da Cortona, with a marked decorative sense that founded itself on florid ornament and curving lines. We have seen it creating a superb achievement in Naples, where it had the great advantage of being wedded to the august splendour of Spain. In Venice it had the advantage of being wedded to an inherent genius for colour, but Venice lacked something of that dramatic power that Spain had brought to Naples.

TIEPOLO
1692 – 1769

GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO, or GIAN BATTISTA TIEPOLO, was the most distinguished of the Venetian baroque painters. Born in Venice in 1692, Tiepolo went first to the studio of a mediocre painter but excellent teacher, GREGORIO LAZZARINI, thence to PIAZZETTA, but he had the whole achievement of Venice before his eyes for splendid schooling, and the art and style of Paolo Veronese drew his homage. Tiepolo was but a youth of twenty when he began to be employed in Venice and its neighbourhood on considerable works. He was close on his fifties when, in 1740, he was called to Milan, and ten years later, 1750, he went to Würtzburg to paint the decorations of the Archbishop's Palace thereat. He was sixty-one when he returned to Venice in 1753, but eight years later, in 1761, close on seventy, he set out for Madrid, called thereto by King Charles III. of Spain, to paint the frescoes

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TIEPOLO

1692–1769

BAROQUE PAINTERS OF VENICE

"THE FINDING OF MOSES"

(EDINBURGH)

of the Royal Palace. He died at Madrid on the 25th of April 1769.

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

Tiepolo caught the high decorative sense of the baroque art in splendid fashion; and in his oil-paintings, as may be seen at the Scottish National Gallery, he reveals that he has caught also the vigorous spirit of the Tenebrosi. His art has little in common with the paganism of the great Venetians of the Renaissance—he is essentially of his own bewigged and dandiacal age. By the seventeen-hundreds the church was become a mere form, and the religious pictures of Tiepolo utter this mere formality in clear fashion. Imaginative, inventive, thoroughly equipped for the practice of his art, Tiepolo flung his great aërial groups of figures on ceiling and on wall. Of character and depth of insight he knew little, and with them he was concerned less. But of movement and aërial perspective he was a rare master, and he could handle drapery with consummate sense of style.

Such gifts made him a fine painter in fresco. But he recognised the limits that fresco imposes upon the craftsman, and kept his ranging hand within those limits. It gave him space and the effects of light of which he was a master. He held his hand from attempting to employ fresco to utter the oil-colour's depth of colour, which is beyond its capacity without fouling.

It is usual to bewail Tiepolo's fate in being born into a superficial century when men wore wigs instead of their own hair; but the eighteenth century, that bred Chatham and Washington and the virile spirits who created the Revolt of the American Colonies and the French Revolution, was a far more sincere age than that of the Renaissance in Venice, and needs no apology. It had its superficial side—as had the Renaissance in Italy—and to that superficial side Tiepolo largely belonged. But he had his

choice; and no man can accuse the Dutchmen of the preceding century after the Renaissance, or the Tenebrosi under Caravaggio, or the Spaniards, or Hogarth in his own age, of superficiality. As a man sows, so shall he reap. But the age is not his excuse—if he need one. Tiepolo is often blamed for lack of "profundity of thought"; but as no painting can express profundity of thought, and as Art has nothing to do with thought, the critical really probably miss profundity of emotion in his work—and, of a truth, there is little. But as he was not in the least concerned with either, it is rather as though one blamed him for not being a radish.

Tiepolo's fine frescoes may be seen on wall and ceiling in many places in Venice—at the churches of the Scalzi, of S. Maria del Rosario, of the Gesuati, and of Sant' Alvise, which holds his striking *Christ on the Road to Calvary*—in the palaces, in one of which, the saloon of the Labia Palace, are his famous scenes from the history of *Antony and Cleopatra*. At the Archbishop's Palace at Udine are the *Judgment of Solomon* and the *Fall of the Angels*, amongst others. The Villa Valmarana, near Vicenza, has seven rooms decorated from the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Aeneid*, from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. Padua, Bergamo, Vicenza, and Milan also boast his works—also Würtzburg—and Madrid shows him in his last phase.

It was in his easel-pictures, his painting in oils, that Tiepolo reached out to his greatest performance. His composition becomes more coherent, his craftsmanship better knit, his colour faculty reaches out to a remarkable range, and his handling and style come to their fullest compass.

A quick and facile painter, as his work suggests, he had a fine command of draughtsmanship that was of immense

value to him in painting the foreshortenings necessary to ceiling-pieces. Whether he lacked humour or had over-abundance of it, is sometimes compelled upon one's inquisitiveness, as when, in his famous ceilings at the Villa Stra, the once princely home of the Pisani, between Venice and Padua, he painted a portrait of one of that patrician house in the full-bottomed wig and elaborate dress of the period, sitting in the lap of a nude allegorical female!

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

Tiepolo etched a considerable number of plates, as did his two sons, who were painters after him. Of these, GIOVANNI DOMENICO TIEPOLO is known as TIEPOLETTO, and was of considerable ability—his pictures are often given to his father; he died in 1804. LORENZO TIEPOLO, with his elder brother, assisted Tiepolo in some of his works.

Tiepolo is generally forgiven for painting in the spirit of his age, *because* he imitated the Old Masters! It was as a matter of obvious fact in the degree of his departure from the dead that his greatness lay. But the baroque painters must be allowed no virtues. I have even seen Tiepolo solemnly abused for his "restless movement," though Movement seems to call for some quality that is not precisely Rest.

PIETRO LONGHI
1702 – 1762

PIETRO LONGHI, born at Venice in 1702, trained in the then celebrated school of ANTONIO BALESTRA at Bologna, passed therefrom to become a pupil of Giuseppe Maria Crespi of the same city. Returning to Venice, his *Fall of the Giants* at the Palazzo Sagredo, painted in 1734, betrayed his incapacity for such large design; and he wisely learnt the lesson, forthwith turning to the daily life and pleasures of the people, painted on a smaller scale. But he was a cold colourist, though his delicate style, and a fair sense of

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humour and pathos, helped to create works that still keep his memory green. Longhi wholly lacked power; and his name of "the Venetian Hogarth" is a poor compliment to the great Englishman. Longhi was a considerable etcher.

ALESSANDRO LONGHI, his son, painted portraits that are not without merit.

ROSALBA CARRIERA

1675 – 1757

ROSALBA CARRIERA is known to fame as the creator of the pastel in France. She wrought clever portraits of the celebrities of her day in pastels. Rosalba Carriera, to become famous as Rosalba, to be spoken of by Watteau and Reynolds and the greatest artists for many a long day with the breath of respect, as though she ranked with the great dead, was the daughter of an official of the Venetian Republic. Born in Venice on the 7th of October 1675, she showed as a girl marked style in designing point-lace. Point-lace going out of the fashion, she went to paint snuff-boxes in the studio of a Frenchman, Jean Stève, famous for his work in this pretty business. She thus won to exquisite miniature-delicacy in oils. Thence she went to two or three masters, and eventually to Pietro Liberi, who developed her powers, and she was soon making a mark in painting miniatures in oils and coloured chalks; from the dry chalk she evolved a glowing luminosity of colour that made her name.

In 1705 she got a-roaming, and in that, her thirtieth year, was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome. Five years later she was elected to the Academy of Bologna; soon thereafter being paid the great honour of being asked to paint her own portrait for the famous collection of the Uffizi at Florence—whereupon she was elected to the Academy of Florence.

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

Renowned over all Italy, she was now drawn to Paris, whither she went in 1720, her forty-fifth year, with her mother and two sisters, of whom the younger, GIOVANNA CARRIERA, who died in 1737, was to win to considerable repute as a miniature-painter. With them went the husband of Rosalba's other sister, Angela—the Venetian painter ANTONIO PELLEGRINI. Rosalba at once became the rage. Her pleasing pastels were soon the talk of the town, and she was highly honoured at the Court of the French Regent Orleans, of which she left an excellent account in writing. Her influence was very wide. She stayed in Paris a year, the greatest of France sitting to her, including the Regent and the ten-year-old Louis XV. She was elected to the Royal Academy of France. She set the fashion for pastel, which came to such high achievement in the hands of La Tour and Perroneau.

From Paris she went to Court after Court over Europe, until, her sight failing her at seventy-two (1747), she returned to Venice, where she died ten years later (1757).

Luca Giordano, he whom the world called Luca Fa Presto, trained or was followed by three Venetians, who came to repute—PAOLO DE MATTEIS, who died in 1729; SEBASTIAN CONCA, who died in 1764; and FRANCESCO SOLIMENA, who died in 1747.

Of other baroque painters of Venice, certain artists came to fame for the painting of flowers, and still life, and animals, who looked upon these subjects more from their decorative treatment than did the great Dutchmen who brought to these subjects intense and superb gifts and an intimate vision. Of these Venetians the most eminent were GIOVANNI BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE, who died in 1670, a brilliant painter of still life and animals; MARIO

THE GREAT ITALIAN REALISTS

DEI FIORI, who died in 1673, a fine painter of flowers; and GIOVANNI PAOLO PANINI, who died in 1764, a painter of architectural subjects.

THE SCENE-PAINTERS OF VENICE

There was in Venice a scene-painter, one BERNARDO CANALE, whose workshop was to give rise to a fine school of painting in that city. Bernardo Canale had working with him a son, ANTONIO CANALE, who was to become famous as CANALETTO, and to create a school of Venetian painters in the seventeen-hundreds.

CANALETTO
1697 – 1768
BELLOTTO
1720 – 1780

ANTONIO CANALE, better known as CANALETTO, was born in Venice in 1697; and became the apprentice of his father, Bernardo Canale, in that calling. Canaletto also became a pupil of LUCA CARLEVARIS (1665-1718), who was a painter of street scenes, much in the vein of Canaletto, but of mediocre quality. Whilst still a young man, he went to Rome, taking with him his nephew and pupil, BERNARDO BELLOTTO, and there painted architectural subjects, street scenes, and ruins. Bernardo Bellotto painted the same subjects as his uncle Antonio Canale, and it was to the nephew that the name Il Canaletto was first given, to distinguish him from his uncle; but confusion has been caused by the name being transferred to Canale wholesale, so that BELLOTTO has now to be called by his proper name. But the two CANALETTI painted so much alike, and on the same subjects, that it is exceedingly difficult to part their works.

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

On his return to Venice, Canaletto began his long series of scenes of that city which have brought him immortality. His great *View on the Grand Canal* is celebrated for his having put in a design by Palladio in place of the Rialto. This rearrangement of Venice to his own ideas he often carried out in his scenes of his native city.

Canaletto was a friend of Tiepolo, who sometimes painted in the figures in Canaletto's scenes of Venice.

In 1746 CANALETTO came to England, where he worked for a couple of years; his nephew BELLOTTO going at the same time to Dresden, where he was made a member of the Academy and painted many pictures, being known as Count Bellotto. In England, Canaletto's art was in wide request. His later work suffered from loss of colour vision.

Canaletto was an excellent craftsman, painting straight from nature, catching the character of buildings and streets with rare vision, and bathing the scene in the light and shadows that haunt them and create their atmosphere. He employed the *camera obscura*, which he used in order to get his linear perspective correctly, then painting direct from nature, and laying stress on the atmospheric values of his scene.

CANALETTO died in Venice in 1768.

Bellotto died at Warsaw in 1780.

GUARDI

1712–1793

Whether both his parents were Austrians or not, FRANCESCO GUARDI was born in Venice in 1712. He was the pupil of Canaletto, and began as an imitator; but developed an exquisite style of his own that makes a work by him to-day one of the most prized of treasures in the art of his day. Painting with a consummate touch, he creates a

glitter and sparkle that is as jewel-like as the play of light upon the waters of his native city. Guardi was the brother-in-law of Tiepolo, and his little figures, placed with such rare judgment in his scenes, are like the work of Tiepolo translated through the brush of a Velazquez. His *View in Venice* at the National Gallery in London gives a good idea of his general treatment of a street scene, and his gift for making the figures enhances the design. Guardi was less concerned with perspective and with architecture than Canaletto; more concerned with the poetic aspect of things. If the thousands of pictures that bear his name were painted by Guardi, his output must have been gigantic.

Of Canaletto's other pupils and followers, none came to the renown of Guardi. Of these were JACOPO MARIESCHI (1711-1794), who had received his training under his father, MICHELE MARIESCHI, and GASPARO DIZIANI.

The collapse of the Republic now brought the art of Venice down with a crash. With the Republic passed also the splendid patrons who had kept alive the colour-creators of Venice.

RAPHAEL MENGS brought his new Eclecticism into the land, from across the Alps. POMPEO BATTONI made an effort to catch the new movement, and fairly well succeeded in his altar-piece of the *Fall of Simon Magus* in S. Maria degli Angeli at Rome. The French Revolution brought DAVID into the leadership of the art fashions; and the Italians tried to follow. About the best of them was PIETRO BENVENUTI of Perugia, with his *Judith displaying the Head of Holofernes to the assembled People* in the Duomo of Arezzo, and his *Pyrrhus killing Priam after the taking of Troy* at the Corsini in Rome. ANDREA APPIANI is also

VIII

GUARDI

1712–1793

BAROQUE PAINTERS OF VENICE

"VIEW IN VENICE"

(National Gallery)

Painted in oil on canvas. 1 ft. 2¼ in. h. × 1 ft. 9 in. w. (0·36 × 0·532)



perhaps to be taken seriously, and VINCENZIO CAMMUCCINI. But it was a thoroughly false art, steeped in the decay that is in all academic vision.

It is to-day, since Italy has won to liberty and become a nation, that Italian art shows signs of becoming a part of the European achievement, and of creating again with high endeavour the utterance of the emotional communion of life which is Art—content to bury her great dead, to turn her inquisitive vision to life instead of to the paintings of an age that has gone—self-reliant, and concerned only with the realities.

WHEREIN WE TURN ASIDE AWHILE FROM OUR JOURNEY INTO SPAIN TO VISIT VENICE

PAINTING IN SPAIN

CHAPTER VII

OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPAIN

OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPAIN

It is the habit of writers on art to begin a dissertation on the achievement of Spain and of Holland with a trite commonplace that these are the mirror of the national life and character. It is quite true. But all living art is a reflection of the life and character of the people that produce it—for Art is the emotional communion of life. The fact is that Dutch and Spanish art are so revolutionary as against the stock achievement of Italy; and criticism has so long harped on the supremacy of Greece in sculpture and of Italy in painting, that it is baffled in the presence of that which is not akin to these ideals, yet, realising the vastness of the Spanish and Dutch genius, and compelled thereby to acknowledge that splendour, the academic are only able to say that these things are *national*. They are more than that; they alter the whole spirit of the age; and these two peoples, being then the most vital and vigorous, naturally dominate their age. To Spain was to come, for all too brief a while, the supreme position in the world—she flung the splendour from her by surrendering her freedom under the heel of some of the narrowest, most petty, and most contemptible rulers, temporal and spiritual, that the irony of fate ever sent to a proud people. But during that short lease of sovereignty she uttered forth a music that lives through the genius of her painting and in the immortal pages of Cervantes.

A HISTORY

PAINTING IN SPAIN

The Spanish genius came to fulfilment out of the revelation of the Realism of the Gothic spirit of the people, and out of revelation of the Naturalisti (or Tenebrosi), whom the critics call decadent!

The Spanish accomplishment, looked at superficially, may seem to challenge this—but Spain was a gigantic paradox. The Spaniard at the marrow was a Visigoth, transplanted to the warm South, and set therein in isolation from all the rest of his race. He had the innate fierce pride, the innate gloom, the innate melancholy—and though he was set under the blue heavens and a sun near to the tropic warmth and splendour, he remained a Visigoth. He had none of the Celtic imagination; he had passion; he was keenly alive to the realities about him. Pluck at his brain and urge it to flights of the imagination, he can only steep himself in the rankest superstition, founded on a realism that robs it of all poetic fancy, and creates a crudity. By consequence he insisted on the picturesque as a glorification of the reality about him—he could not imagine it. He could not deck it in the ideal.

From his earliest days, when as a Visigoth he overwhelmed the land, two forces dominated Spain, as real and solid as in Italy they were but a form. The Crown and the Church dominated everything—were present in everything—never slept. The people obeyed their princes and their church without question—they never had the imagination to question. The constant broils and wars of Spain were fought out as wars of the Faith. And here the Crown and the Church saw that all hope of sovereignty lay in mutual alliance against all else—thus they were wedded together from the beginning, completely one. Thereby Spain knew one century of splendour, to fall into the pit into which all peoples are swept who know not freedom—

for the Church and State wholly sapped the strength of the people and destroyed it—the people, ignorant, and grossly superstitious, lost initiative, and fell.

OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPAIN

The seeds of that decay were in the Spanish genius from the beginning. Her thought was always fettered. She lived under the slavery of Censorship ; and the astounding part of her glory is that for a hundred splendid years she rose to such majesty of utterance. The censorship of so proud a people as Spain by King and Priest is one of the marvels of what humanity will endure. The artist came to his business harassed at every hand. The Inquisition that dared not do its whole will even in Italy, launched its whole vengeance in Spain, reckless of all consequence. If Spain had been a nation of women, instead of a proud and astoundingly courageous people, she could not have allowed tyranny and intolerance a fuller sway, or more heartily approved these terrors. She stands out a mighty paradox. For it was this very people who faced the unknown seas, charted the mighty waters, stood on the high-pooped galleons and braved the angers of the oceans in search of the vast adventures that were thrilling the nerves of the awakening peoples of the north.

Isolated from the rest of Europe, with a great range of mountains as her only gates to the north, the Spaniard, once set in his ideas, was beyond the revelation that communion with the spirit of the age breeds. And her artists were of her blood—ignorant and therefore fearful—bound hand and foot by her limitations. They bowed to authority. Her Royal House of Hapsburg was steeped in melancholy—her monarchs were narrow of skull and lived in the gloom of an awful pride. The taint of insanity dogged their every stride. The capture of Granada in 1492, which destroyed the kingdom of the Moors, made Spain a nation. She

PAINTING IN SPAIN

awoke to greatness, but fettered with heavy chains—if of gold. The Inquisition forbade the nude; the monkish ideals feared the allure of the flesh of women; Thou Shalt Not was the rule of living, and Thou Shalt Not leads only to death in life; the Church dictated the subjects of art, and all Spanish art was founded on teaching, with the teaching of the Church as its whole aim. The dress, attitude, expression, age, and every detail of Virgin or Saint were laid down by rigid law—the shape and size of the Cross, the number of nails used in the Cross. And breach of the smallest detail became heresy, the most serious charge, liable to any punishment. It was the business of the Familiar of the Inquisition to spy upon all public places and shops, and to report to the Lords of the Inquisition the slightest breach. Nor was his office an empty affair. There is record of a painter of Cordova being flung into prison for setting an embroidered petticoat on the Virgin; and the sculptor Torrigiano died in jail for destroying in a passion his statue of the Virgin and Child. Incredible though it seems, the nude was so strictly forbidden that all pictures by Titian of the nude figure in the palace of the new king were kept in a secret room, where they could only be seen by order of the king. Yet even under the black Puritanism, with Puritanism's sword of Censorship, the arts had to speak: literature spoke through Cervantes; painting arose to mighty achievement, and its supreme voice was Velazquez.

Suddenly Spain found herself a nation by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the land became alive; thenceforth she burst upon the world in astounding meteoric splendour; glittered her hundred years; paled the lights of other breeds, and was gone.

The Hapsburg kings and the Church became patrons

of art, to the glory of God and the pronouncement of their own splendour. With the coming of the Bourbons, art was blotted out, only to rise in one meteoric outburst in the days of the Revolution.

OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPAIN

It was inevitable, then, that Spanish art should be sombre, that it should be solemnly devotional. Old Pacheco was to put the whole aim of Spanish art into a phrase: "The chief end of Christian art is to lead men to piety and bring them to God." But it had in it an essence of the living significance of art, even whilst its practitioners misunderstood the very function of art—its roots were from the beginning deep planted in Realism; Nature and Life were the Reality.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEREIN THE GOTHIC GENIUS COMES STEALING INTO SPAIN OUT OF FLANDERS

PAINTING IN SPAIN

EARLY Hispano-Flemish painting may be called

THE GOTHIC ART
In Spain

Out of legendary beginnings, with illuminations of religious missals, as in Italy before her, a faded painting above an altar or a perishing wall decoration, tells of early effort. Mighty Roman ruins reveal her ancient state; and Byzantine gorgeousness held sway thereafter. But the Moors came from the South and checked the Christian endeavour; and the Moorish blood mixed with the Visigoth, and created an aim distinct from all the rest of Europe, bringing the Moorish culture into the land.

Towards the end of the thirteen-hundreds came an Italian note into Spain. GHERARDO STARNINA, pupil to ANTONIO VENEZIANO, was called to Spain in 1378 and painted at the court of Castile, Juan the First being king; which same Starnina, having "left Italy poor and clownish, afterwards returned thither a rich and courteous gentleman," as gossip Vasari tells us. To Juan II. went a Florentine, FIORENTINO DELLO, of Giotto's School, and wrought Giottism in Seville, teaching the Spaniard to paint the nude; he likewise came to great fortune, so that he "always painted in an apron of stiff silk brocade." There-

SPANISH PAINTING

The Fleming, Jan van Eyck, goes to Spain in 1428.

Maestro Rogel, pupil to Van Eyck, goes to Court of Juan II.

Isabella the Catholic employs three Flemish painters in Castile.

SCHOOL OF ANDALUSIA

CORDOVA

Pedro de Córdova — Alejo and Juan Fernandez

SEVILLE

De Castro 1454 - 1510

Pedro Sanchez

Nuñez

The Fleming CAMPAÑA 1503 - 1580

LUIS DE VARGAS 1502 - 1568

CESPEDES 1538 - 1608

LUIS FERNANDEZ

RUBIAS 1558 - 1625

JUAN DEL CASTILLO 1584 - 1640

PACHECO 1572 - 1654

HERRERA 1576 - 1656

ZURBARÁN 1598 - 1661

VELAZQUEZ 1599 -

LLANOS Y VALDES 16..? - 1668

SAAVEDRA 1603 - 1667

ALONSO CANO 1602 - 1667

MOYA 1630-1666

MURILLO 1617 - 1682

DEL MAZO 16..? - 1667

JUAN DE VALDES LEAL 1630-1691

JUAN DE SEVILLA 1667 - 1694

JUAN DE ARFE 1531 - 1603

JUAN DE JUANES 1523 - 1579

JUAN DE LA CORTE 1597 - 1660

CARREÑO DE LA MIRANDA 1614-1685

MATEO CEREZO 1635-1675

SCHOOL OF CASTILE

RINCON - 1500

GALLEGOS 1475 - 1550?

JUAN DE BORGOÑA

PEDRO BERRUGUETE

ALONSO BERRUGUETE 1480 - 1561

MORALES 1509 - 1586

BECERRA 1520 - 1570

VILLEGAS

The Fleming, Antonio Moro, goes to Lisbon in 1550 to paint the future Queen of Spain; made Court Painter.

ALONSO SANCHEZ COELLO 15..? - 1590

PANTOJA 1551 - 1609?

CARVAJAL 1534-16..?

CARDUCCI 1578 - 1638

NAVARRETE "El Mudo" 1526 - 1579

EL GRECO 1548 - 1614

MAYNO 1569-1649

TRISTAN 1586-1640

RIZI 1595-1675

CLAUDIO COELLO 1630-1693

MUÑOZ 1654-1690

SCHOOL OF VALENCIA

BLAS DEL PRADO

COTAN 1561 - 1627

RIBALTA 1560? - 1628

ORRENTE

RIBERA 1570 - 1624 1588 - 1656

ESTÉBAN MARCH - 1660

ESPINOSA 1600 - 1680

after came considerable invasion of Italians, who set burning heretics and the like in fresco upon the walls of churches during the thirteen-hundreds; all now mostly perished. In 1418 JUAN ALFON painted the first works in oil, in Gothic-Italian designs.

WHEREIN THE GOTHIC GENIUS COMES STEALING INTO SPAIN OUT OF FLANDERS

The fourteen-hundreds saw the artists wholly under Gothic influence. Spain was beginning to have other ideals than the slaying of the blackamoor; she began to look to luxury after the rough and tumble of war. She came into relation with the Low Countries. The marriage of the house of Burgundy with the house of Hapsburg united the Northern Provinces, first to Portugal, then to Spain. Flanders was alive with the spirit of the century, and there painting was an idolatry, widespread and delighted in; she was the peer of Italy; in 1428 JAN VAN EYCK, valet-de-chambre to Philip the Good of Burgundy, went with Philip's embassy into Portugal, when that worthy man sent his minister a-courting Isabella, the daughter of King John.

That visit of Philip the Good's valet-de-chambre meant much to Spain, for Jan van Eyck went thither after painting Isabella's picture, and was in Spain for many months. He taught Spain realism and truth and glowing colour; he taught her to seek out character. And they learnt the lesson well from him; for the teaching of Flanders fell on rich soil and congenial. And thenceforth until the fifteen-hundreds were at their prime his influence was prodigious.

The Flemish painter, MAESTRO ROGEL, pupil to Van Eyck, went to Juan II., painting the portable altar-piece for the king, which he gave to the Carthusian Convent of Miraflores. Isabella the Catholic employed three Flemish painters, and procured Netherlandish works from the North. Flemish works were spread over the land, and thus the Gothic of the North became a part of the Spanish vision.

PAINTING IN SPAIN

The Spaniard added vigour and passion to the long, lean figures of the Northern primitives.

The great schools of Spanish painting had their homes in Andalusia, in Castile, and in Valencia. Seville was the key to Andalusia, Toledo to Castile. And it was to SEVILLE, nursery of the Spanish genius and city of her artistic consummation, that the Gothic spirit came to dwell and to make therein its splendid home. Earliest of the so-called Hispano-Flemish masters was JUAN SANCHEZ DE CASTRO, who created the School of Andalusia; he wrought his pictures for church and cathedral from 1454 to 1516. He set the fashion in colossal figures of saints, of no great importance; but his rare easel pictures prove him of worth. His *Virgin with St. Peter and St. Jerome* at the cathedral, begrimed and damaged as it is, reveals his debt to Flanders in its most primitive and ungainly form.

Of the same years at Seville was PEDRO SANCHEZ, whose sole remaining work is an *Entombment* in the private collection of the Cepero family, in which types are aimed at rather than character, and all is convention, with decoration as the ideal, and careful detail the necessity—a remarkable work.

JUAN NUÑEZ, pupil to Sanchez, lived during the later years of the fourteen-hundreds, closely following the order of his teaching, and painting, like his master, for the churches. His best work is the *Pietà* in the cathedral, the Flemish manner still over all, and the colour harmonies not least of all. His small picture of *Saints Michael and Gabriel* in the cathedral shows the saints with peacocks' wings.

But Cordova gave to Seville a greater artist than all these in ALEJO FERNANDEZ, who learnt his art in the Moorish city, but came with his brother JUAN FERNANDEZ

to work upon the high altar of the cathedral at Seville, in which city the rest of his life was passed. He chiefly stands for the early art of Spain. With him is marked advance in achievement, and a distinct Spanish air, though the Flemish label is still there. His chief works are the series at the cathedral of the *Birth, Conception, and Purification of the Virgin*. Perspective is now aimed at, and finer draughtsmanship, with increased knowledge of light and shade. His Virgin and Child, known as the *Virgén de la Rosa*, hangs in the Church of Santa Ana at Triana, which, from the solemn beauty of its colour scheme, is accounted the chief achievement of Hispano-Gothic art.

WHEREIN THE GOTHIC GENIUS COMES STEALING INTO SPAIN OUT OF FLANDERS

Fernandez created a large school.

Andalusia also gave another school to Gothic art in Spain, at CORDOVA. But only one name comes down to us, PEDRO DE CÓRDOBA, who painted the large *Annunciation* of the Capilla del Santo Cristo of the Mezquita, begrimed and neglected where it hangs.

TOLEDO was the centre of the SCHOOL OF CASTILE of the same years. In Toledo the Italian influence in frescoes at the cathedral was added to the Flemish influence. Of this Gothic period in Castile is FERNANDO GALLEGOS, called the Van Eyck of Spain.

GALLEGOS, born at Salamanca in 1475, worked in that city until the middle fifteen-hundreds. The cathedral and churches hold many of his works; but nearly everything of this time in Castile is set down to Gallegos. The Prado contains his series of the *Life of John the Baptist*, which shows Gallegos painting flat decorative work, in elemental colours, with little shadow, whilst gold is freely employed.

VALENCIA, the third great home of Spanish painting,

PAINTING IN SPAIN

gave forth no artist of the Gothic phase of any importance. But a certain charm holds all the Gothic work of this region, which shows a Tuscan influence together with its blend of North and South. Grace is the aim, in strong contrast with the vigorous aims of Spanish art elsewhere.

There were painters in Aragon and Catalonia, but except the Catalan, LUIS DE DALMAU, these provinces produced no great master until the seventeen-hundreds. Luis de Dalmau lived in the early fourteen-hundreds. His masterpiece (1445) is in the old chapel in the city hall of Barcelona, strongly Flemish and early French, and employing oil-colour methods.

Of the SCHOOL OF CASTILE, the founder is accounted to be ANTONIO RINCON, who lacks the vigour of Gallegos. Rincon was painter-in-ordinary to Ferdinand and Isabella, and spent nearly all his life at Toledo, dying thereat in 1500. His art is marked by Italian Mannerism. His masterpieces are the *Assumption* and *Scenes from the Life of the Virgin*, at the village of Robledo de Chavela, a couple of leagues away from the Escorial.

Amongst Rincon's several pupils was his son FERNANDO DEL RINCON.

The early years of the fifteen-hundreds saw JUAN DE BORGOÑA and PEDRO BERREGUETE working in Castile, whose powerful art set the fashion towards Italian ideals; they were largely influential in bringing to Spain in the late fifteen-hundreds the Italian Mannerism. JUAN DE BORGOÑA appears about 1500, working with Rincon and others upon the carving of the jasper steps in Toledo Cathedral. By 1508 Cardinal Ximenes was employing him to paint thirteen designs for the winter chapter-house of the cathedral, of which the masterpiece is *The Nativity*, of

WHEREIN THE GOTHIC GENIUS COMES STEALING INTO SPAIN OUT OF FLANDERS

marked Italian vision. Borgoña displays dramatic grip, a sense of decoration, bright, warm, rich, clear colour, and feeling for landscape and draughtsmanship. The Prado possesses a series of his paintings, of which is the very fine *Catholic Kings adoring the Virgin and her Son.*

BERREGUETE assisted Borgoña, with more Italian vision, to paint the altar series in the Cathedral of Avila ; a third and inferior painter, SANTOS CRUZ, taking part. The last years of the fourteen-hundreds saw him painting at Toledo. But Avila holds his masterpieces. In the Church of Santo Tomás are his series of the *Life of St. Thomas Aquinas*, and at the Royal Gallery at Madrid his *Scenes from the Lives of St. Peter Martyr, Thomas Aquinas, and Domingo de Guzmán.* These fine works show the Venetian influence triumphing.

The Spanish-Moorish paintings on the ceiling of the Court of Justice in the Alhambra, at Granada, in 1460, are of this Gothic phase of Spanish art.

This Gothic stage, then, is marked by Flemish teaching, elemental bright colours, little sense of atmosphere or of perspective, and flat colour in sharply marked outlines. It finds its home in three great centres of painting ; the Flemish teaching prevails ; but in Andalusia, the southern province, alone, did the Flemish influence remain unrivalled by the Italian usurpation.

1500

CHAPTER IX

WHEREIN THE SPANIARD FOR AWHILE TAKES TO THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS

THE ITALIAN MANNERISM

PAINTING IN SPAIN

CHARLES v. and his son, Philip II., both steeped in the Italian Renaissance, and both much concerned with Italy during the Emperor's lifetime, naturally favoured Italian art, and brought the Italian vogue pouring into Spain.

The year 1504 saw Naples conquered by Spain, and a part of the realm of the house of Aragon, with a prince of that house upon the throne. From Italy the Italian ideals of culture inevitably flowed to Aragon. And the budding realism of Spanish painting, deep-rooted in the Flemish practice, was checked. The childish art of Spain dressed itself in the full skirts of the grown-ups of the Italian achievement—and the fit was not of the happiest. The splendour of Raphael and Michelangelo drew Spanish students to Rome. But they came to a Rome that was being decorated by the slick hands of such as Vasari, and caught but at the slithery shadow of a shadow. They went back to Spain thoroughly academised, deft of hand, empty of soul, speaking the language of art with a foreign accent. Charles v. was a generous patron of the arts as he understood them; he could cast aside the austere patrician pride of his house and shock his court by entering into terms of friendship with the painter Titian. But even Charles v. could not lure the diplomatic Titian to Spain, so the

Spaniards crowded to Italy. The painters from Rome, Julio de Aquilés and Alessandro Mayner, even invaded the Spanish stronghold of Andalusia.

WHEREIN THE SPANIARD FOR AWHILE TAKES TO THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS

The Emperor dead, Philip II. carried on the Italian tradition. An excellent draughtsman himself, his gloomy nature found outlet in art, and he drew artists about him. Titian painted for him and sent works oversea to him up to his death in 1576. Castello el Bergamasco from Genoa came to Madrid at the king's call, and was joined later by Francisco da Vianci who brought others with him.

In 1563 Philip embarked upon the building of the Escorial, and the art endeavour of the whole nation was concentrated upon it. The beautifying of this building became Philip's ambition. He poured out money upon it. His agents scoured Europe to find artists fit to fresco it and to raise therein its many altar-pieces. The Escorial became the hive of the Spanish art. Had Philip only fostered native art thereby he might have sent down to the ages an achievement of colossal significance. He filled Castile instead with flocks of Italian mediocrities, who overwhelmed the last half of the fifteen-hundreds, and checked the native growth. Romulo Cincinnato, of whom, had he stayed in Italy, no man would have heard, came from Florence in 1569 and started the debauch. The Italians flocked after him at high wage. Who had ever heard of them otherwise? Patricio Caxes of Arezzo; Lucca Cambiaso, of Genoa, even "head" of that school; and Orazio Cambiaso, his son, and Lazzaro Tavarone, his pupil, with Nicolao Castello and Fabricio Castello, sons of Bergamasco, covering the walls of the Escorial with their vapid deftness. Spain stood open-mouthed at their "rapidity," but vowed an evil spell had fallen on their art on leaving Italy! Philip himself sulked at their failure,

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and did his utmost to lure Paolo Veronese thither—in vain. Instead came a Venetian, FREDERICO ZUCCARO, in 1585, whose intense mediocrity was only surpassed by his outrageous conceit. Philip, coming to look at his frescoes in the Escorial, gazed at them with the silence of contempt, turned on his heel, and walked away. Zuccaro received his moneys with an order to leave the country. Philip—though PEREGRINO PELLEGRINI, of Bologna, better known as TIBALDI, was called from Rome to repaint Zuccaro's walls—henceforth fell back upon native talent. The Michelangelesque Tibaldi covered the walls with grotesque travesties of the grand manner.

Of all this crowd of Italian Mannerists, with their brothers and cousins and kin, who crowded to the Spanish Court for the fortune that lay within their reach, one alone came to capable achievement—BARTOLOMMEO CARDUCCI, a pupil of the egregious Zuccaro. Carducci was master of a solid art, not unlike that of Andrea del Sarto. For him was no flashy aim of facility; he wrought with scrupulous style what he essayed, as his *Descent from the Cross* at the Prado testifies. But the Italian swarm filled church and convent in the Spain of the last years of the fifteen-hundreds with altar-pieces and frescoes.

We have seen one Pedro Berruguete, even during the Gothic phase of Spanish painting, being influenced by the Italian touch; his son it was—ALONSO BERREGUETE—born at Valladolid in 1480, who, of the Spaniards, threw open the flood-gates to the Italian stream. Brought up to the law, he deserted the attorney's office for his father's studio; and, steeped in the Italian ideals, he went therefrom to Italy to become pupil to Michelangelo. Architect, sculptor, and painter, he came to chief accomplishment as sculptor.

He spoke a foreign tongue. He is seen at his typical in the Museum of Valladolid, in the *Altar-piece of San Benito*, which he built, carved, and painted during the six years from 1526 to 1532, and in which his vigorous draughtsmanship and lack of grip of colour are revealed. His *Nativity* is accounted his best painting.

WHEREIN THE SPANIARD FOR AWHILE TAKES TO THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS

Alonso Berruguete's influence was very wide. He had returned to Spain in 1520, and was one of the few Spaniards employed by Charles v.; his place at the Court of Valladolid gave him high position. The group of painters that now arose in Castile were wholly subject to him, and became his imitators—having studied in Italy they came back to Spain to go further under the Italian yoke. Amongst these was Gaspar Becerra, born at Baeza in 1520, who, going early to Italy, worked under Vasari there, coming to skill in anatomy. Becerra returned to Spain in 1556 to become Court Artist to Philip II. Architect, painter, and sculptor, it was as sculptor that he reached highest. Most of his frescoes at the Prado perished in the fire of 1734. He, too, saw life through the paintings of Italy, as his *Penitent Magdalene* at the Royal Gallery bears witness.

Of the lesser followers of Berruguete were Hernando Yañez and Diego Correa, the Raphaelesques. The masterpiece of Yañez is the altar-piece in the Cathedral of Cuenca, ill-kept and blackened by smoke.

At Rome worked Giovanni Spagnuolo, called Juan de Español, and Pedro Rubiales, living and working and dying thereat; and at Rome 'tis best to bury them.

At Toledo in these years also arose a group of artists subject to the Italian mannerism of Berruguete. Of these, Juan de Villoldo, who in 1547 painted his series of forty-five pictures for San Andrés at Madrid, trained a pupil,

Luis de Carbajal, born at Toledo in 1534, of better gifts; with whom worked the best of this group, Blas del Prado, upon the frescoes of the Church of the Minims at Toledo. Many canvases by Blas del Prado are in Toledo Cathedral. On his return from Morocco, whither he had been sent by the Emperor, he did much work at the Prado. His masterpiece is the *Virgin and Child with Saints* in the Royal Gallery, which displays power, and reveals individuality that raises Blas del Prado above the ruck of his age, and shows a Spanish vision. Indeed, his *Holy Mother* at the Academy of Fine Arts at Madrid is almost pure Spanish. Of the other painters of Toledo at this time, Luis de Velasco and Isaac de Halle, painters to the cathedral, are scarce worth notice.

MORALES
1509 – 1586

It is rousing to come to an artist of this age in whom the Spanish utterance at last surpasses the Italian mannerisms in his hand's skill. He could not shed the Italian vogue from him, but Luis de Morales, called "the Divine," at least was not snowed under by the chilling blight.

Of Morales the gossip is scant and conflicting enough. But he had the advantage, in these days, of living in the wilds of Estremadura, without teachers except, perhaps, some wandering painter who might chance his way. He came thereby to personal utterance, and it is the stern solemnity of the Spanish faith, the sorrows of the Christ fainting beneath the burden of the Cross, the grief of the Christ, as in his *Ecce Homo*, the woes of the Mother of Tears, that find their dramatic rendering in this gloomy son of Spain. The very atmosphere is black with the threat of the Inquisition. So, until he had passed his fiftieth year,

IX

MORALES

1509 - 1586

SPANISH MANNERISTS OF CASTILE

"VIRGIN AND CHILD"

(National Gallery)



WHEREIN THE SPANIARD FOR AWHILE TAKES TO THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS

Morales lived in the wilds, painting the altarpieces of the churches and convents of his province, until, in 1564, the king, Philip II, called him to the Escorial. But he came to find himself cold-shouldered. Painting one picture, his *Christ on the Road to Calvary*, which Philip II. gave to the Jeronymite Convent at Madrid, Morales went home again, and wrought his art for another twenty years, unrecognised and obscure, taking back with him, as sole return for his journeying, the infection of the miserable disease of Italian Mannerism which thenceforth fastened upon and corrupted his virile art. So he wrought out his destiny, unknown and unrewarded; and it so chanced that in the year 1581 Philip, coming to Badajos, saw the tattered and disabled wreck of the old painter. The king had ever an affable corner in his heart for artists. "You are very old, Morales," said the king. "Yes, sire, and very poor," said the old painter with bitterness. The king turned to his treasurer and ordered a pension of two hundred ducats from the Crown-rents of the city to be paid to the needy old man, adding: "To serve for dinner, Morales." "And what about supper, sire?" came the old man's answer. The king, with a laugh, added another hundred ducats. So Morales had his dinner and supper of the king for five years, until death took him in 1586.

Whether he saw some Fleming at work, or the Flemish style had come down to him, Morales minutely finished his work, even ran to over-smoothness thereby, and would paint the hair, each hair by hair, with searching care. Many of his exquisite works are hidden away in scarce-known churches of the province that bred him. Sixteen still stand upon the high altar of the church of Arroyo del Puerco, dirty and neglected, surviving all assaults of damp and dust. Six are in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, of

which are the *Ecce Homo* and *Mater Dolorosa* and the very beautiful *Presentation of Christ in the Temple.* The National Gallery possesses an exquisite example.

So far for the one genius in Castile who emerged above the Italian flood. ANDALUSIA advanced in power and vision, less baulked by the Italian vogue as she was than the northern provinces; for she was farther from the authority of the Crown, and the Italians never quite gained in Seville the dominance they held in Castile. We have seen that two Roman painters, Julio de Aquilés and Alessandro Mayner, founded a school in Andalusia in the early reign of the Emperor Charles v. At the same time the Cathedral Chapter called a company of Flemish glass-painters to Seville, under the brothers ARNAO and CARLOS DE FLANDES, to complete the cathedral windows begun by the wandering German, Cristobal Aleman, in 1504. Unfortunately these Flemish glass-workers were so steeped in the Italian manner that, instead of stemming, they opened the gates to the Italian flood. But a stranger paradox lay in the next stage of Andalusia's development, for the greatest of her painters in these years of the Italian obsession was born at Brussels in 1503—his name PEDRO CAMPAÑA.

CAMPAÑA
1503 – 1580

Born in the Low Countries, Campaña, whether pupil to Van der Weyden or to Van Orley, his apprenticeship was chiefly to Italy, for, in 1530, his twenty-seventh year, he went to Rome and there wrought his art for close on eighteen years. In 1548 he went to Seville, painting thereat for twenty-six years, until 1574, when, being seventy-one, he returned to Brussels, where he passed away

six years afterwards. In him was much of the distinction and national vision of the Spanish genius. Yet, that Seville did not create his Spanish style we see in his famed *Descent from the Cross* in the cathedral there, his first painting on coming into Spain in 1548. The astounding realism and force of this great work, in spite of all its many adventures and misfortunes, not least the hand of the restorer, reveal to us the earliest work of first importance painted in the modern style. Its influence over the achievement of Seville was profound. The great masters of Spain's greatest years paid the tribute of their admiration to it. Soult, the French general, took the picture as part of his loot, but finding it too large to carry into France, wantonly had the panel broken into five pieces, and these were flung into the Alcazar, where they lay in the court, exposed to the weather, until the Chapter of the cathedral rescued them and had them restored.

WHEREIN THE SPANIARD FOR AWHILE TAKES TO THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS

Odd to say, it is in his *Purification of the Virgin* which also hangs in the cathedral, painted later, in 1553, that the Italian Mannerism strongly appears, and elegance and grace usurp realism; and even the fine grouping and tender handling all are more akin to the Italian ideals. In his portraiture, however, he was true to his Flemish blood—he catches and holds character, as may be seen in his *Mariscal Don Pedro Caballero and Family* at Seville Cathedral.

LUIS DE VARGAS

1502 – 1568

Luis de Vargas, of Seville, from childhood practised the art of painting. Even in youth he painted rough scenes on the curtains for altars, which curtains were made of sarga, a rough-textured cloth, loose in warp and woof, which called forth very free handling of the brush. At the edge

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PAINTING IN SPAIN

of manhood, De Vargas betook himself to Italy, spending twenty-eight years of his life in Rome, probably under Perino del Vaga, a favourite pupil of Raphael. De Vargas had the deep devotionalism of Spain—working for the glory of God—'tis said he even became a partaker of the Eucharist before going to work, and slept always with a coffin by his bed. Yet was he humorous withal, as when the dull painter of a Crucifixion asking his opinion of his sorry workmanship, De Vargas answered: "Lord, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

By 1555 De Vargas was in Seville again, and immediately fell under the glamour of Campaña's art on gazing upon the famed *Descent from the Cross* and *Purification*. Great in portraiture, like the Fleming, he wove into his Italianised style therein something of the Fleming's careful touch. His earliest painting on his return was his altarpiece of *The Nativity* painted for the cathedral in 1555, which reveals the Spanish love of the everyday life of the people, and Spanish simplicity, and nearly all hint of the Italian Mannerism departs from it. Six years later, in 1561, De Vargas painted his masterpiece, known as *La Generacion*, in which Adam and Eve adore the Virgin and Child; his years in Italy had freed him of the lack of draughtsmanship of the human form that of necessity had resulted from the forbidding of the painting of the nude by the Church to the native artist. Thus, the draughtsmanship of Adam's leg became the envy of the Spanish students, whence they called the picture *La Gamba*, which is "The Leg." But Italy had robbed him of the Spaniard's colour, even whilst he caught the craft of arranging draperies, and skill to use them so as to reveal instead of blot out the figure.

Campaña and De Vargas, then, are the supreme painters

of the Italianised Spanish Mannerism of these days in Andalusia.

WHEREIN THE SPANIARD FOR AWHILE TAKES TO THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS

Of the lesser painters of Andalusia of this day were FRANCISCO FRUTET, a Fleming of Italian pupillage, who came to Seville in 1548, and left his masterpiece as a triptych that now hangs in the museum of that city—HERNANDO ESTURMIO or STURMIO, a German, who brought the warm dark-brown style of painting into Seville, that was to become so characteristic of the city's art, which may be seen in his nine panels in the cathedral there—ANTONIO DE ARFIAN, from just outside Seville, who painted frescoes together with his son ALONSO—ALONSO VASQUEZ and JUAN BAUTISTA VASQUEZ, who painted much for the cathedral and churches, founding their art upon that of De Vargas —PEDRO VILLEGAS MARMOLEJO, who lived in Seville from 1520 to 1597, and wrought in the cathedral a radiant colour-harmony in his *Virgin visiting Elizabeth.*

Meantime, in that other city of Andalusia where art had taken up her abode, Cordova, the Gothic was overwhelmed by the Italian manner, as in Seville. PABLO DE CÉSPEDES (1538-1608), created the new design. Painter, poet, sculptor, architect, the man had culture, and won to fame in literature; he went to Italy, and had to stay there for many years, having been overheard to make an unguarded criticism of a Spanish Inquisitor. However, in 1577, they made him a canon of Cordova Cathedral, and he saw his homeland again. His once-famed *Last Supper*, now dirty and faded and neglected, is passing into ruin in the Capilla San Pablo of the Mezquita. Céspedes had all the Spaniard's skill in portraiture—and his own is not the least of these works.

In VALENCIA the Italian fashion had come in from the

very beginnings of the art there. She was saved from the flood of vile mediocrities from Rome; for such Italian pictures as had come into the country had been good specimens of the art of the Italian Renaissance, brought thereinto by the powerful family of Borgia; thus a standard of craftsmanship had been set up for the province.

The first painter whose name comes down to us is PABLO DE SAN LEOCADIO, of whom little is known, but whose large altar-piece at Gandia remains as the exquisite sign manual of his art.

JUAN DE JUANES
1523 – 1579

VICENTE JUAN MACIP, born in 1523—or, as some hold, in 1507-8—and better known as JUAN DE JUANES, is the first considerable master of this school. His style points to Italian training; but he remained a Spaniard, in his intense religious feeling, his vigour of hand's craft, his grip of detail, his warm and luminous colour, his lack of imagination, his carelessness of beauty, his exaggerative design. Fortunately he knew nothing of the Court, painting for the churches of his province. A pious man, who sought the Communion before starting upon his work, his chief delight was to paint the Christ; and he so painted with dignity. His first work, *The Baptism of the Lord*, is still above the font of the Cathedral of Valencia. Juan de Juanes was fond of painting *The Last Supper*, in which he was wont to introduce Valencia's great relic, the Santo Calix, or Holy Chalice of Valencia, of mediæval silver-work, which the Spaniards held to have been used by the Christ. The Prado at Madrid holds a *Last Supper* by this artist. He also painted many *Virgins*, robed in blue and white, and standing upon the crescent moon, as the Church commanded she should be arrayed and stand.

WHEREIN THE SPANIARD FOR AWHILE TAKES TO THE WORSHIP OF FALSE GODS

His personal art is perhaps best seen in his five pictures of the *Life of San Estéban*, now at the Prado, dramatic and colourful; the last of which, the *Entombment*, is remarkable for the great beauty of its distant landscape, the art of which was revealed to Spain by Juan de Juanes. He, too, had the Spaniard's gift of portraiture. He left behind him a son and two daughters, DOROTEA and MARGARET, who were all painters. His many pupils were but mediocre artists, of whom perhaps NICOLAS BORRAS (1530-1610) was the best.

With Juan de Juanes died all that was significant in the Italian phase of Spanish Mannerism.

1550

CHAPTER X

WHEREIN THE FLEMING, ANTONIO MORO, RAPS THE KING'S KNUCKLES, AND REVEALS THE REALM OF HER COMING TRIUMPHS TO SPAIN BY PAINTING THE PORTRAITS OF HER ROYAL HOUSE

PAINTING IN SPAIN

THERE came to Spain about 1550 two factors that were to check the flood of disaster to the Spanish genius in painting —the Court Portrait-Painter and the Venetian movement.

Spanish art was bound to create fine portrait-painters. And the patronage of the Court, which was so disastrous to the development of the national art in the fifteen-hundreds, in this one realm at least did distinguished service. The very pride of the Court nursed the art to fulfilment. It was wholly free of the Church. We have already seen how Charles v, who inherited his artistic taste from Isabella the Catholic, his mother, was a life-long friend of artists, and made Titian his intimate friend. His son, Philip II, husband to Mary Tudor of England, was skilled in music, painting, and architecture, and he was blamed for taking greater interest in the building of the Escorial than in affairs of state. We shall see Philip III, though lacking in the Hapsburg flair, doing his best to encourage painting according to his lights; whilst, in his son Philip IV, the Hapsburg taste was to flare again to splendid consequence; and even the last of the Hapsburgs in Spain, Charles II, cultivated the taste and the debaucheries of his royal house. Indeed, in their communion with artists, they showed ever the best side of their character, and their suspicious

and taciturn nature fell from them. The Painter-in-Ordinary lodged in the Royal Palace, the king having private entrance to his studio, the royal family being on intimate terms with him—indeed, so much so, that it was complained that Philip IV. spent more time in the workshop of Velazquez than in the council-chamber.

By consequence we have such a record of this royal house of Spain as has rarely been handed down to us of any other race—year by year from its strange beginning, from childhood to old age, from half-mad beginnings, through its splendid century of glory, through its melancholy century of decline, the lords and kin of this bigoted, frenziedly religious, taciturn, dour dynasty of melancholy sovereigns, long of face and thick of underlip, pass before us from cradle to dissipated ending.

WHEREIN THE FLEMING, ANTONIO MORO, RAPS THE KING'S KNUCKLES, AND REVEALS THE REALM OF HER COMING TRIUMPHS TO SPAIN BY PAINTING THE PORTRAITS OF HER ROYAL HOUSE

In 1550 the Flemish painter, ANTONIO MORO, of the Guild of Antwerp, the onetime pupil to Jan van Scorel, afterwards going to Italy, was commended to Charles V. by Cardinal Granvel; and Charles, struck by his great skill in portraiture, sent him to Lisbon to paint the betrothed bride of his son Philip II. Antonio Moro took with him his pupil, the Spanish painter, ALONSO SANCHEZ COELLO. Three years later, Moro was painting the portrait of Mary Tudor of England, and was in England with Philip II. during his short married life with the English Queen—indeed, many of his greatest portraits are in England by consequence. Philip went back to Madrid to take up the Spanish Crown, and Moro went with him, living in close attendance on the king. The effect of his art on Spain, particularly in Castile, was very great, and it was through him that the office of Painter to the King was created. For two hundred years that office was never vacant. Moro's portrait of Mary of England, at Madrid, created

a high standard of portraiture in Spain, and Velazquez himself was to become subject to it.

One day it so chanced that the king, entering the painter's room unannounced, set his hand upon his favourite's shoulder, who, taken up with his work, turned sharply and rapped the royal knuckles with his maulstick. The Holy Office of the Inquisition leaped at a charge of familiarity, which had been eagerly looked for; and the king himself dared not grant a pardon. He could but warn his favourite to be gone and leave the country with all the haste he could command before he was seized by the familiars of the Inquisition for "bewitching the king." So Antonio Moro fled hot-foot out of Spain, and got him to Brussels. Moro gone, Philip appointed his pupil Coello in his stead.

COELLO

15 ?–1590

Alonso Sanchez Coello was born in Valencia in the early fifteen-hundreds, though it is disputed as to whether he was not a Portuguese. In Spain a son is as often called by his mother's name as by his father's; and Coello is said to be a Portuguese name. Philip was wont to call him "my Portuguese Titian." He copied carefully the works of Titian. His real master was Antonio Moro; with the Flemish master he went in 1552 to Lisbon, and with him he worked in Madrid. On Antonio Moro he formed his whole style; and his best work is difficult to separate from that of the Fleming.

Fortune smiled upon Coello from the beginning. At Lisbon he had entered the service of the Infant Don Juan of Portugal, upon whose death Philip II. of Spain took him into his own household. The king gave him very handsome quarters, next to the palace, with a secret way,

of which the king had the only key; he would visit Coello in his robe-de-chambre at all hours, and when the painter was at work he would beg him to go on with his painting, standing for hours behind his chair, watching him. Philip had a genuine affection for the man, often addressing him in writing as "My beloved son."

WHEREIN THE FLEMING, ANTONIO MORO, RAPS THE KING'S KNUCKLES AND REVEALS THE REALM OF HER COMING TRIUMPHS TO SPAIN BY PAINTING THE PORTRAITS OF HER ROYAL HOUSE

Of the king Coello painted many portraits, cloaked and uncloaked, in bonnet and without bonnet, armed and unarmed, dressed for travel, on foot, on horseback. The whole of the royal house he also painted often. The Popes Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. both sat to him. The Grand Duke of Florence he also painted. The nobles and great ones of his day were limned by him. He came to large fortune.

His half-length of the *Infanta Doña Isabel Clara Eugenia*, daughter to Philip II, shows him at his stiff best, whose half-brother the *Principe Don Carlos* makes a fine companion portrait.

Coello, the favoured of fortune, also painted many sacred pictures; such as his *Marriage of St. Catherine* at the Prado.

To his studio came many pupils, but they were of mediocre ability and are forgot.

PANTOJA

1551 ?–after 1609

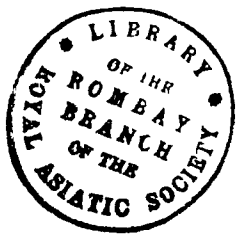
At Coello's death, his favourite pupil and close imitator, PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ, was at once made Painter to the King by Philip II. Born at Madrid in 1551, Pantoja had as a youth become pupil to Coello. The king himself never came into intimate friendship with him, though Pantoja painted his aged royal master often, both the king and all the royal house. At the death of Philip II. in 1598, Pantoja became Painter to King Philip III. Yet it

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must be confessed that in his portrait of the old king at Madrid, Pantoja painted him with rare truth and sincerity, mitigating neither the full Hapsburg lip, the vice-dimmed, weary old eyes, the wrinkles, nor the shrivelled life. Pantoja's masterpieces in the portraiture of women are his two pictures of the dark and beautiful Princess of Valois, Philip II's third wife—known in Spain as *Isabel de la Pax*—in her black velvet robe and handsome jewels.

In the Prado are the *Nativity* and the *Virgin with Christ*, portrait sketches of the royal house, arrayed in Eastern garb.

Pantoja died some time after 1609.



CHAPTER XI

WHEREIN A DUMB MAN LEADS SPAIN TOWARDS THE SPLENDOUR OF VENICE, AND "THE GREEK" REVEALS TO HER THE GENIUS OF HER RACE

THE VENETIAN INVASION INTO SPANISH ART

WHEREIN A DUMB MAN LEADS SPAIN TOWARDS THE SPLENDOUR OF VENICE, AND "THE GREEK" REVEALS TO HER THE GENIUS OF HER RACE

THE last half of the fifteen-hundreds saw Venetianism take possession of the Spanish Genius and oust the Italian Mannerism. Both peoples were endowed with the sense of colour; both were impelled by realism towards portraiture; to both was given the vision of the romance that lay in everyday life; both were impelled to employ light and shadow to enhance the mystery of their art instead of seeking the intellectual means of the scientific Florentines; both had simplicity and breadth of vision, and both people have the dramatic and lyric intensity of feeling.

NAVARRETE "EL MUNDO" 1526 – 1579

The first Spaniard to interpret the voice of Spain into the Venetian terms was JUAN FERNANDEZ NAVARRETE, the dumb painter of Navarre, and therefore better known as EL MUNDO. Born in 1526, in the little town of Logroño, and deprived of speech in his third year by an attack of ague, the boy found utterance in drawing as other children in speech—he was yet a mere child when his sketches were

PAINTING IN SPAIN

the wonder of his province. Passing his youth in the monastery of Estrella, his art trained by the monk, Vicente de Santo Domingo, El Mundo was then sent to Italy by the charity of the brotherhood, visiting Florence, Rome, Naples, and Milan. On returning to Spain he went back to the monastery of Estrella, and would have continued to paint for the brotherhood in the Italian Mannerist key, had not fate ordered otherwise. Philip II, disgusted with the Italian fresco-painters, suddenly realised that if Spain were to achieve art, it must be through her native genius. El Mundo was called to the Court in 1568. His life at the Escorial revealed his art to him. It is told how, Philip II. ordering that the canvas of one of Titian's masterpieces should be cut in order to make it fit into the space intended for it, the dumb painter hotly protested by signs, undertaking to paint at once a copy the required size, and to forfeit his life if he failed. Thenceforth, at any rate, he completely changed his style—his Italian mannerism fell wholly from him—and he came to astounding power under the new revelation which gave him the utterance for which his gifts had been seeking an outlet.

To test his gifts, he was ordered to paint the *Baptism of Christ*, now at the Prado, and was appointed a royal painter. His feeble health made him pine for the quiet of his old life, and he returned to the monastery of Estrella to create picture after picture for that fraternity, of which the *Assumption*, the *Martyrdom*, and the *Repentance*, he took with him to Madrid on being called thither again in 1571. It is said that, dissatisfied with the *Assumption*, he desired to repaint it, but Philip would not let him touch it. By 1575 he had wrought the *Nativity*, the *Christ at the Column*, the *Holy Family*, and *St. John writing the Apocalypse*, of which the *Nativity* is still at the Escorial; the *St. John* was burnt,

with several other works, in the great fire of 1734. He brought down the sharp reprimand of the Church for painting the cat and dog snarling over a bone in the foreground in a *Holy Family*, and was commanded never to repeat the offence or to put cats or dogs into his paintings!

WHEREIN A DUMB MAN LEADS SPAIN TOWARDS THE SPLENDOUR OF VENICE AND "THE GREEK" REVEALS TO HER THE GENIUS OF HER RACE

The year 1576 saw El Mundo put the last touch to his most famed masterpiece, *Abraham receiving the Three Angels*. It was in this same year of 1576 that El Mundo was called upon to paint thirty-two pictures of saints and apostles for the side-altars of the Escorial; but the fathers wrote out their elaborate strictures and limitations for the work in vain—El Mundo was not to be tempted to paint angels with beards, or cats or dogs, or other "levity"—his body, always feeble, broke down under the assaults of disease, and he had only painted eight of the canvases when he lay down and died at Toledo in 1579, three years after he started upon the work.

In ANDALUSIA also the new feeling created by the Venetian impulse was for the good. Seville was rapidly becoming the centre of all that was vital to the Spanish genius. The artist who brought the Venetian aims to Seville was JUAN DE LAS ROELAS.

ROELAS
1558 – 1625

JUAN DE LAS ROELAS, known as "The Cleric," was born in Seville about 1558. He undoubtedly worked in Italy, and his colour and style as certainly prove that he learnt the mysteries in Venice, and that he had looked upon the work of Tintoretto. He had all the Spaniard's love of strong contrasts of light and dark, and Venice revealed to him also her warmth of colour. Dramatic, vigorous, and

PAINTING IN SPAIN

tragic, he reaches at times to an art that suggests Tintoretto.

We know that in 1616 Roelas was in Madrid and failed in his effort to win the post of Court-painter to Philip III, which was given to a mediocre fellow of Castile, one GONZALEZ. Roelas stayed awhile in Madrid, painting for several of its churches, but was soon back again in Seville, where he wrought his art until the year before his death, when he was given, in 1624, a prebendal stall in the church at Olivares, a few leagues therefrom, which he only lived to fill for a single year, dying in 1625, though he painted five pictures for the church in 1624.

His finest works are at Seville. His masterpiece, the *El Transito de San Isidoro* (The Transit of St. Isidore), is in the parish church of San Isidoro. The Museum at Seville contains his large restless *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, and his *Saint Ann teaching the Virgin to Read*, a beautiful and tender work, glowing in colour, the homeliness of which roused the anger of the Church, since the Virgin, being immaculate, did not need to learn to read!

In 1609 he painted for Seville Cathedral a large study of *Santiago destroying the Moors in the Battle of Clavigo.* Few churches in Seville are without paintings by him —the University possesses his *Holy Child*, and studies for the *Adoration of the Kings*, and the *Presentation of the Boy Christ in the Temple*; the church of San Pedro his *St. Peter freed by the Angel*; the church of the Hospital de la Sangre his two powerful paintings of *The Apotheosis of St. Hermengild* and the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, which last is only too often given to Herrera el Viejo, both works remarkable for their strong Spanish feeling for light and shade.

Of his fellows and followers none came to distinction. His best pupil perhaps was FRANCISCO VARELA, who died in 1656.

OF PAINTING

EL GRECO
1548 – 1614

WHEREIN A DUMB MAN LEADS SPAIN TOWARDS THE SPLENDOUR OF VENICE, AND "THE GREEK" REVEALS TO HER THE GENIUS OF HER RACE

Of the Spanish Venetianists, the supreme genius was DOMENICO THEOTOCÓPULI, or THEOTOCÓPULO, whose long and difficult name has almost disappeared under his world-famous nickname of "the Greek"—EL GRECO. Of his life and career, of his very name and the date of his birth, nothing is very certain.

El Greco has been called The Genius of Undeveloped Impulse. This Venetianist half-century of painting at the end of the fifteen-hundreds stands alone between the achievement of the Mannerists, which it overcame, and the achievement of the Realists, which was to arise after it and bring the genius of Spain to its fulfilment.

El Greco was individual and originative; so individual that men's guesses to find his origin in art have but led to contradiction and confusion and the blind alley. We must take him as he is—as indeed he would have gloried to be taken. He detested to be attributed. He flung precedent and law into the wash-tub. "Spotty and streaky" he certainly could be, and as coagulated as whipped cream. His eagerness to say the thing originally led him into mannerisms as marked as the mannerisms he detested. His desire to state the impulse of the moment led him to extravagance and awkwardness. That such a man should have failed utterly to paint the set pieces of the Escorial goes without saying; and 'tis likely as not that Philip II rightly refused to hang his pictures. That he knew splendid failures was inevitable to the very essence of the man; as inevitable as that these failures should be glorified into wondrous successes by the book-read pedant of to-day. But El Greco was above all things an artist—a living man—whose most urgent need of existence was to utter him-

PAINTING IN SPAIN

self. On every side he saw mere imitation being honoured, and he hated all imitation. What could such a man appear to his fellows and his age but incongruous, extravagant, half-mad? 'Tis true his imagination wrought dreams that his hand's skill could not utter into music.

His date of birth and place of birth are unknown—he was not even a Spaniard; he came from Crete. If a pupil of Titian, he at least detested to have his work compared with that of Titian. That "he discovered art over again for himself" his style flatly contradicts, for the influence of Tintoretto upon his early works is most marked. He himself in signing a picture in the Escorial bears witness that he came from Crete. As such he would drift to Venice by preference. But by whomsoever trained, or where, he early sought his own means of expression and rejected all guidance. At Rome in 1570; after some five or six years, probably, El Greco came to Toledo; and at Toledo he wrought his wide art. Architect, sculptor, and painter, he built churches thereat, carved her statues and painted her pictures with lavish hand. Yet the Moorish city has left us scant record of him, except of a couple of lawsuits; but those two lawsuits reveal the temper of the man in rare fashion. The one sees him essaying to compel payment for a picture which he doggedly refused to alter at the ordering of the Chapter of Toledo; the other reveals him refusing to pay the common tax of merchandise for the sale of his works of art; and he relentlessly fought each battle until he won it. His whole life long he fought that war for the honour of his craft. There is the well-known story of his favourite pupil, Luis Tristan, who, having painted a picture for the monks of the Jeronymite Convent of La Sisla, and finding the monks refusing to pay his fee of two hundred ducats as exorbitant, referred them to his master, by whose decision

X

EL GRECO

1548 – 1614

VENETIANIST SCHOOL OF TOLEDO

"FERDINAND THE SECOND OF ARAGON"

(Louvre)



he said he would abide—and, on the monks urbanely appearing before El Greco and suggesting that his pupil had made some mistake as he had asked two hundred dollars, El Greco, before his assembled pupils, had fallen upon the youth Tristan and beaten him with his clenched fist, crying out upon him as a scoundrel—"How dare you ask a paltry two hundred dollars for a picture worth five hundred?" and, having belaboured the young fellow, he turned to the monks and vowed he would buy the picture himself, as he would not allow it to be sold for such a sum, which led to the monks craving for the picture and the eager payment of *five* hundred dollars!

WHEREIN A DUMB MAN LEADS SPAIN TOWARDS THE SPLENDOUR OF VENICE AND "THE GREEK" REVEALS TO HER THE GENIUS OF HER RACE

Holding colour alone as of vital import in painting, to which all else, form, draughtsmanship, and the rest were but of second necessity, he sought above all things to give forth the impression aroused by colour in his senses. He endeavoured to record a colour-scheme as a whole, as it strikes the eye at the first glance, not wrought out in detail, each part true to its own tone regardless of the whole. To this impressionism he sacrificed all else, drawing and detail. There were certain colours that called to him, and a certain faded pink and a dull green were always caught at eagerly by him. He had all a sensitive artist's eye for the subtleties of grey, and even cold greys yielded him the thrill of colour.

His fine *Portrait of Himself*, in the Museum at Seville, gives the sensitive impressionable man with slender nervous fingers—an astoundingly living thing—the young bearded head framed in the huge white neck-frill. The advance in the faculty of painting is surprising. And as with colour and impressionism so with his use of light and shade. His art was bound to have prodigious consequences—and the most prodigious was Velazquez.

El Greco's first dated work at Toledo is of 1577.

PAINTING IN SPAIN

But, to get back to his beginnings: El Greco's early art scarce hints at his full manner—he was clearly subject to Venice, and had not found himself. His *Expolio de Jesus* is Italian, as free from his genius as it is free from his faults, except that the figure of the Christ is too long. In the background is a beautiful girl, said to be the painter's daughter. It was concerning the decency of the Marys being present whilst the Christ was stripped that the Church fell foul of El Greco, who refused to paint out the women, and brought an action at law to recover the price of his work.

But slowly Venice died out of El Greco's eyes. In *The Martyrdom of St. Maurice* he found himself. It was painted for Philip II. for an altarpiece at the Escorial—it was his first great experiment—its wayward contempt of drawing, its ridiculous length of figures, its fantastic colour-scheme of crude blues and yellows, its original employment of arrangement and of values, were the clamorous act of a man who reaches out to something that compels his homage, yet who has not reached to sufficient skill to utter it completely. It has its wildnesses, perhaps even its madnesses, but the maddest act was in his choosing to employ his new art as his introduction to the king's good-will. Philip II. paid the artist, and sent him packing back to Toledo. He ordered the picture to be flung away into a corner—and it lay for long in a corner of the convent library.

He painted many pictures in this phase, in which his endeavour to utter the impression is clearly evidenced—such wild endeavour as the *St. John the Baptist* in the Hospital de Afuera at Toledo. Indeed, most of his paintings at the Prado are essays in the fierce wild desire to utter sensations that his hand's skill cannot fully realise—the *Annunciation*, the *Dead Christ in the Arms of God*, the

Baptism of Christ, and *The Crucifixion*, in which the lighting is carried out as though seen in a passing flash, all show the gaunt, bony, abnormally long anatomy so characteristic of El Greco. The famous *Trinity* in Seville Cathedral is the type of this phase of his art. He achieved perhaps his most compelling masterpiece in this, his so-called "wild manner," in *The Assumption* in San Vicente at Toledo, in which the massing, the colour, and the design all aid the impression of the lift of the ascending figure, and atmosphere is created.

WHEREIN A DUMB MAN LEADS SPAIN TOWARDS THE SPLENDOUR OF VENICE, AND "THE GREEK" REVEALS TO HER THE GENIUS OF HER RACE

But the moment that El Greco was compelled to portraiture his hand steadied, and his remarkable instinct for portraiture brought all else into subordination. Of such is his great masterpiece, *The Burial of Gonzalo Ruiz, Count of Orgoz*, painted for Santo Tomé in 1584, therefore close at the heels of the disdained *St. Maurice*. It is in fact a superb horizontal portrait group, with a restless upper part of heaven that so often wrecks the Spanish painting of the age. Here, in this portrait group, the art of El Greco is seen at its height, in handling, in style, in colour-sense, in texture, in form, in odemlling.

Toledo is rich in great portraits by him—the Museum of San Juan contains the rugged head of *Antonio Covarrubias* and the *Juan de Alava*. The Hospital de Afuera possesses the dignified *Cardinal Tavera*. The Louvre holds a great portrait by him.

A prodigious worker, of restless energy, student and philosopher as well as painter, his inquisitive and eager mind tried the whole gamut of the instrument of painting so far as he knew it. Tenderness and beauty, rugged strength, wilful uglinesses, all sensations interested him.

The restless, nervous energy of the man was stilled by death on the 7th day of the April of 1614.

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

1600

CHAPTER XII

WHEREIN IT IS SEEN THAT, IN THE CENTURY OF HER MIGHTY ACHIEVEMENT, SPAIN WAS RACKED BY A MIGHTY DUEL

WHEREIN IT IS SEEN THAT, IN THE CENTURY OF HER MIGHTY ACHIEVEMENT, SPAIN WAS RACKED BY A MIGHTY DUEL

The years of the sixteen-hundreds saw Spain utter an art that is one of the wonders of the world.

The end of the fourteen-hundreds beheld Spain become a nation; the fifteen-hundreds saw her in a blaze of glory dominate the age; by 1588 she reeled under the loss of her Great Armada; by 1640 she lost Portugal; in 1648 the Low Countries passed from her heritage; by 1700 the Hapsburgs were at an end. It may be that her sudden emergence and astounding splendour in the fifteen-hundreds kept her sword too busy—at any rate, she honoured only the sword—to enable her to utter the full note of triumphant song. But, her wondrous meteor-like flight done, she rested, and the land burst into artistic utterance of her sombre pride. It was complained, by her consequential grandees, that Philip IV. spent more time in the painting-room of Velazquez than in the Council Chamber; it had been well for Spain had he never entered her Council Chamber and lived wholly in Velazquez's painting-room; for in the painting-room he made never a mistake, in the Council Chamber he made nothing else; in the painting-room he was a man, a human being, not even unlovable; in the Council Chamber he was a stilted and narrow-brained dullard, whose every act and command and decision sent the country faster to ruin.

The great century of the sixteen-hundreds was not to

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

be rid of the Italian Mannerist taint of academism—it was to produce painters side by side with the astounding native utterance that was about to be sounded—it was to continue beside it to the end, and was eventually to overwhelm it. That native and pure utterance was to receive its inspiration, not from dead academic styles but from a new living movement that had come into Italian art that was wholly inimical to all academic traditions—the forthright and vigorous art of the Tenebrosi, the men born out of the brain of Caravaggio, who had gone straight back to Nature, kicked over the laws of Beauty and smooth Ideal, and essayed to create Life as it was, in its wider gamut.

I cannot pretend to pierce the veil that hangs over the first revelation of this new fierce desire to come to grips with life on the part of the Spaniard. I can only see, as an artist, that the Tenebrosi, the Spaniards, and the Dutch awoke in the sixteen-hundreds to the desire to utter life as they felt it, not seen through the spectacles of the great dead, but vigorously as it appeared to themselves. As far as we know, Caravaggio was the first to essay it in master fashion, and as a complete and definite intention; but I find it (outside of the Low Countries) first in Bassano. Out of the Low Countries, and from Bassano in the Venetian School, and from the Tenebrosi, who made their School at last in Naples, it came. It was in the air; the breeze held it; and it blew across the city of Seville, and set the genius of Spain aflame.

We shall see that the very qualities which are condemned in the Tenebrosi and the School of Caravaggio as a part of the Decline in Italian art are precisely the living qualities that are hailed by the same critics as a rebirth in the art of that Realistic achievement which places the art of Spain in the ranks of the highest flight of the world.

CHAPTER XIII

OF THE SPAIN OF SIXTEEN-HUNDRED, WHEN GENIUS STALKED STEALTHILY ACROSS HER BORDERS

OF THE SPAIN OF SIXTEEN-HUNDRED, WHEN GENIUS STALKED STEALTHILY ACROSS HER BORDERS

Thus, it is well to glance at the painting centres throughout Spain on the edge of the sixteen-hundreds.

REALISM SHRINKS FROM ENTERING MADRID

The opening years of the sixteen-hundreds saw a group of painters working in Madrid, men of capable gifts, without distinction, certainly without genius, under the leadership of the Italian, one Vicente Carducci, who had come to Spain in 1585, a child of seven, with his brother Bartolommeo Carducci. Vicente Carducci became Painter to Philip III. in 1609, and was the leading artist in Madrid until Velazquez came thither.

THE SCHOOL OF CARDUCCI AT MADRID

We have seen that the elder brother, Bartolommeo Carducci, pupil to the egregious Zuccaro, had been by far the best of the Italians working under Philip II—those debauchers of the Spanish art in the fifteen-hundreds. Italian though the younger brother Vicente Carducci was by birth, he came to Spain at seven; lived his life in Spain; yet was completely Italian in his art. His high position at Court set the standard that his followers closely followed.

An industrious and facile worker—he painted for the Carthusians some fifty-four pictures, and for the Salon de Reyes a series of historical subjects. The Prado possesses a *San Bruno* and a *Carthusian Monk Kneeling in Prayer*, and of the historical pieces, the *Relief of Constance*, the *Taking of Rheinfeld*, and *The Battle of Fleurus*. The historical subjects, though even Carducci's art in them is not of his best, opened the gates to secular art into which the Spanish painters eagerly pressed.

Carducci went mad—said to be from disappointment and failure—and died in 1638.

Of the Spaniards who were direct pupils to Vicente Carducci, FRANCISCO COLLANTES, PEDRO DE OBREGON, and FRANCISCO FERNANDEZ were the most distinguished; they wrought their art during the first half of the sixteen-hundreds, but of them all COLLANTES alone was fired with a touch of genius. Collantes brought about the new movement in Spain of painting landscape as landscape; and his *Ezekiel in the Valley of Bones* is the masterpiece of this phase of the Spanish endeavour; in it he reveals himself a Spaniard, even though the Italian Mannerism be heavy upon him.

Carducci's pupil, FRANCISCO FERNANDEZ, must not be confused with Luis Fernandez of Seville.

The School of PATRICIO CAXÉS, one of the many Painters to Philip II, was wholly born out of the art of Carducci. BARTOLOMÉ GONZALEZ was appointed Court-Painter in 1617 in rivalry to the Venetianist, Juan de las Roelas, of Seville. ANTONIO LANCHARES, who died in 1625, was of this school. Perhaps the only artist worthy of note was EUGENIO CAXÉS or CAXESI (1577-1642), born in Madrid, son of Patricio Caxés. The *Repulse of the English at Cadiz* and a *San Ildefonso* represent him at the Royal Gallery.

The provinces brought forth FRAY SÁNCHEZ COTÁN in Toledo, pupil to Blas del Prado.

OF THE SPAIN OF SIXTEEN-HUNDRED, WHEN GENIUS STALKED STEALTHILY ACROSS HER BORDERS

So far the Spanish genius has been tentative, largely imitative. El Greco has brought a fierce desire into Spain to utter impressions instead of mimicry of the dead. His Venetianism has not been his only contribution to Spanish art; he has brought something far more valuable—the going direct to Nature. All Spain was ripe for the new movement. Art was to fling off the shackles of Crown and Church. At first they were to work, as they were bound so to do, under the Italian schooling; but they no longer looked to the Renaissance—they went to the men who had thrust forward the gamut of painting that it might utter the fullest that painting has to give. And as the Spaniard had found a new world across the seas, so now her artists sought the conquest of this new art that the late Venetians had nearly discovered, and the Tenebrosi were discovering, just as the Dutchmen by very instinct were also seeking it.

Nor must we forget that these earlier discoverers of Spain's artistic revelation had to shed an alien accent from them, and struggle against a black tradition. When we look upon the art of Ribalta and Herrera and their fellows we must remember that it was they who discovered to Velazquez and the rest the mighty significance that art was a thing in itself, wholly unconcerned with Church or State, but revealer of life.

REALISM COMES INTO VALENCIA

In VALENCIA, as we have seen, though Italianism held sway, her art was never so wholly subjected to Italianism as in the rest of Spain, even in Andalusia. Yet, mark well, her students all went to Rome for schooling! Out of such

unpromising beginnings of Italian studentship arose one who was to rid his art of Mannerism—his name RIBALTA.

RIBALTA
1560? – 1628

FRANCISCO RIBALTA, born in the little sea-coast town of Castellón de la Plana, in Valencia, about 1560, has a vast significance for Spanish art with which he is not yet credited. He was the first of the Spanish Realists. His art is free from Mannerism. It is Spanish to the core. Early apprenticed to a mediocre painter of Valencia, the young Ribalta fell enamoured of his master's daughter, but the master sternly forbade the love-making. Ribalta took himself off to Italy. Returning to Valencia, it is said, after two or three years of hard work, he came back to his master's studio, and, finding himself alone, he rapidly finished a partly-begun head that was on the easel, and stealthily departed. The pupils having gathered, the master entered, and, standing amazed before the work, questioned his daughter as to who painted it, for, cried he, "That is the painter who shall marry thee—not that dauber Ribalta!"

But as to that "two or three years" schooling in Italy the writers know nothing, though they guess freely—and wildly. He is said to have gone to Annibale Carracci. One has but to glance at Ribalta's *The Evangelists St. John and St. Matthew* to discover that he had come under the virile art of Caravaggio, and that his Spanish blood had tingled in the presence of an art wholly attune to the realistic Spanish vision. Something of the eclectic flavour Ribalta caught, 'tis true; but he learnt breadth of manner and dramatic action and strong black-and-white from the Tenebrosi; he caught their fine draughtsmanship. But above all, the new spirit that was arising came to him and inspired

him to the first genuine Spanish utterance. He did not stay long enough in Italy to be enslaved. It is significant that it was Caravaggio's first painting of *St. Matthew writing the Gospel* that horrified the monks in Rome! In Ribalta is the dramatic essence, rid of all Italian striving for charm, for sweetness, for ideal beauty. Passionate and virile, he is a very Spaniard. At Madrid may be seen his grand realism and forcefulness in two simple heads, the *Soul in Glory* and the *Soul in Punishment*; his dramatic gifts in *The Dead Christ in the Arms of two Angels*, the *St. Francis of Assisi consoled by an Angel*, and his *Christ Crucified*, as well as the fine *Evangelists St. John and St. Matthew.* But Valencia is richest in his vigorous art. His sublimely sorrowing Mother of Christ brought out his best powers, and he ever painted the Child Christ with exquisite gifts as in the *Holy Family* of the Inglesia del Corpus Christi, which also possesses his dramatic *Deathbed of San Vicente de Ferrer.* The Museum contains his *Crucifixion* amongst several noble paintings of the Christ, as well as the dramatic *St. Francis embracing the Crucified Christ.* Always he is a master of character. In both these places is a *Last Supper* by Ribalta, in which the heads of the disciples are remarkable for this painting of character. He died in 1628, when Velazquez was twenty-nine, five years after that young painter went to settle in Madrid. For many years Ribalta led the painting in his province, gathering a group of young painters to his studio who spread his vigorous tradition abroad.

OF THE SPAIN OF SIXTEEN-HUNDRED, WHEN GENIUS STALKED STEALTHILY ACROSS HER BORDERS

Of these pupils were his son, JUAN DE RIBALTA, and the versatile and prolific JACINTO JERÓNIMO DE ESPINOSA; but greatest of them all was RIBERA, who was to be one of Spain's greatest artists.

JUAN DE RIBALTA, born in 1597, painted so like his father that his works are difficult to tell apart—indeed,

many of them go under his father's name to-day. He was but eighteen when he painted his large *Crucifixion* now at the Museum in Valencia, of remarkable power. Had he lived, he must have come to greatness. His portraiture is personal and true, as his *Musician*, holding a quire of music, now at the Prado, shows. But he died in his thirty-first year, in 1628, a few months after his father.

Working in Valencia, and some ten years younger than Ribalta, was one PEDRO ORRENTE, who came to distinction.

ORRENTE
1570 – 1644

PEDRO ORRENTE, born at Montealegre in 1570, painted much there before he came to Valencia. He has been called the Spanish Bassano. He made religious subjects an excuse for painting Nature in her every-day and homely aspect; interested in landscape and country life. The rustic day, with flocks of sheep or herds of cattle, was his aim. His sacred folk are but the peasants about him. Of his life little is known. In his later career he went to Madrid, where his sacred pastorals, despised of Valencia, caught the favour of the Court. His fine *Departure of the Israelites from Egypt* is at the Academy of Fine Arts, and at the Prado his *Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene.* He died at Toledo in 1644.

Orrente's chief pupil was the battle-painter, ESTÉBAN MARCH.

REALISM COMES INTO TOLEDO

So far Valencia and Seville at the striking of 1600. At TOLEDO the genius of El Greco was aflame, and creating

a school that moved towards Realism. Two of El Greco's pupils were FRAY JUAN BAUTISTA MAYNO and LUIS TRISTAN.

MAYNO, born at Toledo in 1569, painted much for the Chapter of that city and the Convent of San Pedro Mártir. He went later to Madrid, and became painter and drawing-master to the young prince, Philip III., and it was at Madrid that he died in 1649. But his chief art was created at Toledo in the mood of El Greco. His masterpiece is the somewhat hard and crude, but yet forceful, *Adoration of the Kings* at the Prado.

OF THE SPAIN OF SIXTEEN-HUNDRED, WHEN GENIUS STALKED STEALTHILY ACROSS HER BORDERS

TRISTAN
1586–1640

LUIS TRISTAN, the fellow-student of Mayno in El Greco's studio, was born in a small village hard by Toledo, in 1586; he became pupil to El Greco at a very early age, and by nineteen was painting his altar-piece for the monks of La Sisla, over which he had the trouble concerning payment, when El Greco, by trouncing him before the monks, secured him more than double what he had asked. His greatest works are the series of paintings of the *High Altar at Yepes*, near Toledo, in which he reveals his remarkable gifts in portraiture. His portrait of *Cardinal Bernardo de Sandoval* at Toledo, painted in 1619, is very remarkable for its realism and truth. Tristan passed his life in Toledo, dying thereat in 1640.

The Prado possesses a fine portrait by Tristan, the *Man with the Ruff*.

Tristan has a particular interest in the Spanish achievement in that it was through his art that Velazquez caught much of the realistic aim and impressionism. Velazquez greatly admired the art of Tristan, and in youth was much influenced by it.

A HISTORY

REALISM COMES INTO SEVILLE

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

The early years of the sixteen-hundreds saw Seville the artistic centre of Spain. The Naturalists had arisen—rebels, defying all that had gone before, going straight to Nature as their only mistress. Alongside of these was the academic school of painters, religious painters whose style was hide-bound in tradition.

THE SCHOOL OF LUIS FERNANDEZ OF SEVILLE

In the very late fifteen-hundreds, the Mannerist painter, Luis Fernandez, was training at his studio in Seville, in the mysteries of their craft, three pupils—two of these were Pacheco and Juan del Castillo, who were to continue and lead the Italian falsity; the other was Herrera, whose wilful and forthright genius was to thrust forward Realism and the supreme national utterance of Spain.

PACHECO

1571–1654

Of these the artist-historian FRANCISCO PACHECO—pupil to LUIS FERNANDEZ—lived in Seville from 1571 to 1654, and was to come to immortality as the master of his son-in-law Velazquez. He wrought the splendidly null, the icily regular. He was a most correct person. In art as in life he was the soul of the proprieties. He was most fitly gifted for the office of Censor, which he wielded as Familiar of the Inquisition. His *Arte de la Pintura* is worthy of an old maid. His unconscious humour glitters in such solemn conclusions as that sculpture is a more ancient art than painting, since God fashioned Adam out of clay, only to overthrow it later in the revelation that colour

and light were created before Adam! It follows that he denounced the study of the nude as endangering the purity of the artist—as an act impossible to the Christian painter. He solved the problem by commending that "the face and hands should be painted from Nature, in which there is no danger," whilst "the other parts" should be painted "from good pictures, engravings, drawings, models, ancient and modern statues, and the excellent designs of Albrecht Dürer"—without running into danger! Poor Dürer and the rest who created these things were obviously to bleed that the world might be saved from "danger."

OF THE SPAIN OF SIXTEEN-HUNDRED, WHEN GENIUS STALKED STEALTHILY ACROSS HER BORDERS

That the world passes by, with the shrug of indifference, his industrious art that hangs in many pictures on the walls of the cathedral and churches and museum of Seville, as works of a dullard mediocrity, who made elaborate studies for all the useless works of his hand, is the best criticism of this once fashionable painter.

JUAN DEL CASTILLO
1584–1640

JUAN DEL CASTILLO, fit harness-mate for Pacheco, was born at Seville in 1584, and learnt his art with Pacheco as fellow-pupil in the studio of Luis Fernandez. Castillo came of artist stock; his elder brother AUGUSTIN DEL CASTILLO being a mediocre painter of frescoes. His masterpiece, an *Annunciation*, is crude and hard, bright in glaring colours, and ill-drawn enough. He was to become the master of Murillo and Alonso Cano, as Pacheco and Herrera of Velazquez.

The third student in Fernandez's workshop was HERRERA.

A HISTORY

HERRERA
1576–1656

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

FRANCISCO DE HERRERA, to be known to fame as HERRERA EL VIEGO, Herrera the Elder, must have been a strange member of the trio of students in Luis Fernandez's studio. About his wild and wilful personality has grown the legend that he created the great Spanish school. He did not do that; but it was Herrera that gave it its forthright impetus and directed it. He was not even the first of the Spanish Realists; but he concentrated the mood of his people, and led them to their mighty achievement.

He early saw that Spain was trying to mimic an alien thing, and with rough hands he pulled the false structure down, flung the Italian ideals into the gutter, and painted straight from Nature.

Born in Seville in 1576, and, being prenticed early to Luis Fernandez, he soon revealed the astounding originality and vigour that were his very breath. To his master he owes nothing, unless it be the way of mixing paints. In his youth, even in his apprenticeship, he bent his vigorous will to master the difficulties of his craft so that he might paint with power what sensations Nature roused in him. So he comes down in legend, famed for "the fury of his brush," the breadth and vigour of his handling, his whirlwind impulsiveness to utter his impressions. He called the nude into his studio, reckless of the black ill-will of the Inquisition. He cared nothing for tradition, detested formulas. A born leader to new worlds, his virile art, of necessity, has much that was experimental in it. His robust and vigorous *El Juicio Final* (Last Judgment) which hangs where it was originally placed in the Parroquina de San Bernardo at Seville, dirty and neglected and in the

dark, reveals, by peering into it, in the foreground a finely painted female nude—Stiggins is dead. Here is a man who is not afraid to be dramatic, who has no weakly theories of prettiness and beauty being the aims of art. He has the Spaniard's love of pomp. His *Apotheosis of San Hermenegildo*, painted about 1624, now in the Seville Museum, is example of his powers; and by it hangs a tale that reveals also the man. Herrera had been accused of counterfeiting money. To escape justice he sought sanctuary in the College of the Jesuits, where he painted this picture in 1624. Soon after it was finished, the king, Philip IV., chanced to come to Seville, and visited the College. Philip IV. had a keen eye for a great work of art. Ordering that the painter of it should be brought before him, Herrera came, and, kneeling to the king, told him why he was at the College. The king raised him: "Go," said he, "you are free. What need of silver and gold has a man with such a talent as yours?"

OF THE SPAIN OF SIXTEEN-HUNDRED, WHEN GENIUS STALKED STEALTHILY ACROSS HER BORDERS

Herrera went forth a free man, but never sought further favour of the Court; and no work of his hangs in the Royal Galleries.

Of the works of Herrera few are known. The Museum at Seville possesses another large painting by him, the *Vision of San Basilio*, in which the painting of the robes is famous for its magnificence—and there are in the same gallery also eight figures of Saints by him. The convent church of San Buenaventura contains faded frescoes by Herrera. The Louvre possesses a great and vigorous design, of astounding force, and remarkable for grip of character.

And of the man who prepared the way for Velazquez and Zurbarán!

The fame of Herrera drew many students to his workshop. But his great genius as a teacher was marred by the

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

violence of his habits and his fierce and passionate temperament. He frightened his pupils out of their discipleship. Blows and ill-usage drove his son, afterwards to be known as HERRERA EL MOZO, to Rome, and sent his daughter flying to the protection of a convent. He broke many sticks over the heads and shoulders of his pupils, so that at times he could not find one even to prepare his canvas or mix his colours. The gossip runs that, on one such occasion, finding his studio empty of pupils, he rushed to his kitchen and dragged his serving-maid into his workshop, and, in a tempest of blows and threats, forced the frightened girl to paint the ground with her sweeping-broom. The turbulent fellow kept no pupil for long; but in their short stay they learnt from him to be Spaniards—his revelation set their art afire—and led them to supreme fulfilment. For the greatest genius of Spain went as a youth for a flitting while into Herrera's studio, and his name was to ring down the years as Velazquez. Antonio Saavedra y Castillo and Alonso Cano also dwelt a short while with his violences.

In 1650 Herrera went to Madrid, and died in that city six years later.

XI

HERRERA

1576 – 1656

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"ST BASIL"

(Louvre)



CHAPTER XIV

WHEREIN SPAIN FINDS HERSELF

WHEREIN SPAIN FINDS HERSELF

THUS Realism is awakening over Spain when 1600 strikes, being thrashed into her pupils by Herrera in Seville, aroused in Toledo by El Greco's Venetian impressionism, taught in Valencia by the Naturalist Ribalta.

Of Ribalta's pupils, the most famous was to be Ribera, and his art was to mean much to Spain.

RIBERA
1588 – 1656

In the January of 1588 there was born to a worthy couple of Játiva, some twenty-five miles from Valencia, a child whom they christened JUSEPE DE RIBERA. The father, being a man of respectable position, sent the lad to the University of Valencia, to the pursuit of letters; but the little fellow's whole desire was to learn to paint. So he was taken from the university and sent to the studio of the Realist Ribalta soon after the sixteen-hundreds began their course; and the lad began, with feverish delight, that passionate toil in the pursuit of his art which was to be his life until his mysterious grave took him.

From Ribalta he caught a superb tradition, his art firm-planted in the Spanish genius. Ribalta saw that the passion of the lad for his art would take him far, and after training his hand's skill advised him to go awhile to Italy, as he himself had done. It was risky advice; but Ribalta had come back unscathed. To Italy, at any rate, the youth

went—and to Rome, the Rome of about 1607 or so, that was fiercely divided over the fight of Caravaggio and the Tenebrosi.

The lad entered the splendid city of Rome miserably poor. He begged his food and slept under any shelter he could find, but all day he painted with eager ardour, sketching the people in the streets. And the artists, half jesting, half pitying his passionate enthusiasm, nicknamed him Lo SPAGNOLETTO, "the little Spaniard," and gave him bread, and now and again a little money, which was straightway spent upon paints. Then it chanced one day a cardinal came by and carried the lad off to his palace and made a page of him, and the youngster lived a few months of splendour; but he found his art baulked and his patron a Philistine, so he got him into his rags again, and stole out into the streets to paint and starve.

Now Ribalta had taught him to paint always from the living model, had developed in him the painting of strong light and shade, the haunting resonance and eloquence of shadows, and the dramatic contrast that deep backgrounds yield to sharp lights. Ribera came to a Rome that was talking of these things—of the vital significance of Nature and of the personal vision.

But Rome held world-famed masterpieces. He went and studied them all—Raphael, Annibale Carracci, even trudged it to Parma and Modena and studied Correggio. He came back to Rome more than ever in love with the new revelation of Caravaggio. Caravaggio died in 1609, the young fellow's twenty-first year, and had been some time absent from Rome. It was some time before 1615 that Ribera had come back to Rome from Parma, and was soon the centre of a group of young artists; but, whether he feared he might fall into Italianisms, or from some

XII

RIBERA

1588 – 1656

SCHOOL OF THE TENEBROSI OR NATURALISTS OF VALENCIA

"THE BOY WITH THE CLUB FOOT"

(Louvre)



quarrel, he soon thereafter (1615) betook himself to Naples which was to be his home for the great years of his life, and in which he was to die. It must be remembered that Naples was now an appanage of Spain. WHEREIN SPAIN FINDS HERSELF

Yet his entry into Spanish Naples was no triumph. He trudged into the city on foot, a poor student still. And his Spanish cloak he had to leave at his inn in payment of his night's lodging. But he got him to his paints as though fortune had come to him, living as best he could, from hand to mouth, in the streets of Naples. However, his meagre days were near at an end. As out of the blue came fortune to him. A picture-dealer of the place, a rich man with the seeing eye, saw the young fellow's genius, took him into his home, and almost forthwith married him to his daughter, for he saw that in all Italy was no such art as this young Spaniard was creating, and he knew the price of such.

The astute man set the young fellow a large work to paint, and Ribera chose for subject the *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew.* But the picture-dealer had as keen an eye for advertisement as for art. One bright sunny morning he had the picture placed on the balcony of his house. Now the picture-dealer's balcony faced the palace of the Spanish viceroy. Crowds collected; the excitement became intense. The viceroy sent out the guard to quell what he took to be a riot; but the street being cleared, the viceroy found nothing but an astounding work of art and a young Spanish painter called Ribera. The viceroy was a Spaniard, the Count de Monterey, one of the Dukes of Osuna, and he at least knew great art when he saw it. He carried off Ribera to the palace, and gave him a studio and apartments there. For the Count de Monterey Ribera painted many pictures which were sent

to the palace of the Dukes of Osuna in Spain, of which is his early *Crucifixion*, the which, when Soult gave up the church to plunder, the French soldiers amused themselves by firing at. These were the years of his *Last Supper* in the manner of Veronese, and of his famous *Deposition from the Cross*, which is one of the masterpieces of the age. Thenceforth Ribera painted masterpiece after masterpiece by order of the Spanish nobles who forgathered in Naples. The name of Ribera, the "wonderful Spaniard in Naples," was soon in the king's mouth at Madrid, and Philip IV. ordered paintings for the Escorial and Alcásar. Most of his pictures were sent to Philip IV. to decorate the royal palaces of Spain. The churches and convents in Naples vied with each other for his works. In 1629-30 Velazquez paid his first visit to Italy, came to Naples, and became a close friend of Ribera. Elected to the Academy of St. Luke in Rome in 1630, the Pope made Ribera a Knight of the Order of Abito de Cristo in 1644.

Nor did Ribera shrink from the splendours. He was the beggar a-horseback. His pride and delight at the pomp and magnificence of success were childish. But—he painted from daylight to set of sun. His impetuous passion for his art was above all the pomps and vanities—and he had full share of lust for such. But years of overwork saw him at last surrender to six hours a day—in the morning; yet in those six hours he worked like one mad, when none dare interrupt him, and the greatest were denied his studio. He worked with such fever that all count of time was lost to him. He made a living clock to check the passing hours. His servant came every hour to his studio to cry in a loud and stately voice: "Another hour has gone, Signor Cavaliere!" Ribera was theatrically dramatic. A servant, handsomely arrayed, stood behind him to hand him

his brushes or hold his palette; he it was who announced the end of the six-hours' day, by stepping forward and crying: "Signor Cavaliere, your time is at an end—your carriage waits." WHEREIN SPAIN FINDS HERSELF

The forthright and national art of Ribera was rapidly being spread over all Spain. The great lords eagerly sought his work. The effect upon the art of Spain was profound.

Ribera was soon absolute in the art-world of Naples. With two brother artists, Belisario Correnzio and Giambatista, he formed the famous Cabal that stopped at nothing in order to destroy all rivals. Not only was no artist allowed to enter Naples, but no painter of the city was allowed to take up a work without the consent of the Cabal. We have seen Domenichino, Annibale Carracci, Guido Reni, and the Cavaliere D'Arpino amongst other painters defy this terror, only to fall victims to its persecution. It was the Italy of the Borgias, and Ribera's violent soul flinched from nothing. He was to suffer wound himself, and to pay an awful price; but for awhile the sun shone for him and he ruffled his day like the best of them. Indeed, what could one expect of an age in which the Pope, Pius III., rebuked those who accused Benvenuto Cellini of a dastardly murder with his famous: "You do not understand these things—I would have you know that men who are unique in their profession are not subject to the laws." Yet this man of astounding genius and ghastly treacheries was a loyal friend and an affectionate father. To Velazquez, when he came to Spain, Ribera showed no hint of jealousy, and treated him with most generous hospitality. Twice Velazquez came to Naples, and the two Spaniards became close friends. Velazquez always spoke of Ribera with affection, and of his art with admira-

tion. On the second visit of Velazquez to Italy in the summer of 1648, vengeance had struck at the heart of Ribera. Velazquez, on his return from Venice to Rome, went to Naples, probably in 1650, and renewed his friendship with Ribera. But he found Ribera a changed man—his pride broken, and his pomp disregarded. Ribera's daughter, the beautiful Doña Maria Rose, had been seduced by Don Juan of Austria and had deserted her home to follow her lover. The glory and arrogance departed out of Ribera's splendour with his beloved daughter. He brooded over his grief, which Velazquez could not mitigate, and thereafter refused to see any one. One day, in the midst of great wealth, and greatly honoured, the head of a great achievement, he slipped stealthily out of his house, and was never again seen. Gossip also has it that he died rich and honoured at his house in Naples in 1656. But mystery hangs about his death, and denials and counter-denials. So into the gloom passes the genius of one of the greatest artists of even Spain's greatest age; and no grave-stone marks the spot where his feverish and wilful body at last found rest. Into the black murk of a ghostly twilight he fades away—the giant achiever of the Tenebrosi. He stands at the gates of the sixteen-hundreds, the giant of Spain's new utterance; and his message of fierce truthfulness was bugled across the land, and set the Spanish genius on fire. For he had revealed to Spain the full gamut of the mighty resonances that haunt deep shadows; he gave to Spain a splendid instrument that could pour forth her dramatic essence. At last she had found her master, and she arose and followed him. The Renaissance, with its classic idealism, lay exhausted and complete. Caravaggio arose to utter the new truth to the Italian people, but they were not fit to hear it; it was a Spaniard who understood.

He flung all academic mimicry from him, and set his forthright will to utter Spain in terms of dramatic passion. He saw that the limits of the art of the Renaissance could not produce a greater than the Renaissance had already bred; and he took to him the fuller realm that Caravaggio discovered, and made it the new voice of Spain. He saw that Beauty in itself was but a toy; he realised that Life was a more majestic thing, of vaster consequence. He has left us a memorial more significant than the baffling silence of a tomb; in his portrait of himself he shows a handsome face, small, oval, set in a mass of curling dark hair—his eyes glittering bright, revealing the restless will within—a very Spaniard, dark, handsome, cruel, passionate, arrogant, forceful.

WHEREIN SPAIN FINDS HERSELF

Ribera's hand was sure, vigorous, direct. His grip of character was astounding. It follows that in portraiture he is great, whether he interpret with amazing skill the blindness of the sightless sculptor *Gambazo* or the individuality of any other man, or the beauty of women, as in that fragment, *A Woman*, saved from the picture, the rest of which perished in the disastrous fire of 1734 at the Prado. To him the wide gamut of great artistic utterance was given—vivid and glowing colour; sureness of handling; a marvellous capacity to make haunting shadows yield suggestion; a fearless eye for truth—so that when he desired to utter the sense of brutality he showed it brutal, when he was moved by the sense of beauty he showed it beautiful.

Spain holds the might of his achievement—as it was most fitting that Spain should do. The Prado possesses from fifty to sixty of his works, and most rightly gives a room apart to his genius. There may be seen his *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*—nay, two canvases. Here are, amongst others, the dramatic and forceful *Entombment of Christ*, the two *Fighting Women*, the *St. Peter delivered from*

Prison by an Angel, the *St. Paul the Hermit*, the three canvases of *St. Jerome*, and the well-known *Holy Trinity*.

Ribera has been blamed for the ghastliness of his martyrdoms—it is his highest praise that he showed them ghastly. But he painted other things than the *Ixion on the Wheel*, and the *Prometheus chained to the Summit of the Caucasus*. He could set on canvas the mood of sleep in *Jacob's Ladder*; and how superbly the rugged still landscape adds to the serene suggestion! At the Escorial his *Jacob watering the Flocks of Laban* holds no ghastliness, nor the *Jacob blessed by Isaac*. His renderings of the *Magdalene* bring out the man's innate tenderness amidst the realities, uttered with wondrous charm of colour. The *Sorrowing Magdalene* at Salamanca, the pensive, gentle *St. Agnes* at Dresden, the exquisite *Holy Family* at Cordova, the *Holy Family* at Toledo, the *St. Joseph with the Boy Christ* at the Prado, all are compact of tenderness and charm. The convent of the Augustinas Recolétas in Salamanca holds his great *Immaculata*; Córdova his beautiful *Rest on the Flight into Egypt*; and Valencia is rich in him. The Dukes of Osuna possess many masterpieces by him. The Academy of Fine Arts at Madrid has amongst others his fine *Assumption of the Magdalene*, an early work.

Ribera had many pupils, of whom were STANZIONI, SALVATOR ROSA, ANIELLO FALCONE, and LUCA GIORDANO who became known as Luca Fa Presto; but he had a mightier 'prentice than these—all Spain was his pupil. His influence on the achievement of Spain was prodigious, and is not yet half realised. Each picture of his, as it entered Spain, was received with frantic enthusiasm, to become a standard of artistry. He revealed Spain to herself. All her self-searchings were at an end in Ribera. Thenceforth she moved from conquest to conquest. In Ribera Spain found herself.

CHAPTER XV

WHEREIN SPAIN INCREASES HER SPLENDOUR

ZURBARÁN
1598 – 1661

WHEREIN SPAIN INCREASES HER SPLENDOUR

TEN years younger than Ribera, on the 7th of the November of 1598 there was baptized in the name of Francisco a child new born to a couple of peasants, Luis Zurbarán and his wife Isabel Margaret, field-toilers of the little village of Fuente de Cantos, in Estremadura.

FRANCISCO ZURBARÁN, as a peasant boy, began to draw, sketching with a piece of charcoal, the things he saw about him in the fields. Nature was his master; and the lad showed early a grip of the essentials of artistry, his hand creating, unspoilt by mimicry of the style of others, painting the life about him exactly as he saw it—he sang the arid plains and vast skies of Estremadura, and the roving flocks of sheep with their rude shepherds. He became the talk of the countryside; and the wiseacres, wagging solemn heads, urged the peasant-father to take his lad to Seville. The funds being scraped together, the father brought the lad to that city of painters, and the young fellow's skill was at once recognised, the Venetianist Juan de las Roelas, whom they call "The Cleric," taking him in as pupil. Juan de las Roelas, as we have seen, trained in the tradition of Tintoretto, with Tintoretto's virile grip of light and shadow and of glowing colour, to which the Cleric brought his own Spanish dramatic essence, was just the master to

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give the young peasant exactly what he wanted to complete his training from rugged Nature; Zurbarán eagerly studied the problems of chiaroscuro, and his dramatic Spanish instinct leaped to the profound music that lay in colour rendered by strong contrasts of black and white. His first teacher, Nature, kept his hand from imitation; and he came out of the Cleric's studio a great and original genius —perhaps the most original that Spain has given to the world—the purest Spaniard of them all. Zurbarán never once faltered from his aim—Reality. He had had the mighty revelation granted to him on the wind-swept levels of Estremadura; he came to a Seville that was triumphantly hailing the new revelation. All about him was gossip of the wilful Herrera—the youngsters shrugged the shoulder at the violence of the man, but they acclaimed his message. The whole of Spain was agog with talk of Ribera and his Tenebrosi. To Zurbarán it was self-discovered necessity this gospel of painting direct from the thing seen, whether figure or drapery or detail. And with what skill the man would paint the folds of whitest draperies! With what keen eyes he noted the different types of the monks of each of Seville's many religious orders! The first great works that came from his young hands, the nine canvases of the *History of St. Peter* in the cathedral—he was but twenty-five, in 1623, when he painted them—reveal the man's glowing sense of colour, his superb draughtsmanship. Ten years thereafter, in 1633, he painted the series at Cadiz that contains the *St. Bruno at Prayer* and the great altarpiece of the *Church of the Portiuncula at Assisi being rebuilt by St. Francis.* At Guadalupe is the series of the *Life of St. Jerome.* The Museum at Seville holds the *Carthusian Series*, shows him, in the *San Hugo reproving the Monks for eating Flesh*, in his more primitive phase, already

XIII

ZURBARÁN

1598 - 1661

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"MONK AT PRAYER"

(National Gallery)



a master of power. The Prado at Madrid possesses the great monkish paintings of *The Vision of San Pedro Nolasco*, the *Appearance of St. Peter to San Pedro Nolasco*, and the Academy of Fine Arts his *St. Benedict in Ecstasy*, with its unforgettable girl-angel playing a mandoline. At Berlin is the *St. Bonaventura displaying the Crucifix*, signed and dated 1629—a rare act on the part of Zurbarán—and at Dresden the *Election of St. Bonaventura to the Pontificate*, both pictures being part of the loot that Soult carried out of Spain, and both painted with great power.

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Zurbarán was always happiest in his painting of single figures, and the National Gallery in London is fortunate in possessing three fine examples of his art, above all, the superb brown-robed Franciscan *Monk at Prayer*, not only one of the greatest of his works, but one of the supreme achievements of all Spain. In that one canvas alone, had he painted none other, Zurbarán reveals himself one of Spain's immortals.

In his large compositions Zurbarán at once came up against the difficulty that awaits the composer who essays to utter art with a great and full orchestration. He had come into the age of painting when it had developed the sonorous and profound music of vast chiaroscuro. The effect of painting was enormously increased thereby; and, as always follows, the difficulties were also increased. Zurbarán mastered it in superb fashion in his single figures. But the moment he had to compose in it, his hand reveals him to be in difficulties. It remained for Velazquez to solve it. In colour no Spaniard ever surpassed him, though his bent was towards its sombre values. His masterpiece amongst his larger works, the great triple altar-piece of the *Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas* (1628-30), is great in handling, great in portraiture, magnificent in the painting

of the draperies, superb in light and shade, remarkable in glow of colour, astounding in depth of atmosphere. It has the added interest of containing a portrait of Zurbarán standing behind the kneeling Emperor Charles. The Museum at Seville possesses three versions of the *Crucifixion* by Zurbarán, of great power, in which his haunting chiaroscuro yields forth resounding effect as of some great organ played in a vast cathedral. In the Museum is also a painting of the boy Christ, *El Niño Jesus*, that is very wonderful. Here is seen that quaint touch of realism that we shall notice further on in his religious pictures—beside the Child is a glass of flowers on a pedestal, all so simple, so naïve, yet so exquisitely done. Madrid possesses another *Child Christ*, perhaps better known.

It was in 1633, in his thirty-fifth year, that Zurbarán painted his supreme religious work, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*—a work of great force and astounding realism. The National Gallery in London has a canvas of the same subject, now given to Zurbarán, but long attributed to Velazquez.

It will have been realised by this that Zurbarán had all the Spaniard's great gifts of portraiture in abundance. In his paintings of women this gift of portraiture so dominates the religious intention that, were it not for a certain naïve seriousness, it would often become quaintly fantastic. It is true that these wonderful portraits of the society beauties of Seville in the early sixteen-hundreds carry the tag of some saint's name—they were painted for the churches, and a lamb or other symbol was set into the scene on occasion to bear out the tag. A series of such hang in the Hospital de la Sangre at Seville. But they are portraits of beautiful women, powerfully painted, life-like, arrayed in the elaborate dresses of their day, and Zurbarán rarely

forgets to paint the rouge upon their painted cheeks. Zurbarán had not the imagination to see the humour of saints thus decked out and bedizened; and, indeed, when the Last Trump does sound, perhaps they will stand amongst the chosen, whilst many a prim and smug young woman, in ugly gown, is charged with vile and hideous lack of charity.

WHEREIN SPAIN INCREASES HER SPLENDOUR

Leighton dubbed Zurbarán "All Spain"—and he was nothing less. His art is pure Spain from end to end of it. The Spaniard's contempt of Beauty as the end and aim of art; his grip of reality; his sense of the dramatic, of the tragic, of character; his melancholy and his gloom; his forthright and unconquerable will—in all a very Spaniard was Francisco de Zurbarán. And it is one of the good gifts of Fortune that the works of his hand are in abundance. Throughout his great and simple wayfaring he remained steadfast and loyal to the truth that was in him—from the day that he first essayed to utter himself in the wilds of Estremadura amongst the peasants, his kin, to the day he stepped into the Spanish Court and walked with the king, arrayed in costly fabrics in the extreme and stiff fashion of his picturesque day, when the moody and unsmiling Philip stood by him and greeted him as "Painter of the King and King of Painters."

In Seville he wrought his art, except for the little while that he retired to his own people, only to be recalled from the village of his childhood by a deputation of the chief citizens of Seville to the scene of his triumphs, if gossip speak true.

But he was to leave Seville at last, never to return. The king, Philip IV, had long prized the works of his genius. At thirty-five, in 1633, Zurbarán signs a canvas as "Pintor del Rey"; in 1650 the king called him to

Madrid, urged to it by Velazquez; and in this, his fifty-second year, Zurbarán went.

For the king he painted ten canvases of the *History of Hercules* for the Saloncete of the Buen Retiro, now at the Prado; therein the king set Zurbarán a subject not attune to his genius. But he came to high honour in Madrid, where Velazquez was at the height of his power, and he knew the friendship of Velazquez during the last ten years of that painter's greatness. Zurbarán died at Madrid a year or two after Velazquez was taken—passing away, in 1661 or 1662, in his sixty-third or sixty-fourth year. Of the date of his death, and of his life at the Court, little is known. But he has left us a portrait of himself—dark, finely chiselled of feature, keen, searching of eye, dignified, impressive—a dramatic personality, vigorous and alert, a very Spaniard, dressed in the extreme of fashion, an actor ready for any part, playing with equal skill the peasant or the courtier, and a man not to be lightly passed by, whatever part he played.

LLANOS Y VALDÉS

16 ? – 1668

Sebastian de Llanos y Valdés, who was born early in the sixteen-hundreds, was a fine realistic painter of Seville, whose works are all too rare. Cleaving to the realism and revelation of Herrera the Elder, in whose studio he was trained, and whose violences he bore longer than any other pupil, Llanos y Valdés created a strong dramatic style akin to that of Zurbarán. It was Llanos y Valdés who fell foul of the violent Cano, and fought a duel with him, out of which the troubles of Cano began. Llanos y Valdés must not be confused with Valdés Leal. There is a fine subject for study and research in the art of this truly great painter.

CHAPTER XVI

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

In the year 1598, the year before Velazquez was born, ten years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada by the English, the year after the destruction of the Second Armada, Philip II, lord of the greatest heritage in the world of his day, lay dying in his monk's cell in that huge building of the Escorial that he had built in the shape of a gridiron in gratitude to his patron-saint St. Laurence for the victory of St. Quentin. Into this great white building, with its forty altars, its close on a hundred fountains, and its three thousand feet of frescoes, that had been his joy to create—part palace, part monastery, part tomb for the dead of his royal house—where in his monkish moods this "proudest and cruellest of kings," and devoutest, had spent so many years of his half-crazy life—death stalked and breathed his chill message to the king's majesty. And he, in his bare cell wracked with pain, commanded them to carry him round his beloved palace that he might gaze upon it once again from end to end of it, was taken back to his cell, whence creeping to his stall through the door that opened thereon, he died as he worshipped, kneeling there, the crucifix of his father, the Emperor Charles V, clutched in his fingers.

VELAZQUEZ
1599 - 1660

Now enters the Spaniard who was to create the mighty achievement of his race—one of the supreme artists of all

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time. Born a year after Zurbarán, and destined to die a year before him, Velazquez came into an atmosphere that was a-throb with the realistic movement that had dawned as a complete revelation to Spain. He had not to create it —the work was partly done. He had not to waste an hour of his life in the harassing work of the forerunner. Velazquez did not create impressionism; he perfected it —he did not create realism; he perfected it—he did not create values of colour, that subtle and supreme gift of the painter as painter to see colour in its depth of atmosphere; he perfected it. He brought his consummate and mighty gifts to harmonise these into a splendid unity that gave his skill of hand, his mastery of draughtsmanship, and his exquisite judgment, just exactly that balanced and sane poetic power that makes him the painter's painter—for his one and supreme aim was the essential and profound essence of all art, to interpret life by creating the pure impression of things felt through the sense of vision. "I would rather be the first of vulgar painters than the second of refined ones," said Velazquez; his unerring judgment kept his eyes to the interpretation of the ordinary life of his own people, rather than the aping of the academic ideals of other races and other times. He never flinched from that aim of creating his own original and personal impression of life —the friendship of Rubens, the contact with the greatest achievement of the dead in Italy, never turned him a hairsbreadth from his own Spanish perceptions. Velazquez came to his schooling in Seville at a time that the realists of Spain were wholly flinging aside all academic ideals, casting them into the gutter, and going direct to Nature as the Tenebrosi taught them and as their instincts led them. One hour of Herrera revealed more to Velazquez than a lifetime in Italy or amongst the Italianised Spaniards

would have done—and he knew a splendid stormy year of Herrera. Assailed by the eternal dogma that Raphael was the greatest of painters, the tongue of Velazquez states the truth as fearlessly as his brush: "To be frank, I do not like Raphael at all." Velazquez knew that the Venetian genius carried the realm and gamut of painting far beyond the art of the Florentines. He promises the king: "I will bring you back paintings by Titian, Paolo Veronese, Bassano, Raphael, Parmigianino, and the like." We know his opinion of Raphael—clearly Raphael and Parmigianino were the king's desire; but mark Velazquez's own desire, Titian, Veronese, and—Bassano! At thirty he met Ribera, and greatly admired his work. We know his hot admiration of Tintoretto—and it was the strong chiaroscuro of Tintoretto that started aflame the genius in the Tenebrosi through Caravaggio. The Venetians, from Giorgione, had thrust forward the realm of painting; the Tenebrosi further developed its sonorous deeps—the Spaniards and the Dutchmen perfected that development—and Velazquez and Rembrandt set the crown on their achievement.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

'Tis well to remember the painters of his choice when we consider the art of Velazquez—they were Caravaggio, El Greco, Tristan, Ribera, Coello, Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, Correggio, and Veronese. He must have seen, on going to the Spanish Court, the *Mary Tudor* by Antonio Moro; and his art confesses to it; but what a gulf was to divide the achievement of the two men!

I

What time this fantastic world of humanity labels the air it breathed and the earth it stood upon, the altars at which it worshipped, and the cut of the clothes it wore, as being sixteen hundred years of age, the city of Seville in Spain

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was the greatest city of the South, at the topmost height of her greatness and her prosperity—"the capital of all the merchants of the world." Seville was the home of culture in Spain; her citizens could so far pull the beard of the Inquisition as to call her the "city of pleasure," and speak of her Alcazar as the School of Love. Upon her busy wharves was unladen the whole wealth of the Western Indies—to her harbourage sailed proudly Spain's majestic galleons—here were the gates to the New World over seas. But, of a sultry fifth day in the June of 1599, of all the vast wealth that was being poured into her streets, not one realised that nothing of it all was to be so enriching to her greatness and her fame, so winged with immortality, as that which she was herself bringing forth, so little witting of her splendour, in a small child who, without ringing of church bells or public proclamation, was being born to be her supreme and enduring source of greatness through his mother's name of Velazquez. So runs the Spanish tag: "Whom God loves, He gives a home in Seville."

The little Portuguese babe, whom they christened DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA Y VELAZQUEZ, as the Spanish habit often was, giving him the father's and mother's name, was the son of a lawyer of Portuguese stock, one Juan de Silva, practising his calling in Seville, and of his wife, Geronima Velazquez, who came of an ancient and noble house of Seville; it was by his Spanish mother's name of Velazquez that the new-born babe was, in the years to come, to reach to fame, The little fellow was born a few months after a child, Anthony Van Dyck, first saw the light in the Spanish Netherlands near the Rhine. His grandfather, Diego Rodriguez de Silva, after whom the child was named, had come to Seville from Oporto where the family had had their home.

OF PAINTING

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

Fortune smiled upon Velazquez from his birth. He was not to know the carking care of breadwinning and the boiling of the artist's pot. His father, a cultured man, was free from the genteel snobbery of his day, and seeing the clever child, whom he had sent to the University, as dry old Pacheco has it in his Spanish bull, "to be nourished on the milk of the fear of the Lord," was not taking kindly to that somewhat grey fare, and that his whole bent was towards art, he apprenticed the lad of thirteen to Francisco Herrera in 1612. The dandified boy went to a great artist, but the devil of a man, who had the passionate belief in natural utterance for the Spanish artist, but had a way with him of thrashing it into the head and shoulders of his pupils with a stick. Herrera was thirty-six when the boy entered his studio to learn the mysteries, and his quarrelsome readiness to leap into frays, and his vile and ungovernable temper, must have been a sad trial to the sensitive, generous, and amiable lad who came from a refined home to his short year of 'prenticeship. But the violent Herrera had discovered impressionism for himself—was using long brushes and painting the mood of the thing seen, in the light and in the shadows that light throws, detesting all classic ideals and Italian flunkeydom, hating all Italian ways, content just to create the impression of the thing as he saw it —and that forthright example of Herrera, and his downright teaching, bit into the little fellow's brain and never left it. The lad watched Herrera painting his religious pictures in realistic fashion, his low life, his still life—and his art dawned therewith into the boy's intelligence even as he mixed the colours and prepared the canvases for his tyrant. But the lad could brook the violence of the man no longer than a year.

His fourteenth year saw young Velazquez pass into the

studio of the academic Francisco Pacheco, Herrera's old studio-mate, a cultured and well-bred man; and the peace as of a girl's school must have come upon him. With the pedantic Pacheco he served five years, his youth until he was nineteen, dryly turning a deaf ear to the Italian laws, but working out his own career, in which at least Pacheco could help him as to drawing. Velazquez was showing such astounding powers by his nineteenth year that Pacheco, approving his birth and dogged industry as well as his marked gifts of artistry, selected the youth as husband for his only daughter Juana de Miranda, and on the 23rd of the April of 1618 the young couple were married. Velazquez won more than an amiable wife, she brought into his life the wide and influential interest of Pacheco, and his loyal support to all he did or attempted. Velazquez painted her in the famous *Doña Juana Pacheco, Wife of Velazquez*, sometimes called *The Sybil*, now at the Prado.

How astounding was not only the youth's promise but his achievement may be seen in those so-called "Kitchen-pieces," studies from low life, wrought by him before manhood—one of which, *The Water-Carrier of Seville*, painted by the youth Velazquez about the time of his marriage, he himself so favoured that he took it with him in 1622 as proof of his skill when, under Pacheco's social influence and admiration, Velazquez at twenty-three made his first journey to Madrid, with a considerable reputation in his own town, and accompanied by the faithful Pacheco, but failed to get an audience of the young king, who had, the year before, in 1621, come to the throne, a youth of sixteen, as Philip IV (1605-1665). There must be scattered over Spain, probably in and about Seville, a large number of paintings from still life by Velazquez wrought in these years, for he was famous for them—beasts, birds, fishes,

fish-markets, taverns, landscapes, and figures of men and women, meats, drinks, fruits, furniture, household goods of those in humble life, "with so much power and such colour that they seemed like Nature itself." During his tutelage under Pacheco he painted also in his twentieth year the *Adoration of the Magi*, 1619, now at the Prado, his *Christ in the House of Martha*, at the National Gallery, the *Old Woman with an Omelet*, of which Sir Francis Cook is the happy possessor, followed by the famed *Water-Seller*, at Apsley House, of which last there are said to be two replicas by the artist.

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Philip III. had died on the last day of the March of 1621; the young King Philip IV. at once dismissed his father's minister, the Duke of Lerma, and made Count Olivarez, the son of the governor of the Alcazar at Seville, his favourite.

Olivarez had lived in Seville until 1615, Velazquez's sixteenth year, in a brilliant circle, a patron of art and letters. On his becoming the king's favourite, the literary and artistic circle, no doubt nudged to it by Pacheco, were talking much of Velazquez, and the astute Pacheco, relying on the interest of Olivarez, made his first bold move. The king had scarcely come into his own, then, when, in 1622, to Madrid the young Velazquez went, with the faithful Pacheco and some examples of his skill; but he failed to get an interview with the king. Baffled in gaining audience of the king, after several weary months of waiting, Velazquez and Pacheco got them back to Seville. About Velazquez, though still a young man, a family was growing up—when he set out for Madrid he was already the father of his two girls. Velazquez had not reached Olivarez or the king in his first assault on Court-favour, but he had returned to Seville leaving a powerful friend in the

king's palace, the Court-chaplain, Juan de Fonseca, one-time canon of Seville. A portrait by Velazquez had caused a stir—it was of the poet *Don Luis Góngora*, now at the Prado. Fonseca called the attention of Olivarez to it—Olivarez was interested, took to the idea of interesting the king, and sent a request to Velazquez to visit Madrid, with a gift of fifty ducats to cover the cost of his journey.

The spring of the following year, 1623, saw Velazquez and Pacheco blithely get to horse and again make their way to the capital. It looked for a while as though Velazquez were to be baulked of his interview a second time, for the Court was now in a state of hot intrigue and counter-intrigue over the arrival of Charles, Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Buckingham, concerning the Spanish wooing of the king's sister; and Velazquez and his father-in-law had to fret through another long wait. But Velazquez could not be idle. A portrait of *Fonseca*, painted during the weary wait, was shown by Olivarez to the king's brother, Don Fernando; the young prince had the canvas taken to the palace—the whole Court was soon talking of it—and the young king, delighted with the skill of the new painter, consented to sit for an equestrian portrait. This equestrian portrait was a triumphant success—the pity is that it has wholly vanished. But a bust of the young king in armour, painted during these sittings, on the 30th August 1623, is at the Prado. The full length of *Philip IV. in Black*, at the Prado, was wrought soon afterwards. The power of these works is simply a marvel. On the completion of the equestrian portrait of the king the Count-Duke Olivarez had an interview with the young painter, and raised his hopes high by his enthusiasm. It was shown to the people of Madrid in the Calle Mayor on the portal of the Church of San Felipe, amidst great interest.

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The position of Velazquez was now assured. The king appointed him to the Court, gave him apartments in the Calle de Concepción Jerónimo, and set aside a large studio in the palace itself for his use, with an entry from Philip's private apartments by means of one of the secret passages with which the palace was tunnelled. So, at twenty-four, Velazquez found himself Court-painter to the eighteen-year-old king.

And of this king and Court amongst whom Velazquez had come to live, and to create his mighty art, and to die!

Time has, in truth, its revenges. The king, who was too busy to see Velazquez, is remembered to-day chiefly by the paintings of him who has kept his foolish name and features immortal. Philip the Fourth came to the throne of his father without any of the gifts for lordship over a great people, but richly dowered with all the pretence to that end. His dignity was a hollow affair, compact of an almost insane belief in his greatness, which showed itself in a stiff aloofness that was soon to take the form of complete silence for weeks at a time—a pedantic stickling for the rigid etiquette and ceremonial of the Court—and so utter a lack of all sense of humour that he looked askance at any show of mirth as being derogatory to his exalted state. He is known to have laughed three times during his long years of kingship—unfortunately not one laugh in the three was at his own preposterous image in the mirror. Of real dignity he had no tittle. Even whilst he wore the crown and gilt baubles of sovereignty he was the most abject slave to the hollow formalities of as preposterous a Court as ever created itself outside of bedlam. His wife no man might touch on pain of death, even to save her life. Yet the man was of a nature kind and genial and affable, who his whole life long had to walk on preposterous stilts of

haughty reserve and petty dignity to keep up the fantastic farce of an origin divine. His fault lay not in his incapacity for kingship—most men have that defect—but in his insane belief in that heaven-sent capacity. At least it may be accounted to his foolish credit that the decay of Spain, the land torn with strife, the madness of the humiliating wars with the Netherlands and with France that brought his reign and his people into utter contempt, the loss of Portugal that plumbed the deep of that contempt, were not his doing so much as his lack of capacity to do. Like the young English prince who was his guest when Velazquez came into the king's life, the young king's worldly common-sense and kindliness were overshadowed from the beginning by the strange and mysterious fact that out of the whirl of things he should have been born to the sublime dignity of kingship, and, as might happen to most of us, he could only solve it by the fact of a divine intention. But in practice he flinched from the exercise of that divine initiative, and just as King Charles the First of England, as weak and pretentious and obstinate as he, was governed by strong-willed blunderers, so was this weak and pallid man of straw. From the day that he came to the throne he was the creature of his favourite, the conceited and aggressive blunderer Count Olivarez, whom he made Duke of San Lucar.

But, like Charles of England, Philip was a cultured soul, loving the arts and the drama and literature, and encouraging them, and not a little skilled in the practice of them. He was unlike Charles of England, whose life at least was clean, in that he was ever entangled in some petticoat—a loose habit which the egregious and crafty Olivarez not only encouraged but abetted and pandered to, even supplying the fair charmers, thereby holding the

affection of his deeply religious and superstitious master, and increasing his Majesty's natural sloth and indolence in affairs of state.

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Arraying himself in a cloak of conservatism that was already centuries moth-eaten, the young king, like all men who build their state on decayed and outworn foundations, looked to a strong man to shield him from the shock of progress. Now, to the Reactionary, the Violent Man ever appears as the Strong Man. Olivarez was that—as violent and as full-blooded of purpose as strong wine is of drunkenness that brims in the full beaker.

Don Gaspar Guzman, Count Olivarez, born in Rome in 1587, coming to Madrid after a dandified young life as the son of the Governor of Seville, was a man who looked like carrying imperial aims; and the seeming strength and abounding energy of the man of thirty-four and his self-confidence won the admiration of the pallid and sluggish young king, compact of indecision; the crafty pandering of the adventurer to the young fellow's vices completed his conquest—he put beautiful women in the young king's way with deeper purpose than to win his friendship, for, by estranging the youth from his young queen, he sapped the influence of Isabella of Bourbon, about the only capable brain for noble statecraft in all Spain, as this virtuous and queenly woman was to prove in abundance during the all too short while that she governed in her husband's absence whilst he commanded the army in the Catalonian campaign. Isabella of Bourbon (1602-1644), three years older than the king, proved herself the daughter of Henry IV. of France.

Philip the Fourth's forty-four years of sovereignty were to be one long pomposity of misrule, of commercial decline, for Spain, of imperial wreckage painted scarlet with futile

wars—a career built upon the narrow ruts and obstinate follies of those that had gone before him, from whom he learnt no lesson but to outfool their foolishness.

Olivarez early commanded the king's will; was created Duke of San Lucar; and proceeded to botch the affairs of state without losing the king's favour, even when Portugal flung off allegiance. His astounding energy and untiring industry, which would have pushed to majestic achievement a noble mind, became the worst instrument of an obstinate conceit and headstrong wrongfulness guided solely by the pettiest personal ambition. For the great affairs of state, which he set himself to control, he had no single qualification of statesmanship. He was the dupe of French Richelieu, whose cunning employed the braggart to his will. His very cruelty and knavery and unscrupulousness, his low cunning, and his hardness of brain, brought nothing but disaster to the State: he created civil war, he lost whole provinces, and it was due to his muddling that Portugal roughly shook off the sovereignty of Spain. He was the comic-opera Strong Man, the god of the music-hall; and it was in keeping with his comic-opera bull-eyed efforts at greatness that he should at last fall from power through a squabble with the king's nurse! Velazquez he befriended; and Velazquez did for him with courtier grace what best he could—painting him in that famous *Portrait of the Count-Duke Olivarez*, seated upon a prancing charger in the pomp and panoply of war, hidalgic, immense, with all his fierce moustaches and glittering armour on, pointing his conquering bâton over the subservient world—he who had the maddest ambition to play the conqueror, but never knew war, never heard a shot fired in battle, was no soldier, and conquered nothing, nor taught others to conquer.

Seizing power from behind the throne, encouraging the

sluggish habits and native indolence of the young king, Olivarez turned what moments of energy that flickered within the pallid-faced ruler towards hunting and his love of artistic and literary pursuits; and Philip, happier in his theatricals and bull-fights and artistic and literary tastes, poured forth his translations from the Italian, and acted in comedies and farces, all unwitting of the pitiful figure he was cutting in the eyes of the ages as, with pompous mien, he posed whilst his vast empire fell in ruins about him.

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To Velazquez, more than to any other, this moody man gave his friendship in the years to come, and in their pleasant companionship he unbent awhile from his stilted pose. From the first the king seems to have taken a fancy to the painter. On the 6th of the April of 1623, Velazquez, in his twenty-fourth year, was given lodgings at the Prado, and a monthly allowance of some twenty ducats. Four months later, the young king gave Velazquez his first sitting for the equestrian portrait which has since vanished. Fortunately the bust length of the young king, *Philip IV. in Armour* of the same time, reveals the superb artistry of the young Velazquez. It was the beginning of that long and close intimacy between the two men that was to last the remaining thirty-seven years of the artist's career, during which he was to be loaded with honours, ending in that courtier-office which was to cost him his life. The king soon took him into his strange friendship; gave him apartments in the palace closer at hand, visiting him daily; and in his converse with Velazquez alone he seems to have put off that flaccid mask of nonentity that he took to be dignity; unbent from his ridiculous silences; spoke freely in his presence, and set aside the pose of statuary and of haughty bearing within which he hid his empty, plagued, and bored soul from the world. And in

return, Velazquez wrought for the ages, in masterpiece after masterpiece, the passing of the bored king's personality from youth to old age—year by year—in a sequence of portraits that are amongst the immortal works of man's hands, and an astounding revelation of a strangely destined human soul.

But this was not as yet. When Velazquez entered the palace of the king, there had come to Madrid the young Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Buckingham, who controlled the will of James the First of England, as he was afterwards to control—indeed, already controlled—that of Charles, when he became king after him. The English king and his favourite were intriguing for the marriage of Charles with a Spanish princess, and were being secretly opposed and thwarted by all the cunning of Olivarez—the beginning of a bitter hatred between Olivarez and Buckingham. Velazquez painted the English prince, but the work is lost.

It was a strange meeting, this of the two princes in many ways so alike—in lordliness and ambition to be great, and wholly lacking the gifts so to be—neither fitted to be kings in act; both destined to bring ruin to their kingly house; both lovers of art and lavish patrons of artists; both with sumptuous and expensive tastes; both with a godlike estimate of the divine majesty of their office that came close to insanity.

To Velazquez at any rate the meeting brought nothing but honours; and from honour to honour, and wider and ever wider honours, he was to rise—as the world accounts honours.

To understand the life that Velazquez painted with unsurpassed skill, since he gave his art chiefly to portraiture,

'tis well to cast a glance at the personalities of the Court into which he stepped as the king's servant. The king, born in 1605, had two brothers: the *Infante Don Carlos* (1607-1632), of whom the Prado possesses a full-length portrait by Velazquez, as he stands, a glove depending from the fingers of his right hand, a genial man for a Spanish Hapsburg; and the *Infante Don Fernando of Austria*, born in 1609, the Ferdinand whose portrait by Velazquez also hangs in the Prado, as he stands in a field, dressed for hunting, a gun in his hands, and at his side a cinnamon-coloured hound—he became a cardinal, this one, the most capable of the three, most active in affairs, and in sport nearly as famous as the king who was the finest horseman in all Spain. In their hours of relaxation the three brothers were to be seen the nearest human as they went a-hunting; and Velazquez, fond of horse and dog and gun, would go with them; his reputed *Boar Hunt* at the National Gallery would seem to bear witness to this. He is said to have painted many scenes of hunting, and to have made sketches of trophies of the chase which have mostly vanished, or hang in galleries to-day under the names of others. This *Boar Hunt* displays weaknesses that make one suspect a pupil's hand.

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Of *Isabella de Bourbon*, the first wife of the young king, there is a portrait, and that but partly, 'tis said, by Velazquez—she detested to be painted—but her face, the white palfrey on which she rides, and the landscape were wrought therein by Velazquez.

Of Philip's three sisters—and Velazquez painted them all—the *Infanta Doña Anna of Austria*, the eldest, was queen to Louis XIII. of France and the love of Buckingham; the *Infanta Doña Maria*, who had been betrothed to the Prince of Wales in 1623, married Ferdinand of Hungary in

1629—her *portrait* is at the Prado, and a *full-length portrait as Queen of Hungary* is in the Royal Gallery at Berlin. She was a handsome creature; and the *Infanta Doña Margarita* —Margarita became a nun of the Barefooted Carmelites, and was to be painted later by Rubens when the Fleming came to stay at Philip's Court.

From the beginning, says gossip Pacheco (glowing with pride at the condescension), the king treated Velazquez in friendly fashion, coming to his studio almost every day by the secret passages, hung with pictures, which led from the king's apartments to every part of the Alcazar. But Velazquez soon felt the biting envy of the other Court-painters, Eugenio Caxesi, Carducci, Gonzales, and in later years Nardi. In 1627 Velazquez was granted an increase of salary, being allowed the daily livery of food due to a Barber of the Chamber, with whom he ranked, also that position at Court! This carried an added suit of clothes each year! His friendship with the king, however, roused the bitter jealousy of the Court-painters, and Carducci gave vent to much vulgar spleen, betraying his low sense of art by his abuse of portrait-painting as being "debasing." However, Velazquez challenged them to a competition for an historical painting of *The Expulsion of the Moors from Spain*, in which his triumph was complete, and in the doing he stepped into the foremost place in all Spanish art. The painting unfortunately perished in the great fire at the Prado in 1734; but we know Rubens's high estimate of it.

On the edge of Velazquez's thirtieth year, in the autumn of 1628, came Flemish Rubens on his second visit to the Spanish Court, bearing under the cloak of his visit as artist a diplomatic mission from the Infanta Isabel, Regent of the Netherlands and aunt of the king; and in

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the close friendship of the two artists which followed, the great Fleming (1577-1640) advised the young Spaniard towards the Italian tour on which he started in his thirtieth year. Rubens, Velazquez, and the king were for nine months constantly together. Rubens was greatly impressed by the art of Velazquez, and found him a delightful companion. Whilst in Spain, Rubens worked hard, painting portraits and copying all the pictures by Titian belonging to the king; and Velazquez constantly saw him thus at work. We know that Velazquez also climbed the Sierras with Rubens on the visit to the Escorial, and with him sketched views of the palace. The end of the visit of Rubens to Madrid, probably at the Fleming's urging upon the king, saw Velazquez start upon his first voyage to Italy, in the train of the great soldier and statesman, Spinola, the victor of Breda, who was setting forth to take up the governorship of Milan and the chief command over Italy. Leaving Barcelona on the 10th day of the August of 1629, Velazquez, on reaching Milan, parted from his chief, going to Venice in this his thirtieth year, to be received there by the Spanish Ambassador with honours befitting the Blood Royal. In Venice he found delight, as is recorded, in the art of Titian, Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto—above all preferring the virile art and powerful colour and light-and-shade of Tintoretto; and, of a certainty, though the historians are mute, the kindred art and aim of Bassano, as one reads between the lines of a letter writ by him to the king, his master. But we need no written history—his own art reveals his affinities and his likes and dislikes. Passing by Florence, which had few calls upon Velazquez, he went to Rome, copied for awhile at the Vatican, and spent a couple of months at the *Villa Medici*, as his two superb sketches show; but he was to paint little thereat, for

an ague drove him from the Villa. From Rome he went on to Naples to paint the king's sister—to Naples where the vigorous movement of the Tenebrosi beckoned him, and the Spanish interests were now chiefly centred—and at Naples he met and greatly liked his fellow-Spaniard, Ribera, and greatly admired his art. But his three years' wanderings were about at an end—in the spring of 1631, after an absence of eighteen months, recalled by the king, he was on his way back to Spain, bringing with him the portrait of the king's sister, *Mary of Hungary*, which he had painted whilst in Naples, together with two figure-subjects, the *Forge of Vulcan* and *Joseph's Coat*. He had now painted the last work of his first period—indeed, he already gives more than a hint of an enlarged vision. The *Forge of Vulcan* and *Joseph's Coat* show the few moments of Italian influence that ever affected him—show also a wider vision, even whilst they fall from mastery.

He has given evidence by his thirtieth year of powers that place him amongst the world's masters, though his art is not yet ripe. The astounding skill and musical utterance of the works even of his youth you may see in the "kitchen-pieces"—*The Water-Carrier* at Apsley House, the *Adoration of the Magi* at the Prado. In the works of his early manhood is a most rapid and marked increase of power—the *Bust of Philip IV. in Armour* at the Prado, painted in the year he went to Madrid, and the full-length of *Philip IV. in Black* thereat, the *Philip IV. when Young* at the National Gallery, and *The Topers* at the Prado, all display the marvellous gifts of the man before thirty, besides the portraits of the brothers and sisters of the king already surveyed.

Velazquez did a certain amount of work upon the large equestrian portraits of *Philip III.* and his queen, *Margaret*,

that had both been painted before he came to the Court of the king.

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Whilst in Rome, for the first time, and deeply interested in the movement initiated by Caravaggio, Velazquez painted his own fine *Portrait of Velazquez*, now at the Capitoline Museum, in which the handsome aristocratic face is as handsomely designed.

The Topers, painted under the eye of Rubens, shows Velazquez intent on realism, and creating it in a series of figures set side by side with a free employment of brushing and a grip of truth remarkable for so young a painter. He was to reach far greater heights in his artistry ; but his aim of realism never gave forth more powerful studies of life. He has not yet evolved that higher, complete, and unified impressionism of Realism that binds the whole into consummate unity; the eye wanders from masterpiece to masterpiece over the canvas, rather than takes it in as one complete whole. But each separate head is a masterpiece nevertheless. The grip on painting is a marvel.

II

With his return to Spain in 1631 began Velazquez's second period—the long twenty years of achievement from 1631 to 1651 up to his second journey to Italy.

This second period began very happily for Velazquez and for the king ; all was sunshine, in spite of the fact that the king lost his beloved brother Carlos the following year, 1632, and a few years afterwards his younger brother, the Cardinal Ferdinand, who had gone to Flanders to take up the uneasy government thereof, but not before the energetic younger brother had procured a considerable number of paintings for the king by Rubens and his pupils and other masters of the Low Countries. Olivarez had presented the

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king with the new palace of Buen Retiro, on the heights above the Prado, to take his mind from public affairs, and the king was eager to decorate it with masterpieces. Velazquez, a troop of Court-painters under him, was set to work upon the handsome business.

Velazquez had returned to Madrid to find himself supreme in Spanish art; he was acknowledged beyond all rivalry. He had fortunately not seen Italy until he was thoroughly set in his art; and his original vision, which had seen beyond the Italian endeavour of the Renaissance even in youth, was not greatly impressed by the Italian achievement when he saw it. He had reached far past it. The Venetians alone he found akin—the Tenebrosi at Naples were essentially Spanish and of his own endeavour. The one thing that affected him—and that only to widen his art—was the stately sense of decoration achieved by such art as that of Paolo Veronese, which was decorative without being pattern. Set to the decoration of Philip's new palace, with the glorification of the great historic acts of Spain as his motive, and with that consummate sense of *fitness* that distinguishes all he wrought, he designed with decorative intent for the walls of this palace his famed *Surrender of Breda* and a series of large equestrian portraits, that have brought immortality to the wizardry of his genius. At the Prado may be seen also *The Repulse of the English at Cadiz*, by Caxesi, one of those who assisted in this decoration; and, in the seeing, one realises the vast gulf that separated the art of Velazquez from that of his assistants. 'Twas well that Philip won the immortal skill of Velazquez to the painting of the triumph of Breda, for the "invincible lances of Spain" were about to suffer defeat after defeat on land, as the "invincible armada" of Spain had suffered at sea.

XIV

VELAZQUEZ

1599 - 1660

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"THE SURRENDER OF BREDA"

(Las Lanzas)

(PRADO)

Painted to glorify the surrender of Breda after the victory of Spinola over Justin de Nassau.



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In the October of that year of 1629 that Velazquez went to Italy, there had been born to the king and Isabella of Bourbon, a son, Baltazar Carlos—the same year that saw the birth of the illegitimate Don Juan of Austria. The little Baltazar Carlos, on whom all the hopes of the wayward king were thenceforth set, was in his second year when the great painter returned to Madrid, and Velazquez was to paint the manly child from his nursery days, with his dwarf in attendance, to the eve of his death in mid-youth, in his sixteenth year. These portraits of the Infante *Don Baltazar Carlos* nearly cover the whole of Velazquez's second period. Nine years afterwards, in 1638, was born to the king and Isabel a daughter, *Maria Teresa*, whom Velazquez was also to paint, and often.

During these bright years in the life of the king and of Velazquez, many eminent people came to the Spanish Court and were painted by Velazquez's brush—*Madame de Chevreuse* was one of them, in 1638; she it was who, first the bosom-friend of Anne of Austria, afterwards became her bitter enemy. The portrait of the *Duke of Modena*, at Modena, is of the much-loved friend of the king, though the king's friendship could not blind the astute Duke to the advantages of an alliance with France in face of the obvious fact of Spain's rapidly declining power. The *Cardinal Borgia*, at Frankfort, is of this period.

It was during these sixteen-thirties that Velazquez persuaded the king to call to Madrid several of his old artist friends—Alonso Cano, violent old Herrera, Zurbarán, whose art Velazquez always held in high esteem, the sculptor Montañéz, amongst others. Velazquez painted *The Sculptor Montañéz* in 1636, the canvas that now hangs in the Prado. He painted *Alonso Cano* before that violent artist murdered his wife in 1644; and the satirist *Quevedo* (at Apsley

House) before 1639, the year he was imprisoned. Velazquez also painted about this time the *Alonso de Espinar*, valet de chambre to Don Baltazar Carlos, now at the Prado.

The family of Velazquez was now springing up about him, for in 1634 his daughter *Francisca* married his brilliant pupil, Juan Bautista del Mazo. The Prado holds her portrait and that of the other daughter of Velazquez, *Ignatia*, though it is uncertain which is which—they are both painted in young girlhood.

In 1641, or 1642, there came as pupil to Velazquez in Madrid a young fellow from Seville who was to be known to fame as Murillo (1618-1682), and was after the death of Velazquez for long to usurp the supreme position of art in the Spanish achievement in the shallow judgment of the world.

But the happiest years of the king were not to last long. Disasters rained upon the Court. In 1643 the lances of Spain suffered terrible defeat at Rocroi from the French under the great Condé. The long career of mismanagement of Olivarez came to an end, and he fell from power in this year of Rocroi.

The fall of Olivarez in 1643 saw the Queen Isabella regain her influence over the king for one brief year. The king roused and went to Catalonia to command the army in person. Velazquez went with him, and at Fraga he painted the portrait of the king which is said to be the canvas at Dulwich—a painting that is challenged as being a copy of it—it is certainly not by the hand of Velazquez.

The Queen Isabella died in this year of 1644, and a couple of years thereafter, in 1646, Philip was dealt a blow that fell heavily upon him—his manly and promising son, Baltazar Carlos, caught a severe chill at Saragossa and died.

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Of the manly little first-born son of Philip IV, *Don Baltazar Carlos*, Velazquez painted many masterly portraits —Boston possesses his *Infant Baltazar Carlos*; the Wallace his child *Baltazar*; the six-year-old *Baltazar Carlos* in a landscape with gun and sleeping dog is at the Prado; Velazquez painted the fine little fellow playing the man again on his Andalusian pony; Vienna possesses his *Baltazar*, the boy at eleven; and of the famed *Riding-School*, of which he is said to have painted several replicas, though these are by Del Mazo. In the *Riding-School* the plucky little prince is seen upon a prancing pony. Boyhood, in the pose of boyhood playing the part of man, is ever brought out with consummate skill by Velazquez. In this famous portrait of the plucky little twelve-year-old prince, the minister Olivarez is seen standing in the middle distance, whilst, from a balcony of the palace, Philip the Fourth and his Queen, Isabella, and little daughter, Maria Teresa, look down upon the elaborate prancing in this picture painted just before the fall and disgrace of the Count-Duke, and his retirement into those two years which led to madness, and from madness to the grave.

It is pleasant to know that Velazquez had the courage to continue his friendship openly with the fallen man to whom he owed so much, when most of his noble henchmen had forsaken him; and a bright passage is written in the life of the king in the record that he showed to Velazquez no ill-will, spite, or resentment for that manliness.

We have seen that Velazquez, at the end of his first visit to Italy, painted *The Forge of Vulcan*, now at the Prado, in which his second manner is hinted at. On his return to Madrid the essentially decorative need of his work for the walls of the king's new palace at Buen Retiro, had drawn

Velazquez to employ a decorative arrangement to which his study of the Venetians led him. The *Surrender of Breda*, with its decorative employment of the famed lances, was the result; the *Crucifixion* at the Prado; the *Christ at the Pillar* (1639), at the National Gallery; the *Prince Ferdinand*, standing in a landscape with his dog and gun, now at the Prado; *Philip IV. as Sportsman*, in a landscape with dog and gun, at the Prado; the *Don Baltazar Carlos and Dogs*, the great equestrian pieces, the large *Philip IV.* on horseback, the *Don Baltazar Carlos* on horseback, and the *Olivarez* on horseback, all at the Prado; and the *Sculptor Montañéz* (sometimes called *Alonso Cano*) at the Prado. The *Admiral Pulido Pareja* at the National Gallery is by some held to have been painted by Velazquez, though more like the work of his son-in-law, Del Mazo, who has not received the credit that is due to his artistry, being overshadowed by the greater artist. The *Admiral*, if by Velazquez, is of about the period of the *Surrender of Breda*, to which it is closest akin. But it was also to this period that the art of Mazo was nearest allied. And it must be remembered always that Mazo was working under Velazquez all these years, and would naturally reflect each development in the art of his master. There are passages in its style closer akin to the art of Mazo than to that of Velazquez. It is an open question. The canvas is a great work. Velazquez painted several *Landscapes* during these years.

The art of Velazquez during this second manner shows a marked interest in the pictorial aim of painting, and a decorative intention. In the *Surrender of Breda* he challenges the masters of the Venetian achievement on their own ground, and reveals himself the peer of the greatest of them all. It has the added interest of containing his finest portrait of himself, painted with unforget-

able power. The repeat of the lances gives to the whole the rhythm of music. He was to go far further than this. But in the dexterity of its touch, in its glow of colour, he wrought a marvellous thing. The realism, the fine dramatic touch of generous dignity and pity for the fallen foe as Spinola goes forward to meet Justin and lays his hand upon his shoulder to mitigate the humiliation of the surrender of the keys of the city, prove the pure Spaniard in Velazquez. How unutterably greater than that large decorative series that Rubens wrought for Marie de Medici, now in the Louvre.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

To this second phase probably belong the *Lady in a Mantilla with a Fan* at the Wallace, the *Lady with a Mantilla* at Devonshire House, and the *Lady* at Berlin. *The Lady in a Mantilla with a Fan* at the Wallace is said to be Francisca Velazquez whom the painter married to his favourite pupil, Juan Bautista del Mazo, in her fifteenth year.

The king was anxious to secure a large number of paintings by the great Venetians, and decided to send Velazquez to Italy to secure them.

On the 2nd day of the January of 1649, Velazquez took ship at Malaga for Italy, landed at Genoa, and, pushing rapidly through Milan, where he only stayed his journeying to look again at Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*, he made straight for Venice. At Venice, unfortunately, Velazquez found much difficulty in purchasing the pictures he would like to have brought back to the king; but he was delighted to secure a finished sketch by Tintoretto.

From Venice Velazquez went to Naples, where ne eagerly sought his friend Ribera, only to find him a broken man, in brooding melancholy over the elopement of his beautiful daughter with Don Juan of Austria, that worthy

having seduced the beautiful girl when he was sent to Naples to put down the revolt of Masaniello that had created such enthusiasm amongst the artists there.

At Rome Velazquez was received with great ceremony, meeting many of the artists of the day—Salvator Rosa, Nicolas Poussin, Bernini, Algardi, and others. He was asked to paint the Pope in his robes, and he determined to paint him to the full pitch of his powers. Deciding to practise first on his studio-assistant, the Moor, *Juan de Pareja*, who had been his slave and had become his pupil and factotum—the painting of the Moor brought about the election of Velazquez to the Academy of St. Luke—he painted *Pope Innocent X*, one of his greatest portraits of his middle period—indeed, both his portrait of Innocent x. and of Juan de Pareja may be said to belong to the beginning of his third and supreme manner. This portrait of *Innocent X.* is one of the masterpieces of the ages. The head, full of character, holds an interesting ugliness that Velazquez brought out with rare power, brushed in as it is with a skill of handling that has been the envy of some of the greatest men of genius that came after Velazquez. The treatment of the ruddy features against a red background is masterly in conception. The Pope was delighted, and sent a gold medal and chain to decorate the painter together with his fee; but Velazquez had none of the Spaniard's fear of Pontiffs—"My master, the King of Spain," said he, "always pays me with his own hand," and refused the gift until the Pope set it about his neck and paid him in person.

The portrait of the Pope created a fierce demand for the work of Velazquez—and he is said to have painted amongst a few others the immortal canvas of *Alessandro del Borro* about this time; but Del Borro came later into

Spain in the king's service, and the date is not easily assigned.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

This superb portrait of *Del Borro* is challenged as not being by Velazquez; and without seeing the original it is difficult to judge. But if not by Velazquez, it is by as great an artist—and it is a sorry tribute to scientific criticism that the painter of it remains to-day quite unknown.

The second journey of Velazquez to Italy covered two years. His picture-collecting for Philip was brought to an end in the summer of 1651 by the call of the king, who missed the companionship of his friend, which had become necessary to the brooding man. He called Velazquez home to paint his new queen *Mariana of Austria.*

III

From the summer of 1651, that saw Velazquez back in Madrid, the king, who received him with great affection, thenceforth showered honours upon him. Velazquez was now to create the supreme masterpieces of his life, indeed, some of the masterpieces of all time. Unfortunately the poor blundering king, with the best intention in the world, conferred upon Velazquez, in this his fifty-second year, the high office of Aposentador Mayor, or Aposentador del Rey, which would appear to be a Marshal to the Royal Court, that compelled upon him the arrangement of the royal progresses and journeyings, of the Court festivities, and of the fatuous tournaments and the like, thereby taking him much from the exercise of his great art and adding to his fatigue—an office that, as we shall see, was to bear him down and kill him at the very height of his powers. Velazquez now sat amongst the great Secretaries of State, and no more with the Barbers. But whether removing

the table-cloth at the table of the king, or arranging the pageants of his elaborate progresses throughout the land, one grudges every hour the painter lost in the creation of that art of which Velazquez was the lord.

In the year of 1649, in which Velazquez went to Italy, Philip had taken to himself a second wife in the person of his own niece, a girl of fourteen, Mariana of Austria, who had been betrothed to Baltasar Carlos. Velazquez came back to a Court lively with festivities, and the work fell heavily upon him in his new office. The foolish face, fantastic head-dress, and great black skirts, heavily braided, of this girl-queen Velazquez painted again and again. The Prado holds three portraits. One is the *Queen at Prayer*, to hang pendant to the *King at Prayer*. Paris, New York, and Vienna each possess his portraits of her. To Mariana at sixteen was born, in 1651, the little Princess Margaret, the *Infanta Margarita Maria*, who was to inspire several of Velazquez's immortal canvases and take the centre of the stage in his superb *Las Meniñas* (the Maids in Waiting). She was afterwards to become Empress. In 1657 was born the sickly little *Infante Philip Prosper*, who died in his third year in 1660; in 1658 the Infante Ferdinand Thomas, who died an infant in 1660, the same year as the little Philip Prosper, and of the death of Velazquez himself; and in 1661, the year after the death of his two elder brothers, the Infante Carlos II, who was destined to succeed Philip IV. on the throne, to drag the splendour of Spain to further degradation, and die on the edge of his fortieth year, in 1700, and end his royal line.

Of the king's two children, Baltazar Carlos and Maria Teresa, by his first marriage, Baltazar Carlos was dead; and in 1659 Cardinal Mazarin, who guided the destinies of France, arranged a marriage between Maria Teresa and

XVI

VELAZQUEZ

1599 – 1660

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"THE INFANT PHILIP PROSPER"

(Imperial Gallery, Vienna)

An excellent picture of infant boyhood is this of the Prince Philip Prosper at two years of age, wherein we see the little Prince standing by a chair—dressed in his elaborate baby petticoats, heavily braided, and with his apron on, bells depending from the waist of his ridiculous gown. Here in a chair we see the small dog, a favourite with Velazquez, painted with a truth rare in the work of the old masters.



his young king Louis the Fourteenth, who was about to burst upon Europe as King Sun, Louis the Great. In the great rejoicings that took place at the tidings, Death stalked into the royal palace, marked the two little sons of the king for the grave, and, though none realised it, set his chill hand upon the shoulder of the king's friend, the mighty genius, Velazquez.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

The marriage took place amidst great splendour on the 7th day of the June of 1660, on the Isle of Pheasants, in the river between France and Spain, the two Courts meeting there. The weight of designing and arranging and carrying out the pageantry fell upon the shoulders of Velazquez; and the tedious journey in state of the king and Court, with their cavalcade six leagues long, with all their complicated train, the elaborate and endless and imposing ceremonies, bore down the fragile body of the overburdened Court-Marshal. Velazquez lived to reach Madrid, but, after lingering a few weeks, his life flickered out and left his handsome body on the 6th of August 1660, to the bitter grief of the broken and afflicted king. With Velazquez departed the splendour of all Spain. Velazquez died in his sixty-first year, and was buried with pomp and circumstance befitting a king. Within a week the wife of Velazquez followed him to the grave.

The bitter enmity of the petty lordlings who had despised Velazquez because he earned his livelihood by the work of his hands, was not quenched by his death. The contents of his studio were seized to pay for some trumped-up demand that his allowance should be repaid to the State. Philip expressed his dissent, but took no steps to prevent the sacrilege.

Five years after Velazquez died the king.

Velazquez died in the year that saw our own Merry

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

Monarch, Charles II, come to the throne of England. Philip IV. was to outlive his beloved painter but five years, and Charles II. of Spain came to the throne of his forefathers. Together the two Second Charleses proceeded to play havoc with their great inheritances, and to bring their peoples into the world's contempt.

The art of Velazquez during the sixteen-fifties, roughly the last ten years of his life, rose to astounding achievement. Had he died on his second return from Italy, he would have been one of the greatest painters in all time; but this his last decade of life saw him add a vaster realm to his art and a more majestic utterance to his skill of artistry. He not only out-distanced all former achievement —he out-distanced himself.

From the first, Velazquez had striven with the confidence of genius to utter life as his own keen eyes saw it. His first visit to Italy brought something of a decorative endeavour to his forthright genius, but a decorative aim under subservience to none other. From his second visit he came back to Madrid with his realism disciplined to the aim of the Tenebrosi, wherein he centres and focusses his art, welds together into a whole its marvellous skill of realism, sheds mere decorative intention, and *essays to create the general Impression as a whole.* He has become an Impressionist.

At first he had only seen Realism as the downright and true painting of the thing before him, but he painted each separate head and form on its separate truth. In his second stage he combined them into a decorative scheme, but still uttered each part of the thing seen as a thing apart. In his third and supreme utterance he was to give forth the impression as a whole, as it appears in the eye at

the first stroke, the subordinate elements falling back into their subordinate part of that impression.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

Let us be clear upon this label of IMPRESSIONISM that is tied nowadays to every basket by every blunderer, since the printed word has too much bewildered thought upon it. All art, then, whether painting music literature or the rest, begins by seeking its craftsmanship, through the Classic realm such as line creates by its chaste severities of form, holding the masses subject to it in a rhythmic cadence; as it increases in power and range it states itself by general impressionism—in painting by setting the masses in harmonious relation through their depth in the atmosphere that holds them, value on value, light against dark, wholly dependent on the volume of their orchestration, making line at most subject to such massing until the impression looms out as a consistent whole. Every man, the moment he essays to create art, begins by seeking the earlier methods of communion with his fellows. Impressionism is always, of necessity, a more profound and more highly developed form of art than Classicism, and later in the evolution of all the arts.

Let me try and put it very simply—if one can explain so complex and subtle a thing with simplicity. We will confine our survey to the art of painting, to increase that simplicity. First of all, when we begin to draw or paint, we use line; then we try to get modelling, so as to make figures appear in the round by means of light and shade. So far we use colour on this light and shade, modelling in an arbitrary way to suggest the colour of the whole. As our sensitiveness to the impression increases, we are dissatisfied with the colours in their varying distances being suggested by this untrue use of blackness to represent

distance, and we try to paint colours true in their depth of atmosphere, or "tones" as we call it, directly. Then we see even the shadows to be as much colour as the lighter parts. At that moment we have discovered "values." The word "values" is greatly misunderstood by almost every writer upon art. One well-known critic, who ought to have known better, calls it *chiaroscuro*, and has led many other writers astray thereby, for he is often quoted by them. It has nothing to do with chiaroscuro. Chiaroscuro is what we call in the studios the "black and white" of a picture —the relation of light to shadow; if we only avoided the pedantry of foreign words, we should know that it actually *means* "light and shade." But "values" have nothing to do with light and shade; values are the relations of *colour* as it is affected by its depth in the atmosphere that lies between that colour and our eyes. For instance, if, in a fully lighted room, or in a garden in the sunlight, you put a white handkerchief against a white door of exactly the same whiteness, the values are the same; but if you walk back a dozen paces, in the same light, and hold up the handkerchief, you will find that the whiteness of the door beyond the handkerchief has become so different in *value* that it may appear quite lilac, or grey, or other tone. If you walk still farther back, the difference will be still more marked. Both door and handkerchief are still the same white; but they are not the same value of white. You have at once discovered values. *Value is the relation of colours as changed by the depth of the aërial perspective of the atmosphere in which they are bathed.*

Now it will be seen that Impressionism demands the study of one factor more than all else, Light. It is the play of light that creates colour. The highly lit part of a black coat may be almost a blue—its darkest part pitch

black—its reflections almost orange; yet it is everywhere the one black coat if laid flat.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

Now to paint a general *impression* of a thing compels mastery in the painting of values.

The classic art, being subject to law and rules of thumb, is ever beloved of academies; and the merely literary man ever leaps to judge painting by these. Impressionism is ever the weapon of the rebel.

You shall see in no work of their day more markedly than in the art of Velazquez and Hals and Rembrandt, how, the moment that painting passes from classicism to impressionism, it at once reaches out to a vastness that aforetime was undreamed of.

Velazquez had begun by seeing the reality of each detail as his eye took in that detail separately; he ended by focussing the main motive and setting all subordinate detail in its blurred relation to the focussed centre of the eye's sensation on beholding the whole. Velazquez, in simple terms, made realism *complete*—he stated reality as it appears as a whole, not in detail, which does not appear until the eye leaves the whole and searches out its parts, thereby at once breaking the Impression into a series of impressions.

The detailed Realism, such as that of Pre-Raphaelites, is untrue. We do not see a daisy in the grass, or the blades of the grass, in their details until we turn our sense of seeing from the whole to the parts.

It has become a truism of every school to cry that Nature is the only mistress of the artist. In that phrase is a half-truth rather than a truth. 'Tis true, the creative artist must take Life, or Nature, as the basework of his design; but the painter may paint a perfectly true transcript of a scene or subject, and yet not create art thereby. The whole essential of Art is to create the *impression* of

Life, or, if you will, of Nature, upon his senses. It is in the doing of this that he creates that poetic utterance which is called art.

The very way that Velazquez arranged his pictures reveals his aim of impression. He never, as did the Italians, sketched out the scheme of his design in drawings or cartoons and enlarged them to a set canvas.

The painting of Impression demands a quality in which the Renaissance Italians were not greatly gifted, unless a few Venetians be excepted. Impressionism demands a sense of proportion—a sense of balance that is outside all law of rule and plummet. In his immortal *Las Meniñas*, Velazquez seems first to have painted the little princess on a canvas that holds her alone, but he was dissatisfied with the impression; he felt the depth and largeness of the room and the group about her; he added canvas after canvas until he realised the child in her full relationship to that room; and not until he had wrought her into that complete impression was he satisfied.

But, after all 's said, though form and mass play their great part in the art of painting, it is in colour—in the play of light and its resulting darkness upon colour, in the values of colour bathed in their deeps of atmosphere, in the music that colour utters, that the painter's chief significance lies; and in Impressionism the utterance of the colour faculty is all-significant. Velazquez had that faculty in amazing degree. It is true that he had not the Venetian richness that rouses the blithe sense of youth and creates lyric emotions; he had a noble, a tragic sense that arouses the emotion of dignity.

Above all, Velazquez realised that the style of a work of art must fit the idea or mood desired; he never made the mistake of painting everything in the same key or in

the same manner; he changed his very touch as a singer changes the voice to the utterance of differing passions and emotions, as a musician changes the cadence and the colour of his symphonies and orchestration.

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As criticism has this dribble about Beauty, so it utters cant about "literature in art," evidently ignorant of the fact that literature *is* art, and its highest form, as it is its most difficult form, of utterance. What laws apply to the one art apply to the other. To make "subject" the standard of literature is to make it the standard of art. In a way subject is of vital importance. But it is not the thin story or the anecdote or morality or religion or lack of these things that make subject or art. Art is poetry; art is the communion of our *sensations* to our fellows. Art is nothing else. A high religious "subject" will not make a work of art—the lack of it will still less make a work of art. The didactic aim does not make a work of art, nor the lack of didactic aim. Nearly all Florentine art is didactic, and none the less didactic because it is literary, and none the less literary because it illustrates the Bible. But some of its rankest and worst endeavour was religious and literary and didactic—as some of its greatest achievement was religious and literary and didactic.

It is a constant falsity to say that the cultured mind whilst it easily senses the art of literature often fails to sense the art of painting. An intellectual person may or may not receive the sensation of art in literature, just as surely as he may or may not receive the sensation of art in painting.

It was in these last ten years of his life that the art of Velazquez burst into pure song; in the chief work that he wrought therein is purest poetry. He sets aside all else that he may yield forth the music that is in him.

In the superb portrait of the *Pope Innocent X.* at Rome

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

he had found the way, and he advanced with ever-increasing certainty towards the *Queen Mariana* at the Prado—the wonderful *Las Meniñas* (Prado)—the half-ruined *Las Hilanderas* (or Tapestry Weavers)—the powerful atmospheric and consummate *Æsop* and *Menippus*—the so-called *Maria Teresa*, sometimes called the *Red Infanta*, that wonderful scheme in silver and grey and reds in which the little Margaret of *Las Meniñas* is seen with a rose in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, a few years later in life—the *Philip IV, Old*, all at the Prado—and the bust portrait of *Philip IV, Old*, at the National Gallery, which are the wonder of painting.

In this his last and great decade he is said to have painted that series of loathsome *Dwarfs* and *Imbeciles* which the morbid taste of the king gathered about the Court—and with what skill he painted their repulsive bodies and brought out the hideous character of these half-witted abortions! It is astonishing to find bookish men so lacking in the sense of the significance of art, so blind to the great qualities of Velazquez, praising such work as being Beautiful—damning Velazquez with their unseemly praise. Velazquez was concerned with Life, not with Beauty. In founding his great career on Life he rose above all search for Beauty or lack of Beauty; he reached to a dignity that was as sublime as it was simple, and he won to an art that keeps his name on the roll of the supreme genius of mankind. Several of these dwarfs carry the style of the middle manner of Velazquez, and I feel certain were painted in that period. Sir Walter Armstrong puts them all into the end of that second period, on the "scientific" criticism that from 1644 to 1649 the artist painted no royal portraits; this is somewhat shallow reasoning.

A wide gulf separates the actors, buffoons, and the like,

from the dwarfs and idiots; and the reason for the critics and writers grouping them together is difficult to discover. The actors and buffoons go with the great *Æsop* and *Menippus*. Of these, the *Comedian Pablillos de Valladolid* (or *Buffoon*, or *The Jester Pernia*, as he is also variously called), who is seen declaiming a part (hence perhaps his other name of the *Rhetor*), has kinship with the second manner of Velazquez; as also probably has the *Cristobel de Pernia, called "Babarroja,"* in the part of a Moorish Corsair, though this is usually given to the third period. *The Court Fool*, "*Don Juan of Austria*," also usually given to the third period, is painted in the manner of the second period.

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Of the Dwarfs and Idiots, the astounding *The Dwarf* "*El Niño de Vallecas*," in which the dribbling mouth and idiot empty will of the poor pathetic abortion of humanity are rendered with extraordinary power, certainly belongs to the full impressionistic decade of the later art of Velazquez. The *Dwarf called* "*Antonio el Inglese*," holding a great hound, is given to the third period, and holds so much of the impressionistic aim, that it probably belongs to this phase. The *Dwarf* "*El Primo*," seated with a large book, though probably of the end of the second period, displays the tendency towards the third impressionistic period, and is a great work, in which stunted growth is the only repulsive hint. On *El Bobo de Coria*, the idiot, Velazquez of a certainty spent some of the precious greatness of his impressionist decade, though it, too, is generally given to the second phase—but of its date there can be no slightest question.

To his second manner belongs the bearded *Dwarf, Sebastian de Morra*, perhaps the poorest in achievement of them all.

It is not difficult to understand that a king who was

compelled by his position to preside at the execution of martyrs and heretics, should find the companionship of idiots and dwarfs fitting to his fantastic sense of dignity. But it is almost incredible that, in these appallingly powerful presentments of distorted abortions of the human, in which the lamp of intelligence has gone out, or been denied, or flickers fitfully in a hideous and pitifully repulsive body, writers should find "subtle fascination" and "charm"—should see in these realistic presentments of Velazquez's compelling art "restraint"—discover in these poor, misbegotten souls a "pulsating life"—behold in them that to Velazquez "his subject was of little import"—that he gives "beauty" to all he painted—that "the misshapen humanity is forgotten"—that "his dwarfs and idiots are *beautiful* with *the rare beauty* of harmonious touch" (whatever this may mean!)—that "these deformities" are not reckoned when gazing on the canvas, and "are *lost* in the *searching power of the face*, in the *magnetism of the seeing eye*"! Of a truth, if all this be so, then Velazquez has indeed laboured in vain. It is exactly in the very power by which he has revealed their idiotcy and their lackings that these things are great art.

In *Las Meninas*—the *Maids of Honour*, or *Ladies in Waiting*, painted in 1655—Velazquez reaches to the heights of his art. Mark with what genius the very black and white of the design is painted, so that the eye takes in as at a stroke the whole desired impression! And as one gazes upon it, there comes into the senses the realisation of the wondrous employment of the colour-harmonies whereby the wizard hand has wrought this conquest over us. It all seems so simple. How skilled the massing to create the wondrous deeps of it all; how skilled the lighting

XVII

VELAZQUEZ

1599 - 1660

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"THE MAIDS OF HONOUR"

OR

"LAS MENIÑAS"

(PRADO)

The Infanta Margarita attended by her maids of honour. Velazquez is seen painting. Philip IV. and his second wife, Mariana of Austria, are reflected in the mirror.



to set the imperious child, little Margarita, into the front of the theatre of our vision! How the line and mass give lift to the whole impression and create the sense of dignity by that uplifting! Sullied as is the atmosphere of the thing by the compulsion into it of the loathsome stunted abortion of the dwarf, whom the vile taste of the king made the companion and plaything of his little child, how craftily Velazquez, even whilst this half-woman takes the foreground, sets the abortion aside by his skill of arrangement! Here we have art evolved to a realm of utterance of which the Renaissance knew nothing—as wide and as high and as deep beyond the Italians as the Italians were beyond the Byzantines. The imperious child, trussed and stiff in her fantastic hoops, being won to sit to the painter by the cajoling of the maids of honour, shows in an atmosphere of the stilted gravity and solemn etiquette of the Court as truly and eloquently as any phrasing in any art could utter it, all bathed in the mysterious light and held in the haunting shadows that give forth the sensation desired, like fullest orchestration of great music. I have seen it objected that all that is lacking is the "rhythmic swirl of Raphael's drawing"! The man that could compare Raphael's drawing, or painting, with that of Velazquez, does not know what drawing is. What resonance is in the deeps of that high room possessed with half-revealing shadows!

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For *Las Meniñas* Mr. Ralph Bankes possesses a fine sketch at Kingston Lacy.

With what marvellous orchestration of all the qualities of painting Velazquez wrought those two standing figures of *Æsop* and *Menippus*! the simple fellow who wove tales that children might understand, and the bitter, jibing fellow who flung sarcasms at the world he despised, and out

of which he got himself at last by taking his own life. How completely Velazquez here out-distances all previous Italian endeavour in their black and white, their atmospheric values, their tone values, their play of light and dark! How those two figures live! their feet firm planted on the ground. What a melody he wins from their greys! So truthful he was, so simple, that to the convention-ridden he loomed eccentric.

In *Las Hilanderas*—The Tapestry-Weavers, or The Spinners, as it is also called—painted later than *Las Meniñas*, Velazquez again rose to astounding art, in its play of light and shade, its wide range of colour, its lively and pulsing design, though the canvas is in a much perished state.

The *Coronation of the Virgin*, painted for the queen's private oratory, now at the Prado, though of this great decade and the end of it, shows Velazquez ill at ease in the conventional religious altar-piece—and frankly taking the Italian ideal for his model, even whilst his instinct makes him depart from it.

In the years from 1652 to 1659, Velazquez painted the so-called Classic Pieces—the musical and haunting *Mercury and Argus* and the superb *God Mars*.

As Velazquez had painted the child Baltazar Carlos from infancy to youth in his second phase, so he now lavished his supreme art upon the children of the second queen—most of all upon the quaint little Margarita Maria. The Louvre possesses the immortal harmony in silver-grey and black and rose of the fair-haired *Infanta Margarita*. In *Las Meniñas* the small Margarita Maria, a little older, holds the splendid stage; Munich possesses her in full length. A little older still, the girl-portrait of the so-called *Maria Teresa* is *Margarita* again, in one of the most exquisite,

XVIII

VELAZQUEZ

1599 – 1660

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN"

(National Gallery)

The King, in black, wears a *golilla* or stiff linen collar. Life-size. Painted in oil on canvas. 2 ft. 1 in. h. × 1 ft. 8½ in. w. (0·635 × 0·52).



gayest harmonies of silver and rose that even his master skill ever wrought.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

The king, he painted still—painted again and again, into old age. The National Gallery holds a wondrous head of the man, *Philip IV, Old*, a prey to disillusion, the lord of boredom, whom vice has ceased to intoxicate, and superstition has failed to energise; whilst the Prado possesses another *Philip IV, Old.* The Louvre, Vienna, and St. Petersburg all have a *Philip IV, Old*, which are likely enough copies by pupils.

Before we leave the art of Velazquez it were well to look upon a few other works. The *Dead Warrior*, which is challenged as not being by Velazquez, but which, if not by him, is by as good a man—and the Duke of Wellington's *Two Youths at a Meal*, an early work of student days. The full-length of *Philip IV.* at the National Gallery holds the most marked style of Velazquez, and is a great portrait.

Of the challenged works, the *Venus* at the National Gallery is one of the most baffling. Let us be clear at the start—it is a great painting, whomsoever it be by. But I do not feel in it even the certain accent of Spain. Then by whom? There is one thing that makes one hesitate to judge—makes one inclined to let judgment go by default. In it we find Impressionism. The eye is taken to the wondrously painted flesh of the hips, and is confused by no other focus. This is done with all the more skill since immediately above is a mirror in which the face of the Venus is seen reflected—but it is blurred with rare judgment so as not to interfere with the stroke to the eye of the Impression. The Cupid who holds the mirror, finely painted, is held subordinate to the exquisitely painted flesh of the woman. The back of the knee is astoundingly modelled, but with the restraint that prevents undue

emphasis to detail. Yet the painting of the curtain beyond is poorer than that of the flesh. If Del Mazo painted this masterpiece, then he reaches to flesh-painting akin in power to his master. But there is something alien, something baffling, that leaves one in doubt. Of one thing we may be assured—if they who hold it to be by Velazquez and approve it therefore a masterpiece, were convinced by the evidence of documents that it was not, they would immediately rate it as less than a masterpiece, and in that measure condemn it! Such is the value of criticism, when all 's said—whether by experts, or professors or other writers, or dealers or artists.

If the *Venus* at the National Gallery be by Velazquez, it was painted in this his great period—the atmosphere and the impressionism bear witness to that. Yet it is for this very reason that I, personally, question its creation by Velazquez. It lacks something of his qualities, not easy to define—at least, as difficult to describe as the voice of a friend. That Mazo might have painted it, under the glamour of his great master's art, were the more likely; yet, had Mazo painted it, he was greater than the world acclaims him, greater than any work of his that my eyes have dwelt upon. Whether by Velazquez or Mazo, it is a fine work of art, and worthy of good place. If to such as feel with me, the *Admiral* and the *Venus* lack something of the utterance of Velazquez, at least they hold high qualities that stand in close rivalry with those of Velazquez, so it matters little whose name shall be written upon them. On the other hand, men take line and plummet and measure by fantastic laws of science—to which the art of Velazquez, more than that of all other men, is wholly baffling. At the same time it is but fair to say that Palomino gives most elaborate details of the painting of the *Admiral* with "very

XIX

VELAZQUEZ

1599 – 1660

REALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"VENUS AND CUPID"

(National Gallery)

Painted in oil on canvas. 4 ft. ½ in. h. × 5 ft. 9 in. w. (1·231 × 1·753).

long brushes"—though the long brushes are not wholly convincing, nor the word of Palomino. The great portrait of the truculent *Del Borro* at Berlin is given by the "experts" to some Italian—no Italian could once in his life have painted this, one of the master portraits of all time, and stepped into oblivion. I have not seen the original, its colour is unknown to me; but had the creator of it painted it in black and white alone, then there has lived, unknown to fame, one who is the peer of Velazquez. The great sketch of *The Betrothal* at the National Gallery has been challenged as being by an Italian. If so, again, it is by a master worthy to stand beside Velazquez.

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

There is something strange in the fact that in two of his last paintings, the *Coronation of the Virgin* and the quaint *St. Anthony visiting St. Paul*, both at the Prado, Velazquez should in the altar-piece have fallen to Italianism, and in the other have painted the landscape and the two saints with a detailed quality that seems to go back to a primitivism even before the works of his youth. So difficult, then, is it to be wholly certain of works in any man's art.

In 1659 a Papal decree confirmed the act of Philip, when, on Velazquez putting the last stroke to *Las Meniñas*, the king took his brush from him, and saying that it only lacked one more touch, struck the red cross of the Knights of the Order of Santiago upon the breast of the painter's own portrait in that superb work of art. So, at last, this high honour was granted to the artist after numberless snobberies and evasions from the hide-bound dignitaries of the Court, who, even whilst they stooped the back to their king, boldly bearded him in his desire to honour Velazquez, assailing the pedigree of the greatest genius of his art in all Spain, because "he earned his livelihood by the use of his hands."

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

With Velazquez died one of the three giants of the sixteen-hundreds who thrust forward the development of the art of painting beyond all former achievement. All three, Velazquez, Rembrandt, and Frans Hals, were to fall into neglect, ignored by the tide of fashion that set in for the narrower aims of the Italian Renaissance. But the creators of all that is vital in modern art have rejected the backward journeying to Italy, and have taken up the art where these three giants left it.

Wholly out of touch with the mediæval spirit, to his very marrow a modern, concerned only with the life of his day, Velazquez shed from him all past endeavour, all past ideals, all dead and gone things. To him God's wondrous atmosphere was a far more wondrous miracle than any halo —to him God's green grass more mysterious than babes' heads with wings, flying incorporate through puffs of smoky cloudland—to him the human character was of a sublime interest far higher than torturings of saints or the brutalities of all the moralities. His heart and his art were as uncritical as a child's, accepting life with a profound wonder. Generous, unjealous, friendly, and without spites, he walked the earth like the gentleman he was; and wrought his art with the majesty and simplicity of the very great. Living his splendid life on slender payment, embarrassed always with the threat of debt, he stepped his journey on earth with dignity, unmindful of the eternal bickerings and sneers of his petty enemies who prided themselves on their breeding, and gutted the studio of the dead man out of their wanton malevolence. Of the frank joy in life the Spanish Court knew nothing, and Velazquez recorded nothing. Of those ecstasies of jocund youth, glad to be alive, that can only be uttered in phrase of joyous blithe colour, Velazquez at that sombre Court could and did see nothing. And what

WHEREIN SPAIN BURSTS INTO FULLEST SONG

Velazquez did not see he did not utter. He was not a great colourist; he was the most subtle colourist of the sixteen-hundreds. The life he lived was limited; his sense of life was limited; and, there is no getting away from it, his art is thereby limited. But within those limits he wrought an art that is the wonder of the wide world.

Velazquez sums the art of Spain. The Spanish genius, despite its southern domicile, tingled with the blood of the Visigoths that bred it. It is akin to the Dutch—akin in realism, akin in splendour of forthright artistry, of skill of hand. Like the Dutch art, it created itself in the presence of Nature, with small influence from tradition. It just grew.

Neighbourhood seems to be of little weight in this elusive affair of genius-making. We see Holland and Spain and the Tenebrosi with the same aim—realism; evolving the same artistry—impressionism; discarding the fancy, whether in religious stories or in the mythologies; and when pushed to the historic or religious subject by necessity, simply calling in the passers-by from the street, and having arranged a group, painting the gathering as seen, bathed in the atmosphere and light, and the shadows of light, with the title merely flung into the business as a tag.

The Dutch having flung off the Catholic Church, the beautifying of the altars of their creed was thenceforth denied to them; the church door was slammed in the face of such as wrought with the brush and palette and paint-pot; their art had to turn, or by instinct turned, in lieu of church decoration, to the portrayal of the life of the people, to joy of the home, to the rough humours of the taverns, to the fields, to the painting of pastorals and of

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cattle. For the Spaniard, tyrannised over by the orders of the Church and the severe Puritanism of the Inquisition, the way was more difficult, but the blood jigged in his veins, and Life compelled utterance. In that moment that these two peoples went straight to Life, they discovered the only vital essence in all art, and the poets of colour burst into song.

CHAPTER XVII

OF THEM THAT WROUGHT THEIR ART UNDER THE MIGHTY SHADOW OF VELAZQUEZ

OF THEM THAT WROUGHT THEIR ART UNDER THE MIGHTY SHADOW OF VELAZQUEZ

Of the followers of Velazquez, his two pupils, Del Mazo and Juan de Pareja, developed fine qualities which are all too often brushed aside as mere mimicry of the master. However, Del Mazo wrought his art with such fine powers that even whilst the pedants snort their contempt at him, they shower the dictionary of praise upon the splendour of his genius—mistaking it for that of Velazquez. Of such stuff is immortality and the wisdom of the wise!

On the death of Velazquez, the king appointed Juan Bautista del Mazo in his stead as Aposentador.

DEL MAZO

1610 – 1667

Juan Bautista Martinez del Mazo, brought up as the close pupil of Velazquez, of necessity caught the style of his master; and so closely, that it is difficult to separate some of his work from that of his father-in-law.

Mazo was a fine painter. He wrought all his art, as long as Velazquez lived, in the studio of his father-in-law, and died seven years after him. He had entered under the great painter's pupilage as a mere youth; and Velazquez thought so highly of his art that he gave him his daughter in marriage. He copied much work of Velazquez (which adds to the difficulty of being sure of some of the works of his father-in-law), of Titian, of Tintoretto, and of Paolo

Veronese, and 'tis like enough that the National Gallery *Venus* and the *Admiral* are the work of his hands. The family group long called *The Velazquez Family*, at Vienna, was by Del Mazo, and of his own family. He painted the *Queen Mariana*, often. One of his best-known portraits is that of *Don Tiburcio de Redin y Cruzat.*

And what a master of landscape the man was! The Prado proves his range and his genius. The famous *View of Saragossa*, painted in 1646, the year that Don Baltazar Carlos died, is so superbly rendered, the figures in the foreground so finely in tune to the landscape, that men give Velazquez the credit of them, as being alone great enough to paint them! But if Velazquez were an impressionist, he could not and would not have mixed his art with that of another man. A superb landscape by Del Mazo is his *Scene near El Pardo*, a long, horizontal, dark street-scene of haunting power.

Of Del Mazo's copies of portraits by Velazquez are the *Philip IV. as Huntsman* at the Louvre, the *Philip IV.* at Dulwich. His *Saragossa*; his *Don Baltazar Carlos*, with his left hand on a chair, his right hand gloved and hanging by his side, holding his hat; and his so-called *Maria Teresa*, with the plaited hair, all at the Prado, show his original qualities, and affirm him a great master. That the *Admiral* at the National Gallery was painted by the creator of the *Don Baltazar Carlos* is probable. Madrid holds his *Fountain of the Tritons* and his *Queen's Avenue.*

JUAN DE PAREJA

1606 – 1670

In the studio of Velazquez, grinding his colours and serving him as drudge—indeed, he was his lawful slave—was a blackamoor called JUAN DE PAREJA. Pareja grew to love

OF THEM THAT WROUGHT THEIR ART UNDER THE MIGHTY SHADOW OF VELAZQUEZ

the thing that paints created in skilled hands; and even as he served his master, a great ambition grew within him. When his work of pounding and mixing colours for his master was done, the black fellow would in secret essay to do what his master could do so skilfully. Pareja had been born in his master's city of Seville in 1606, and had become his drudge in 1623, just before Velazquez made that fateful journey of his that saw him enter the palace of the king. Pareja was his very shadow—he went with him in his two journeys to Italy. It was upon him that Velazquez practised his hand before he painted his immortal canvas of Pope Innocent. For twenty-eight years that man painted in secret. It was in 1651 that he left in a forgetful moment a painting in his master's studio, and the king, entering before he could remove it, saw and praised the work. Pareja, in terror, dropped upon his knees and confessed. "A painter such as this man shall not remain a slave," quoth Philip, and Pareja rose to his feet a free man, whom Velazquez straightway made his pupil. An undoubted canvas by him is *The Calling of St. Matthew*, at the Prado—'tis no mean affair. Pareja died in Madrid in 1670.

Carreño de Miranda is also said to have been pupil to Velazquez; he was certainly an imitator. Of him we shall see more later.

CHAPTER XVIII

OF OTHERS WHO WROUGHT REALISM IN SPAIN IN THE SPLENDID YEARS OF VELAZQUEZ

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

THUS in SEVILLE the Realistic art has arisen in all its splendour in the first half of the sixteen-hundreds. In that other city of Andalusia also, in CORDOVA, the realistic utterance of Spain has arisen. Cordova had never taken kindly to Italianism. She now brought forth her first fine realist and pure Spaniard, Antonio de Castillo y Saavedra.

SAAVEDRA
1603 – 1667

Cordova, as we have seen, had never produced many painters, and the sleep that fell upon her beginnings, after Pablo de Cespedes came to turn her away from realism, was aroused only by ANTONIO DE CASTILLO Y SAAVEDRA. Born at Cordova in 1603, the lad went to Seville to be taught the mysteries of his art, by whom it is not known; but it matters little, for he went direct to Nature as though he had remained in some village, and his art gained freshness and truth thereby.

He was deeply impressed by landscape, and painted it into all his works with rare gifts. He is said to have painted in the fields; and his every work bears out the truth of the tradition. He loved to paint pastoral scenes; and even his sacred subjects are painted in the homely pastoral spirit, breathing the life of the countryside. His colour was his weakest gift; though he is said to have

gone in later years to Granada, to Alonso Cano, to improve it.

He came back to his native town of Cordova, and died there in 1667, where most of his work may be seen in the museum of the city, including his masterpiece, the *Denial of St. Peter*. The Prado possesses his *Mary and Child adored by Shepherds*, fine in light and shade, and vigorous in handling and design.

In VALENCIA, Ribalta's pupil, the versatile JACINTO JERÓNIMO DE ESPINOSA, poured out his prolific art. Born in 1600, in the little town of Cocentaina, and coming of artistic stock, Espinosa began his career under his father, Rodriguez. Displaying early promise, he was sent to the Realist Ribalta, where he became fellow-student to Ribalta's early doomed son, Juan Ribalta. The young Espinosa's style at once came under Ribalta's realism; and though he went to Italy, at any rate none but the new art of the Tenebrosi affected his vision—indeed, Ribera, Ribalta's elder pupil, was then in a great position in Italy and the head of the Naturalisti.

For the convents and churches of Valencia Espinosa painted most of his works, now gathered together in the museum there, of which the fine *Communion of Mary Magdalene* is sumptuous in colour; and the Ribalta-like *Christ appearing to San Pedro Nolasco* and *Death of San Luis Beltrán* are masterly in handling. The Prado, in its three works by Espinosa, possesses his masterpiece, the *Mary Magdalene in Prayer*, fatuously labelled as "Imitation of Van Dyck," remarkable for its sense of grandeur and power. His works are generally known by their warm red-brown shadows.

Espinosa died in 1680.

He had had, as assistant, his son MIGUEL ESPINOSA, but

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

Miguel never reached above mediocrity; indeed Valencia swarmed with prolific mediocrities in these days, such as the brothers ZARIÑENAS.

Working in Valencia also, from the School of Orrente, was Orrente's pupil, ESTEBAN MARCH, the date of whose birth is unknown—he died at Valencia in 1660. Esteban March is chiefly known as the painter of extravagant battle-pieces. He is said to have prepared himself for the mood of war by beating marches upon a drum, and arranging mimic bombardments and conflicts in his studio, and perhaps it accounts for the mock-heroic of his battle-paintings. The Museum of Valencia is rich in the smoke of his mimic wars. There is a *Destruction of the hosts of Pharaoh in the Red Sea* at the Prado. But he had—if he had only known it—a rare and powerful gift; and it is when he paints pictures of the common people that he rises close to greatness. The Prado possesses three, of which two are the old man and old woman known as the *Companion Drinkers*, in which realism and grip of character are revealed that place Esteban March amongst the masters.

CHAPTER XIX

OF THOSE THAT TROD THE MIDDLE PATH BETWEEN REALISM AND ACADEMISM IN THE SPAIN OF THE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS

THUS, with 1600, a new revelation of Realism has come into Spain, and the Spanish genius is at last aflame. The Academic and the Realistic now move side by side, contending for victory. And midway between the two great streams of artistic endeavour runs a third, which bends now this way towards Realism and Spanish utterance, now that way towards the Academic Italianisms. From Seville the three streams flow.

ALONSO CANO
1601 – 1667

The greatest of this group of men who saw life through spectacles of which one glass was Italian and the other Spanish, whom they call sometimes the Later Mannerists, was ALONSO CANO. Cano has been called "the least Spanish of all the painters of Spain." It is a harsh saying, scarcely borne out by fact. He was racked by a jealousy bitter and violent; his art is like a leopard sunning itself, with hint of the leap, with eye of fire.

Born at Granada in 1601, the son of one Miguel Cano, a carver of altar-pieces, the child, grown into his teens, became apprentice to his father, until, being seen at work by Juan del Castillo, the Academic, who urged the family to remove to Seville and train the lad in art, the young

Alonso Cano was taken thither and entered to the studio of Pacheco—eight months thereafter he went into the studio of Juan del Castillo. He also went a short while to Herrera, to whom none went for long. He remained to the day he died a remarkable sculptor, as his exquisite coloured figures in carved work bear witness by their wondrous delicacy of carving. This training in sculpture was increased by his study of the antique marbles in the Casa Pilatos, the superb home of the Dukes of Alcalá.

Cano was a rapid and facile worker who produced a very large amount of work. His art lacks vigour of intention; and, like most rapid and facile academic men, he repeated his types—for type is an enemy to character. His masterpiece is the beautiful *Virgin and Child* in Seville Cathedral, remarkable alike for colour and tenderness and fitness of style to the utterance of the idea. And the famous *Madonna of the Rosary* in the Cathedral at Malaga is a great work.

That Cano could employ a vigorous style is proved by his paintings of the dome of Granada Cathedral, the *Life of the Virgin Mary.*

The ten pictures by Cano at the Prado include the well-known *Virgin adoring the Infant Christ*, tenderly and exquisitely designed and of marked beauty. The *St. John writing the Apocalypse*, besides being an individual work of considerable power, is interesting as having been painted by the violent Cano for the Cartuja of Portacœli, near Valencia, as a thanksgiving for their giving him shelter when a fugitive from justice. The *Crucifixion*, the *Christ at the Column*, the *Dead Christ*, and the *San Jerónimo Penitente* are all fine works.

The gossip about Cano always runs to the violences. The tale goes that he had been ordered to make a statue of

St. Anthony of Padua for the Auditor of the Chancery of Granada, for which Cano asked, when done, a hundred doubloons. His patron jibbed at the price, and on asking him how long it took him, and being told twenty-five days, retorted, "That comes to four doubloons a day," and received the immortal answer of Cano: "Fifty years it took me to learn to make that statue in twenty-five days." But the Auditor was out for a bargain; said he: "I have spent my patrimony and youth in reaching a higher profession than yours; and if I make a doubloon——" He never finished the vulgar taunt. Cano cut off its tail with an angry scoff, and smashed St. Anthony into pieces.

Cano had a maniacal detestation of the Jews. He crossed the street rather than meet a Jew; if one touched his cloak, he at once threw it from him and sent for another. A Jew once entered his home in his absence; he would not enter it again until the house had been cleansed, blessed, and purified.

That such a man should go smoothly through the world was impossible. In his thirty-sixth year, 1637, he fell foul of, and fought a duel with, the painter SEBASTIAN DE LLANOS Y VALDÉS, of the Realist school. Cano was obliged to fly from Seville in consequence, and betook himself hurriedly to Madrid, where, through Velazquez, he gained the protection of Philip IV's Prime Minister, Olivarez. There he made his home for some years. A couple of years later, 1639, he was made the controller of all work done in the royal palaces, and some time afterwards became drawing-master to the Infant Don Baltazar Carlos.

But the violent temper of the man was again his undoing. In his forty-third year, 1644, having murdered his wife, Alonso Cano was again flying from justice, seek-

ing sanctuary in the Convent of the Chartreuse at Porta-cœli, by Valencia, from which the Inquisition dragged him forth to torture. His silence under torture, which went to prove innocence to these hellish bigots, and the interference of the king on his behalf, saved him from further punishment. Returning to Madrid, he directed the decorations of the pageant to welcome Queen Mariana, the second wife of Philip IV, in 1648. He is next found working in Toledo upon the carving for the cathedral there. In his fiftieth year, 1651, he went back to his native city of Granada, the king appointing him to a vacant canonry there. Trouble arose about this canonry; the monks did not greatly welcome the new canon, and leaped at his irregularity in taking Orders within the time allowed. It was then that Alonso Cano made his appeal to the king, and Philip IV. sent his famous rebuke to the monks in his punning, "The king can make many canons; but God alone can create an Alonso Cano." In Granada, then, he became canon, and there lived until his death in 1667—nor did he, by some strange chance, slay any fellow-monk. Cano seems to have fallen on bad times in his canonry, for we find an entry in the register of Granada by which five hundred *reals* are paid to the canon, "He being sick and very poor, and without wherewithal to pay the doctor"; and later two hundred *reals* are added to the dole, "at the desire of the archdeacon, that he may buy poultry and sweetmeats." But though his art deserted him, Cano remained the testy fire-eater to the end. As he lay a-dying, the priest that came to give extreme unction happened to be a friar who laboured amongst penitent Jews, and the dying Cano would have none of him. Another priest being called, set an ill-carven crucifix in Cano's hands, which the dying man pushed aside as being so vilely

wrought that it would only send him to the devil. So passed away the untranquil spirit of the man whose idea of rest from painting was to fashion statuary, as we know from the well-known story of his answer to a friend who, finding him worn-out with painting, at work upon carving, and suggesting inaction as the best rest, received the hot retort: "Don't you see, blockhead, that to create form and relief on a flat surface is a heavier labour than to fashion one shape into another?"

OF THOSE THAT TROD THE MIDDLE PATH BETWEEN REALISM AND ACADEMISM IN THE SPAIN OF THE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS

PEDRO DE MOYA
1610 – 1666

To the studio of Juan del Castillo, the Academic, in Seville, where a youngster called Murillo was working, there came also as one of his pupils the wandering PEDRO DE MOYA, to become very soon thereafter the "soldier-artist." Born in Granada, he came to Seville in youth, and worked under Castillo. Of a restless, roving turn, he enlisted in a marching regiment and went for a soldier to Flanders. England knew him in 1641, where he studied under Van Dyck for six months; but the death of Van Dyck ended his pupilage, and Moya came back to Spain, where he lived until his death in 1666. That life in Spain after Van Dyck's death was to have an enormous effect upon the art of Murillo, his fellow-student at Castillo's workshops, and upon many others who wrought their art in Seville; for he brought to Seville in 1642 the art of Van Dyck.

JUAN DE VALDÉS LEAL
1630 – 1691

JUAN DE VALDÉS LEAL, born at Cordova in the early sixteen-hundreds, became the pupil of a mediocre painter

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of that town, one Antonio del Castillo, from whom he but picked up the craft of the tools of painting. Energetic, fiery, Spanish to his marrow, and dramatic in temperament, he came to Seville to practise his art. But his jealous habit of mind kept him constantly embroiled with his fellows. When he came to Seville, the young Murillo was winning his way to fame; and Leal's one ambition was to rival him.

The rivalry of Valdés Leal with Murillo was unfortunate for Valdés Leal's art, for he gave himself up to imitating his rival in order to best him by adding his own dramatic strength, which ended in theatricality. One of his masterpieces is an early work painted in youth for the Church of the Carmen at Cordova. Its great promise was never to be fulfilled. Valdés Leal was a prodigious worker, and filled Seville with his paintings, of which were the two famous canvases of the *Vanity of Earthly Grandeur* for the Hospital de la Caridad—one of a hand holding in a pair of scales the sins and vanities of the world balancing the emblems of Christ's Passion; the other the powerful work in which Death darkens a taper which gleams upon a table spread with jewels and the emblems of earthly splendour, whilst on the ground lies a coffin in which is a dead body. It was this last of which Murillo said that it was so powerfully painted that it should be looked upon with nostrils closed, to which Valdés Leal bitterly retorted: "Ah, my compeer, that is not my blame; you have taken all the sweet fruit from the basket and left me only the rotten." It was when he fell a-copying Murillo, as in his *Conception* and *Annunciation* at the Museo de la Merced, that he is weak. His better-known *Virgin and the Three Marys with St. John searching for Christ*, theatrical and strained, shows him at the same time a colourist, a draughtsman, and a Spaniard, in spite of the

burden of Mannerism. In his series of the *Legend of San Jerónimo*, again, is this conflict of Mannerism and Realism.

OF THOSE THAT TROD THE MIDDLE PATH BETWEEN REALISM AND ACADEMISM IN THE SPAIN OF THE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS

At what time Valdés Leal came to Seville to begin his bitter career, racked by jealousy, is not known. That he was in Seville, and firmly established there by 1658, is proved by his working with Murillo to found the Academy of Arts for the young painters of Andalusia. He was a member for six years, being chosen in 1663 as its president for five years, though envy of a rival caused him such bitterness at last that he left the school in 1666, and never again entered it. A young Italian with rare gift of draughtsmanship applied to be admitted to the school, but Valdés refused him. He only admitted the youth on compulsion by the authorities of the school. The lad's facile gift of making portrait heads with a stump of charcoal, picking out the lights with bread, so pleased his fellows that he became a rage. Valdés Leal was furious, and in four days he expelled the young fellow from the Academy. The poor lad painted a couple of pictures and showed them on the cathedral steps, when Valdés Leal went and threatened his life, and the youth, in terror, had to leave the city.

So lived Valdés Leal his sour, harsh life, until his brush put its last touch upon his series of pictures for the Church of the Venerables in 1691, and soon thereafter died. He left behind him a son, Lucas de Valdés, and two daughters, Doña Maria Valdés and Doña Luisa Valdés, all painters. He had besides many pupils. But their art is valueless.

THE PUPILS OF ALONSO CANO

In Granada Alonso Cano, amongst his many pupils, trained two who were to come to considerable distinction, though both were to desert his academic style for Realism

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—Fray Antanasio Bocanegra and Juan Escalante de Sevilla.

Bocanegra's large number of paintings display very unequal powers;—at his best, his draughtsmanship is forceful and his figures vigorously handled, and he was very happy in his painting of the Madonna. Granada is full of his works, of which *The Holy Family resting on the Journey into Egypt* is very fine. The Prado possesses a *Madonna and Child adored by John the Baptist and Saint Ann.* The date of Bocanegra's birth is unknown; he died in 1688.

Juan de Sevilla, or Juan de Sevilla Romero y Escalante, born at Cordova in 1627, and dying at Madrid in 1695, is said to have been a pupil to Pedro de Moya before he went to Granada, to the studio of Alonso Cano. His art shows a wider range than that of his fellow-pupil Bocanegra, and though he had not the other's fine draughtsmanship, he had a fuller grip of light and shade, and a fine sense of colour. His masterpieces in the Cathedral of Granada, *The Martyrdom of St. Cecilia* and the *San Bernardo visited by the Virgin*, display depth of colour and splendour of lighting. His art is closely akin to the early work of Murillo.

CHAPTER XX

OF SOME MONKISH FELLOWS WHO PRACTISED REALISM, AND OTHER LESSER MEN

THERE wrought his art in the sixteen-hundreds a man whom the world knows, so far as the world speaks of him at all, as

FRAY JUAN RIZI

1595 – 1675

JUAN RIZI was born of painter folk, his father having been one Antonio Rizi, who had come over from Italy with the swarm of artists who followed Zuccaro to the painting of the Escorial. Juan Rizi, as a boy, went into the studio of the painter of Toledo, Juan Bautista Mayno. He was a fervently religious youth, and in 1626, at thirty-one, became a monk of St. Benedict, which meant the payment of a hundred ducats, which he had to make with a painting of the *Crucifixion*, for he was miserably poor. His art was wrought for the monastic institutions of Spain. He kept, through all his asceticism, the realistic faith of the art of his day. He went to Italy, returned to Madrid to paint a number of pictures, and died thereat in 1675. The Prado holds his *St. Francis branded with the Stigmata*, as the Five Wounds of the Christ are called.

ANTONIO PEREDA

1599 – 1669

Another painter who was of the ascetic monkish vision and wrought his art in terms of realism was ANTONIO

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

PEREDA, born at Valladolid in the year that Seville brought forth Velazquez. The child at seven was sent to Madrid to the studio of PEDRO DE LAS CUEVAS, where the Court Architect, Don Crescenzi, adopted him, through whom the boy soon had the lessons of the royal galleries to train his art. So he came to a fine colour-sense, and wrought still life with supreme skill. He was but eighteen when he painted his *Immaculate Conception*, which caught the favour of the Court, and started him upon his decorations at the Buen Retiro as a painter to the king. The Prado holds his *San Jerónimo meditating upon the Last Judgment*, also his *Ecce Homo.*

Of the lesser painters practising their art in Madrid were JOSÉ LEONARDO (1616-1656), who died young, a considerable painter of battle-pieces. JUAN DE ARELLANO (1614-1676) is famous for his paintings of flowers, as may be seen at the Prado. LUIS MENÉNDEZ, born at Naples in 1716, came to distinction as a painter of low life and of still life, particularly of fruit; he died at Madrid in 1780.

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH THE GREAT SPANISH ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS DIES OF A FALL FROM A SCAFFOLD

MURILLO
1617 – 1682

IN WHICH THE GREAT SPANISH ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SIXTEEN HUNDREDS DIES OF A FALL FROM A SCAFFOLD

In the Jewish quarter of Seville in the last days of 1617, since he was baptized on the New Year's Day of 1618, therefore some nineteen years younger than his great fellow-townsman Velazquez (who was at that moment at work in old Pacheco's studio, and making love to Pacheco's daughter), was born a child whom they called upon that New Year's Day Bartolomé Esteban Murillo. The parents of the little fellow were humble toilers of that city, one Gaspar Esteban Murillo and his wife Maria Perez. The child at eleven lost his father and mother in a plague that ran through the city and left the orphaned boy and his little sister alone in the world. An out-at-elbows uncle, who earned a meagre pittance as a healer of men, gave what care of the children he could spare to them between his ill-paid efforts to physic his neighbours, and the boy Bartolomé added to the greyness of the prospect by a desire to follow the career of an artist, which held but a poor prospect of money-getting. However, the uncle evidently thought that it could not be worse than physicking, for he sent the boy to pick up the mysteries of the paint-pots in the workshop of a kinsman, the dull, academic painter, Juan del

CASTILLO, who had been studio-mate to Pacheco and Herrera. Juan del Castillo was a kindly man, and taught the little kinsman to mix his paints and fix his canvases and clean the studio without fee. Murillo had as studio-companion Pedro de Moya, amongst others.

The little Murillo was a gentle, bright, and eager lad, and was soon essaying to create the work of art himself—indeed, at fifteen he painted a somewhat hard and flat picture of the *Virgin with St. Francis* for the Convent de Regina. His master, Juan del Castillo, left Seville in 1640 for Cadiz; and Murillo, at twenty-three, had to shift for himself.

The young fellow had to pot-boil in order to make a livelihood. Some picture of the Virgin seems to have caught the fancy of the convents, and a few churches and convents gave him a little work to do; but Murillo would have starved upon their paltry wage had it not been for selling at the *Feria*, or weekly fair, held every Thursday in the slums of Seville, rough, broadly painted, religious pictures made upon saga cloth, a rude sort of loose canvas. If the buyers asked for changes in details, Murillo just painted out the figures and painted others in, to taste, whilst the patron waited.

But the weary struggle against poverty was near done—the world was soon to go faster for Murillo. In his twenty-fifth year, in 1642, the roving soldier-painter Moya came back to Seville from his wanderings, a hotly enthusiastic disciple of Van Dyck. Moya fired the slumbering genius of Murillo. Moya told him of the fortune that lay in store for the artist who should catch the fancy of the King of England—of Van Dyck living like a lord. Murillo determined to visit Rome or Flanders or England. He set himself forthwith to paint a number of saints and pretty

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MURILLO

1617 – 1682

SENTIMENTALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"MADONNA OF THE ROSARY"

(DULWICH GALLERY)



IN WHICH THE GREAT SPANISH ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS DIES OF A FALL FROM A SCAFFOLD

pictures for sale at the Fair, to catch the eye of the merchants trading with the Spanish-American colonies; and, hoarding his gains, he at last put them into his wallet, and took to the road on foot to trudge it to Madrid, where his fellow-townsman Velazquez was famous and powerful. Into Madrid he came, sunburnt, covered with the dust of travel, like a gipsy, his thick black hair unkempt, his hat and cloak the worse for wear; straight to the king's palace he went, and sent his name to the king's painter in gentle request for an interview. Velazquez received the young fellow handsomely—Murillo was nineteen years younger than the king's painter—had fresh raiment brought for him, gave him food and lodging, and, most valuable of all, his friendship and advice. Velazquez explained to Murillo his own development from the kitchen-piece of *The Water-Carrier of Seville*; he would tell him of that first voyage to Italy from which he was now returned some eleven years; of the glories of Venetian colour; of the vigorous light and shade of Tintoretto and the Tenebrosi; of Ribera and Caravaggio. The young Sevillian's eyes looked upon the *Surrender of Breda*, upon the many portraits of the young prince Baltazar Carlos and the like, for he came to Madrid the year before Rocroi and the fall of Olivarez. Velazquez gave him lodging, got him the run of the royal collections, and for two splendid years the eager Murillo wrought under him. At the end of his two years under Velazquez, copying Ribera, Velazquez, Van Dyck, and others at the royal palaces, Velazquez advised Murillo to make the journey to Italy, offering him letters of introduction and the money. But Murillo felt that his days of apprenticeship must cease, and returned to Seville, keeping his lips sealed as to where he had been. The man had decided that he must now make his bid for fame—if ever. He

was twenty-six, and the years flit. His was a gentle spirit, far removed from the rebel breed that seeks new worlds to conquer; and he knew enough of art to realise that the hard training he had undergone with Velazquez could not be bettered.

On his return he painted a series of the *Legend of St. Francis* for the Franciscan Convent of Seville, which Soult fortunately looted before it was burnt to the ground. They burst upon Seville as a miracle. His old brother-artists stood in amaze before them. "It is all up with Castillo," cried old Juan del Castillo's nephew, the fine painter Castillo y Saavedra; adding in wonder: "Can this be the same Murillo, the servile imitator of mine uncle?" His neighbours wondered where he had found this new, masterly, and unknown manner.

At once Murillo leaped from obscurity into the front rank of the painters in Seville.

And it was small wonder. Murillo had found a realism from which, unfortunately, he was to depart. Of this series, *The Charity of St. Diego* and *St. Francis listening to a Heavenly Musician* are in Spain; the others were *The Death of St. Clara*, *The Angel Kitchen*, the *St. Giles in a Rapture before St. Gregory*, and *A Franciscan Monk praying over a Friar*. In these years he painted also his great works of the lives of the people, concerned chiefly with the ragged urchins of the streets, and unmistakably suggested by the kitchen-pieces of Velazquez—fine, vigorous, and true. The Prado holds several works of this phase in which the religious picture is seen to hold this essentially Spanish realism—the *Holy Family*, the *Rebecca and Eleazar*, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, being the chief of these in what is called his "hard, dark period." The *Holy Family*, called also *The Little Bird*, is frankly homely, with the Child-

IN WHICH THE GREAT SPANISH ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS DIES OF A FALL FROM A SCAFFOLD

Christ holding a bird in His hand as He stands at Joseph's knee. Of this phase the Prado possesses the *San Ildefonso receiving the Sacerdotal Vestments from the Virgin*, the *San Bernardo*, the *San Jerónimo kneeling in his Grotto*, the *Virgin with the Infant on her knee*, besides many others. Of Murillo's street children Spain possesses few; the National Gallery holds two—the *Boy Drinking* and the *Spanish Peasant Boy*; the Dulwich Gallery has three—the *Spanish Flower Girl*, the *Boys with a Young Negro*, and the *Two Spanish Boys*; the Louvre, Munich, the Hermitage, and many private collections hold others.

But the *Ideal* of the Italian Mannerists was soon peeping out from behind Murillo's imitative and sensitive art. It was in his portraiture, his finest and rarest work, that the Spaniard in him alone remained dominant. The *Young Man* at the Hague, *The Inquisitor Don Andres de Andrade*, in the collection of Lord Northbrook, are examples of his power, as are the thinly disguised portraits under the names of saints, such as the *St. Leander* and *St. Isidore* at Seville Cathedral. Here Murillo is seen at his greatest.

Of some of his finest portraits, and most famous, are the *Self-Portraits*, of which Lord Spencer owns the *Murillo in Middle Life*. The Prado holds a fine *Bare-footed Monk*, P. Cavanillas; a *Woman Spinning*; and a *Woman of Galicia counting Money*. Lord Heytesbury has the *Two Galician Gossips*. Mr. Sanderson possesses the *Portrait of a Woman*. Stafford House has an *Ambrosio Ignacio de Spinola*. Lord Lansdowne has at Bowood the *Don Justino Neve*.

Murillo was now acknowledged head of the painters in Seville. He married in 1648 the Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor, a lady of a noble house of Pilas by Seville. Murillo's house became thenceforth the centre of art and culture in Seville. To him were born three children—his

two sons, Gaspar Murillo and Gabriel Murillo, and his daughter, Francisca Murillo—all of whom went into the service of the Church.

Rapidly, from this the eve of his thirtieth year, his realism and the influence of Velazquez left him; and he developed the pietistic style of his middle period, which, founded largely on Van Dyck, was also chiefly affected by the Italian Mannerism that was rampant in the Church. His colour alone improved, and his brush caught the fluid translucency of style that has a mellow charm in all the work of these years.

Of the vast number of paintings of this phase of Murillo's art is the huge *Conception* of 1655; the masterpiece is the *Vision of the Holy Child by St. Anthony of Padua*, for the cathedral in 1656, a remarkably fine colour-scheme. It was from this canvas that the Saint was cut in 1874, and traced to New York; the restoration of the original piece to its right place has caused much repainting.

Murillo passed from his early realistic or "cold style" to his second or "warm style," remarkable for his increase of colour, though at the loss of realism. He now entered upon his famous third style called *El Vaporoso*, roughly speaking in his fortieth year, 1657. This third style is frankly founded on the imagination, and sheds the Spanish Realism. It is the most personal and characteristic stage of Murillo's art, and is marked by great freedom of handling, combined as are these qualities with an enriched colour-sense.

The series of the four canvases of *The Legend of Our Lady of the Snow*, painted for the Canon Don Justino Neve, to decorate the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca, begin Murillo's third phase; they were amongst the vast loot carried away by the French, but two are back in Seville, at

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MURILLO

1617 - 1682

SENTIMENTALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"THE SPANISH FLOWER GIRL"

(Dulwich Gallery)



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the Academy of Fine Arts—*The Dream* and *The Fulfilment*. France kept the *Immaculate Conception* and *Faith*.

Of this vaporous phase of Murillo's art are his two "cycles"; after 1670 came the series for La Caridad, and from 1674 to 1680 he gave forth the series for the Capuchin Convent.

The cycle for La Caridad held eight works, of which three, the *Moses striking the Rock*, the *Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes*, and the *Charity of San Juan de Dios*, are still in their designed place. Soult carried off the other five, of which the Duke of Sutherland now has the *Abraham Receiving the Angels* and *The Return of the Prodigal*; whilst another, *The Healing of the Paralytic*, is also in England in the possession of Mr. Tomline. St. Petersburg possesses the *Release of St. Peter from Prison*; whilst the Prado holds the best of the sequence in the *St. Elizabeth washing the Head of a Leprous Child*.

Of the cycle for the Capuchin Convent, seventeen are now in the Museo de la Merced at Seville—the *Annunciation* and three *Conceptions* are amongst the number of these somewhat weakly drawn designs, with their edges blurred into the luminous vapour so characteristic of this last phase of Murillo's handling. The *Saint Thomas de Villanueva succouring the Poor* is interesting as being Murillo's own favourite work.

The art of Murillo is chiefly associated with his *Street Urchins* and his paintings of *The Immaculate Conception*. The worship of the Mother of Christ had long been a part of the dogma of the Spanish Church; in 1617, at the urgent desire of Philip IV, the Pope issued his famous edict declaring the immaculate conception of Mary. Seville "flew into a frenzy of joy," amidst triumphal celebrations in the cathedral.

Murillo had painted his first *Immaculate Conception* in 1652, his thirty-fifth year—that enormous canvas for the Friars of the True Cross, which, being designed for a great height, Murillo had painted with great breadth and looseness in order to get its correct focus when in position—to which, on the friars seeing it in his studio, objection was made as to its roughness and coarseness, which Murillo set aside tactfully by telling them to keep their judgment until the painting was hung. But even his gentle nature was irked by the criticism of the ignorant, and when, on being placed in position, it called forth the wild admiration of the brothers, he refused to let them have it except at double the price—and they paid it.

It was sixteen years later, in 1668, that he created his greatest religious masterpiece, the superb *Immaculate Conception* for the Cathedral of Seville, in which his grip of draughtsmanship and realism were still strong enough upon him to balance with superb mastery the vaporous qualities of his imagination. Ten years thereafter, in 1678, he painted for the Church of the Venerables in Seville that world-famed *Immaculate Conception* of the Louvre, which Soult brought to France as part of his prodigious loot.

Besides his *Street Urchins*, Murillo painted a series of *Holy Children* which are more popular—indeed, they vie for public favour with the series of the *Immaculate Conception*. Of these, the *Child St. John with the Lamb* at the National Gallery, the *Baptist with a Lamb*, the *Child Christ*, and the *Children with the Shell*, all at the Prado, are the type, at which gallery also is the famous *Saint Ann teaching the Virgin to read.*

The sunburnt, travel-stained, simple youth who trudged it in simple faith to Madrid to sit at the feet of Velazquez, remained the same simple, diffident, sweet-natured man

XXII

MURILLO

1617 – 1682

SENTIMENTALIST SCHOOL OF SEVILLE OR ANDALUSIA

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION"

(La Conception immaculée de la Vierge)

(LOUVRE)

Painted in oil on canvas. 9 ft. 0 in. × 6 ft. 3 in. (2·74 × 1·90).



his life long. An industrious, warm-hearted, affectionate fellow, sincere and kindly, he stepped his gentle career amidst the fierce jealousies and spites of Seville, drawing aside from all factions, and soothing all heart-burnings in others. It was his artistic ambition to found an Academy of Arts in Seville for the teaching of young artists—and he established it, even mollifying the bitter jealousy of VALDÉS LEAL and the egregious HERRERA EL MOZO in the doing. Murillo won all the best artists of Seville to the thorny business. And in the names of the twenty "immortals" who constituted that Academy you shall find a fair estimate of the men who, in their day, the year that Velazquez was to die, had honour in Seville: MURILLO, HERRERA EL MOZO, LLANOS Y VALDÉS, PEDRO HONORIO DE PALENCIA, JUAN DE VALDÉS LEAL, CORNELIO SCHUTT, IGNACIO DE IRIARTE, PEDRO DE MEDINA, MATIAS DE CARVAJAL, MATIAS DE ARTEAGA, ANTONIO DE LEJALDE, JUAN DE ARENAS, JUAN MARTINEZ, PEDRO BAMIREZ, BERNABÉ DE AYALA, CARLOS DE NEGRÓN, BERNARDO ARIAS MALDONADO, DIEGO DIAZ, ANTONIO DE ZARZOSA, JUAN LÓPEZ CARRASCO, PEDRO VILLAVICENCIO, PEDRO DE CAMPROBIN, MARTIN ATIENZA, and ALONSO PÉREZ DE HERRERA. Of most of these we shall say little here. The lamp of the great Spaniards was near burnt out.

IN WHICH THE GREAT SPANISH ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS DIES OF A FALL FROM A SCAFFOLD

Murillo wrought his art in Seville—Seville was his home, his love—and from Seville he refused to depart. Whether he were called to the Court or not, he did not go. Once only he left Seville—to go to his death-blow. In 1681, in his sixty-fourth year, at the urgent call of the Capuchins of Cadiz, he set out for that city to paint the altar-piece of the *Marriage of St. Catherine* and other works for that convent—the *Holy Family* at the National Gallery is one of these works wrought at Cadiz. The altar-piece

was near done, when Murillo fell from the high scaffolding, and received such severe internal injuries that he crept home to Seville to die, on the 3rd of April in 1682, leaving his two sons in the Church, and a daughter in a nunnery, to mourn him.

They carried Murillo to his grave in solemn pageant, the dead body of the gentle man being borne by four marquesses and four knights, and buried him in the church of Santa Cruz, under his favourite picture, painted by Pedro Campaña, of the *Descent from the Cross*—which church was sacked and burnt to the ground by the French, but the slab remains, as he so ordered it, engraved as he had desired with his name, a skeleton, and the words *Vive moriturus.*

CHAPTER XXII

WHEREIN THE SPANISH GENIUS SPLUTTERS OUT, SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE DECLINE

WHEREIN THE SPANISH GENIUS SPLUTTERS OUT SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE DECLINE

THE ultimate debaucher of Spanish art in Italianism, by some grim irony of fate, was FRANCISCO HERRERA THE YOUNGER, HERRERA EL MOZO, so-called. Born at Seville in 1622, he early entered his great father's studio. But the wild and furious habits of the old man frightened the youth to Rome, where he worked hard, painting much still life, with that special delight in fishes which won him his Roman name of *Lo Spagnuolo de pesci*—the Spaniard of the fishes. His father dying in 1656, El Mozo hurried home to Seville, and was at once given the *Glorification of St. Francis* to paint for the Cathedral. Restless and mannered, as by nature he was jealous and suspicious, his egregious conceit kept him in a constant broil with his fellow artists. His bitter envy of Murillo sent him packing off to Madrid in 1660, with the dream of stepping into the shoes of Velazquez. His work was enthusiastically lauded in Madrid, so that one wonders whether the art of Velazquez were really appreciated. His portrait of a Frenchman loading a gun was hailed as "a miracle of art"; and such outlandish estimate was probably the worst thing for this man's outrageous conceit. Herrera was so exalted by his own work in his *San Hermenegildo*, painted in 1661 for the bare-footed Carmelites, now at the Prado, that he announced that it ought to be carried to its place with music of trumpets and drums. Appointed painter to

Philip IV, he wrought many canvases and frescoes for the Royal Alcázar. He died at Madrid in 1685.

Philip IV. lay down with a severe attack of fever in 1665, and died, leaving the realm of Spain to a child, his son, who came to the throne as Charles II, a feeble son of a feeble race. For five years the foolish and ignorant Queen, his mother, Mariana of Austria, misgoverned the boy's mighty heritage; and each year of the short five saw the Court rush downwards into the all-overwhelming decay. Of the young king it was said that he "loved pictures more than aught else, except only his dog." Above the group of mediocrities four men stood who still had skill in art.

JUAN CARREÑO DE LA MIRANDA
1614 – 1685

CARREÑO DE MIRANDA, born at Avilés in 1614, came to Madrid to study under Pedro de las Cuevas, and even in youth was painting religious works for the churches in Madrid, Toledo, and Pampeluna. Through Velazquez he came to decorate the mirrors of the palace, and on the death of Velazquez was made a Court-painter to the king. He was a follower of Velazquez, and, as near as he could come, an imitator, as his portraits frankly reveal. The Prado, however, possesses a fine portrait of *Charles II.* by him, and of *Queen Mariana* also he painted very compelling portraits. Hampton Court has a *Charles II.* by Carreño. His masterpiece is the *Pedro Iwanowitz Potemkin*, the Russian Ambassador. His *Francisco Bazan*, the Court Buffoon to the young king, is a fine work, largely influenced by Velazquez.

WHEREIN THE SPANISH GENIUS SPLUTTERS OUT SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE DECLINE

MATEO CEREZO
1635 - 1675

A pupil of Carreño de Miranda was MATEO CEREZO, born at Burgos in 1635. He painted religious pictures for the churches and convents of Valladolid, Burgos, and Palencia. His masterpiece is the *Risen Christ appearing to the Disciples at Emmaus*, which was widely approved in his day, and is in fact a powerful work. The Prado holds his *Ascension* and *Marriage of St. Catherine of Alexandria*. Cerezo died in Madrid in 1675.

CLAUDIO COELLO
1630-40 - 1693

CLAUDIO COELLO, "Coello of the Decline," must not be confused with Coello the early Court-painter of the fifteen-hundreds. For just as Alonso Sanchez Coello was the first of the Court portrait-painters to the Hapsburg kings, so was Claudio Coello the last, as also he was the last Spanish artist who founded his art on the realistic aims of the Spaniards of the sixteen-hundreds.

Claudio Coello was born at Madrid between 1630 and 1640, to a Portuguese sculptor in bronze. The boy went to the studio of the realist Rizi, and wrought with great industry to become the master of his craft. Painstaking he was as a boy, and painstaking and sincere he was in his art. Rizi had been at work upon a painting of a *Santa Forma* to be placed in the Escorial above the casket that held that relic, the Host which had been trampled upon by the Zwinglian soldiers at Gorkham in Holland in 1525, and which had been sent to Philip IV. by the Emperor Rudolf II, and was placed in the Escorial with great ceremony. Rizi died before he completed the painting of

this ceremony. Coello was called upon to paint it instead according to his own conception. For seven years he worked upon his masterpiece, with its elaborate perspective and decorations.

The Prado proves Claudio Coello a good portrait painter—his picture of *King Charles II.* is brilliant. His religious pictures have sincerity and dignity, welcome amidst the flood of decline. But the years of pre-eminence as Court-painter were to end in bitter humiliation. The feeble, wayward king found a new favourite. The facile and brilliant pupil of Ribera, Luca Giordano, whom men called *Luca Fa Presto*, because of the rapidity of his work, had come to the Spanish Court in 1692 and carried all before him, including the king. Coello was discarded. To Fa Presto's facile hand was given the decoration of the Escorial; and poor Coello died broken-hearted at his neglect.

Luca Giordano set the fashion for the facile masterpiece and struck the last blow to Spanish art thereby in the sixteen-hundreds. All went down under it and was overwhelmed. Spanish realism was at an end. Francisco Rizi (1608-1685), the facile brother of stout realist Fray Rizi who had trained Coello; José Antolinez (1639-1676); Juan Antonio Escalante (1630-1670); Diego Polo (1620-1655), whom Velazquez is said to have admired; Juan Cabeezalero (1633-1673); Francisco Camilo; Antonio Arias Fernandez; Juan de Alfaro—all went into the pit, with facile rapidity as their god, with the quick dexterous touch as their aim, and, it must be said, with a gift of colour as their only merit. One man alone did a little to keep up the realistic tradition, if in no great fashion, Sebastián Muñoz.

SEBASTIÁN MUÑOZ

1654 - 1690

WHEREIN THE SPANISH GENIUS SPLUTTERS OUT SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE DECLINE

SEBASTIÁN MUÑOZ, pupil to Claudio Coello, afterwards went to Italy and studied at Rome under Carlo Maratti. The Prado holds his *San Augustin exorcising the Plague of Locusts*, the *Entombment of the Conde de Orgaz*, and a remarkably fine *Portrait of the Painter*, by far his finest work.

The art of the provinces followed Madrid. That fatal institution of an Academy had destroyed art in Seville. Murillo's favourite pupils were ALONSO MIGUEL DE TOBAR, who was born in Higuera, a small town of Andalusia, in 1678, to die at Madrid in 1758—his *Holy Family* hangs in Seville Cathedral, and his *Portrait of Murillo* at the Prado; FRANCISCO MENESES OSORIO, who completed Murillo's altarpiece at Cadiz, which caused the death of his master; and the slave of Murillo, SEBASTIAN GOMÉZ, whose *Conception* at the Museo de la Merced is his masterpiece.

PEDRO NUÑEZ DE VILLAVICENCIO (1635-1700) and FRANCISCO ANTOLINEZ Y SARABIA, who died in 1676, were amongst the best of the horde of followers of Murillo. Villavicencio painted the fine picture of *Street Urchins* (*Muchachos*) *playing at Dice* in the Prado, and the Seville Museum holds a *Conception* by him. Another friend and follower of Murillo, whom the master praised as painting by "divine inspiration," was the landscape painter IGNACIO DE IRIARTE (1620-1685), who had a great vogue in his day as "the Claude Lorraine of Spain," and who delighted in crags and glens and torrents. Iriarte painted many of the landscape backgrounds in Murillo's pictures. JUAN DE

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

ZAMORA was another landscape painter of Seville; and HENRIQUE DE LAS MARINAS, a well-known sea painter of Cadiz.

Amongst the swarm of imitators of which art died in Andalusia was one who was to come to fame by the pen: the history of painting in Spain was recorded by PALOMINO Y VELASCO (1653-1725), not untinged with romance and some flights into fiction. Later, JUAN AUGUSTIN CEAN BERMUDEZ (1749-1829) brought a more scholarly and accurate mind to the pretty business, thus atoning for his rank bad art. His work is a standard authority.

The pupils of Zurbarán, BERNABÉ DE AYALA and the brothers POLANCOS, tried to stem the tide of decay, but had not the strength—Murillo triumphed.

Valencia went down—even her two best artists, NICOLAS DE VILLACIO (died in 1690) and MATEO GILARETE (1648-1700), were feeble folk.

Aragon and Catalonia were, as we shall see, to produce a comet or so, but otherwise art in Spain died before 1700 struck.

At the end of 1700 died Charles II, the last of the art-loving Hapsburg kings of Spain, and the Philistine House of Bourbon reigned in their stead. Philip V, the first of them, was grandson to Maria Teresa, Philip IV's daughter, at whose marriage Velazquez came by his death. And both he and his successor, Ferdinand VI, were French in taste—what taste they had—with profound contempt for the great Spanish achievement. The portraits of their day were the work of Jean Ranc, Louis Michel, and Van Loo. To add to the general ruin, the Alcázar was gutted by fire in 1734, and the mighty treasure of the Hapsburgs that hung therein perished. Charles III, 'tis true, tried to stem the

wholesale carrying away of masterpieces out of Spain, and also called Tiepolo and Mengs to Madrid to decorate the new palace. The Venetian Tiepolo stayed in Madrid until his death in 1770, and, with his son, Domingo Tiepolo, wrought upon the frescoes for the new palace. But the native artists now sought to imitate Tiepolo. Raphael Mengs finished the sad business. The imitation of his imitations brought forth such painters as FRANCISCO BAYEU Y SUBIAS (1734-1795), MARIANO SALVADOR MAELLA (1739-1819), ZACARIA VELAZQUEZ, ANTONIO VELAZQUEZ, HERRERA BARNUEVO, and their like.

WHEREIN THE SPANISH GENIUS SPLUTTERS OUT SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE DECLINE

So Spain went down in a deluge of national, moral, historic, and artistic collapse into the abyss.

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEREIN A COMET BURSTS OVER THE WRECKAGE OF SPAIN AND ILLUMINES THE HIDEOUSNESS OF THE NIGHT IN ITS PASSING

THE GREAT CENTURY OF SPANISH PAINTING

SUDDENLY burst upon Spain, from amidst the pitchy darkness of her utter collapse, a comet that flashes a strange light upon all the rag-tag theories and pedant plans of such as lay down laws upon art. These say that art, being a form of beauty, only utters itself in a people in all the majesty of its strength; those cry out with equal ardour, though 'tis difficult to plumb the deeps of their self-satisfaction, that art, being beauty, only utters itself when a people are in decay. And so the wrangle goes. But art has nothing to do with the laws and theories of the schoolmasters. Art is our emotional communion with our fellows; art is the utterance of the sensations of life; art may utter itself in a people at the beginning or the supremacy or the end of their splendour—in fact, art has nothing to do with such things. But—and mark this difference well!—art will naturally be the utterance of a people bursting into song, and that outburst of song will always have a tendency to be at the height of a people's strength. But when a people are moved by any great passion, whether of tragic or comic significance, art will incline to vigorous utterance.

So was it in Spain. Aragon and Catalonia had not shared the great artistic utterance of Spain in the sixteen-

hundreds. Barcelona and Saragossa had been dumb. Barcelona, in 1678, brought forth a sincere artist in VILADOMAT, as his series of the *Life of Christ*, in the Cathedral, his *History of St. Francis*, and his altarpiece of *Christ's Passion* prove. Saragossa, in 1710, brought forth JOSEF LUJÁN MARTINEZ, who learnt the mysteries at Naples, and kept the Spanish vision of realism thereby. Martinez was to send forth a comet from his studio; for there was one to arise in Spain and lash the nation with a whip of scorpions, and his name was GOYA.

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GOYA

1746-1828

GOYA flashed across the ending of the seventeen-hundreds, a comet in a strange land, the child of a strange destiny. The age that was breeding grace and frivolity in the greater part of the seventeen-hundreds throughout Europe was breeding a people of stern purpose across the Atlantic. The age of doubt was sapping the authority of kings and questioning the lordship over a people by such as prided themselves on birth. The brood of the English-born across the seas arose and cast off the Mighty Sham, and the guns in Boston Harbour sounded the tocsin of the French Revolution. Yet, strange to say, it was not France that created the mighty art of the age of her supreme act of splendour. There the artists fell back on flat academism, mistook the dead art of Greece for the living voice of France, and created a pompous style wholly devoid of life. It was Spain, of all countries, that gave birth to the one giant of the Revolution, and his name was Goya. It was Goya alone, of all the artists of the age, who interpreted the new spirit and understood it.

FRANCISCO JOSÉ GOYA was born of the people. It was

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in the village of Fuendetodos, some leagues from Saragossa, on the 31st of the March of 1746, that to a humble fellow of the village, who plied the craft of gilding, was born his son FRANCISCO JOSÉ. The child knew bitter poverty. He grew to boyhood, to youth, in that little village that lies across the swirling stream at the foot of the mountains, sombre with pines; and until he was fifteen he knew no other teacher than his own ardent desire to paint what he saw about him. At fifteen, it chanced that, bringing a sack of flour from a mill to his father's home, he stopped upon the highway to rest, and as he rested he drew a pig upon the white wall with a piece of charcoal. A monk from Saragossa, Fray Felix Salvador, saw the drawing, stopped, and asked the lad, "Who is your master?" The youth Goya answered, taking the defensive, "I have none, father. It is not my fault that I draw; I cannot keep from drawing." Salvador took to the boy; and getting his father's permission to let him go to Saragossa to enter the studio of Lujan Martinez, the eager lad wrought thereat with keen and untiring enthusiasm. Martinez had small need to drum realism into the head of the eager youth—Goya's sole interest, his whole soul, were steeped in realism. His keen inquisitiveness into life and his dramatic vision sought only to find some means of utterance. As passionate in life as in art, Goya led a wild life in youth, even for his wild day. A wilful youth, of great bodily strength, love and the dance drew Goya as magnet steel. He went into an ugly scuffle with knives without hesitancy. One dark night he gets entangled in such a scuffle, in which three men are left bleeding upon the ground, and Goya takes to his heels, flees from the town, making his way by stealth to Madrid.

In Madrid he stayed a considerable while. At Madrid,

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Raphael Mengs was debauching the national art with his alien ideals, and Tiepolo was weaving Venetian designs over the walls of her palaces. Goya, by hook or crook, spent every hour he could give to it in close study of the paintings at the Royal collections. But his hot nature soon led him again into a tangle. One morning Goya was found prone in the streets, an ugly stab in his back—they dressed his wound, but put him under the eye of the guardians of the law. He fretted under the restraint, and decided to make for Italy. Out at elbows, and without a coin in his pocket, he slipped out of the city with a gang of bull-fighters, and working his way to the sea as a picador in the bull-ring, he made the wage to get him to Italy. In Italy he remained some years, deeply interested in all he saw. He seems to have attempted the "historical picture," as he won a prize for a *Hannibal Surveying Rome from a pinnacle of the Alps*, and with his calm assurance he reached even to the Pope, since the Vatican holds a full-length portrait of *The Pope* wrought in a few fierce hours by his hands. But Goya was not the man to chase classical ideals or the splendour of the Renaissance; the vivid life of the people caught his creative mind, and his sketches were concerned with priest and carnival, beggar and woman of the street, and mule-drivers. In Rome at least he gained the friendship of Spain's Court-painter, FRANCISCO BAYEU. But he got into a nunnery by night, was caught, and a reckless escape alone saved him from hanging.

His twenty-fifth year (1771) saw him back in Saragossa again. It was no safe place for him, but it was like his astute daring to go—and the stern walls of a monastery guarded him from the inquisitive. By 1775 he dared further, for we find him in Madrid, in this his thirty-first year, married to the comely *Josefa Bayeu*, sister to the

well-known painter—his portrait of her shows a charming woman; and the eminent painter and favourite, Raphael Mengs, has taken the wild adventurer of the knife-broils into the very presence of the king—indeed, Charles III. is sitting for his portrait to the devil-me-care. Madrid holds a rare character-study of *Charles III*, a full-length, in which the king stands in a landscape with his gun and dog. Forthwith the Prime Minister of all Spain, *Florida Blanca*, sits to him. Five years thereafter he is elected to the Academy; and another five years (1785) sees him in the seat of the Director, on the edge of his fortieth year. Of a surety, Goya pulled the beards of the gods, and lost nothing by the insolence.

In 1788 Charles IV. came to the throne, and under his flippant court even the pretence of decency that Charles III. had set up, fled the land. It was the year before the States-General met in France, and brother Louis the Sixteenth awoke to find that "it was a revolution."

To understand the genius of Goya up to this phase of his art, it is well to understand Spain. To understand either it is necessary to understand Europe from 1760 to 1820. To understand any of these things it is necessary to remember by contrast a people that had been bred out of the loins of England on American soil. That whelp of England was to teach the wide world; whilst Europe became rotten the English race in America grew to strength. For it was the lion's whelp in the Americas that created modern Europe.

Goya was born into a Europe that was jigging it to the song of *Vive le joli! Vive la joie!* The King of France, Louis the Well-Beloved, was the god. The aristocrat was the envied type. The nations had got aboard a fragile ship, gaily pennoned with dainty ribbons, their eyes bent

on the dreamland of Cythera. All was amiable grace and elegance, even nature trimmed her trees and roses grew from every bush. Charm was the aim, and love of frail women the constant pursuit of the inconstant mind. The poets stained their slender fingers with rose-coloured inks. Europe flirted with France, and France was become a coquette, seeking only flower-strewn ways to tread, and giving herself to dalliance—her patch-box and powder-puff and her fan a serious part of her unseriousness. Her manhood's whole aim but to be a pretty fellow.

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But even as the lords of the earth play their pretty business, arrayed as Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses, and skip grimacing through their fantastic folly as pierrot and columbine, the sullen people begin to turn frowning eyes upon them—dumb but impelled by they know not what. The writers break into threat, with their talk of the rights of man and the like, 'tis true. An artist here and there, like gentle Chardin, seeks the truth and utters it —if in limited fashion. Hogarth in freer England lashes the age. And in Spain, a reckless dare-devil, his name Goya, scenting the new thing, half unwitting of it, breaks at least into satire even while he lives in the very presence of the king. For in Spain, spite of the black Inquisition, the Church and Court are playing with the fantastic fopperies. The Bourbon has brought the new frivolity into the sombre land. Whilst Charles III. lives, some check of decent intention curbs the land; but with the coming of Charles IV. and his Queen, Maria Luisa of Parma, in 1788, the year before the States-General meet up north beyond the wall of the Pyrenees, there is to be an end to the boredom of goodness. A huge and powerful man sits on the throne, a fellow who will brawl with a peasant as readily as he strikes his Ministers. But this

gruff-voiced, bearish giant of a man has a will of water, and is the toy of a wife who grips the reins of power that she may play the harlot shamelessly before the people. The Queen Maria Luisa junkets about with handsome young officers of the Guards whilst the king shoots rabbits or gambles at cards. Her lover, Manuel Godoy, Lieutenant of the Flemish Guard, she makes Prime Minister—he whom the people call, in derision, the Prince of Peace—indeed, he is to become the ancestor of the princely house of de la Paz. Offices are bought and sold on the Back-stairs. And, to add to the blight that lies upon the people, 'tis said some close on a score of thousand priests are fattening upon the will of the people and the whole weight of the Church is bolstering up the king.

And Goya is artist to the king. He lives at the Court —paints the Court; and, hugely tickled at the grim irony, this son of a peasant laughs at the Court even as he paints it. All the while he paints the pierrot-and-columbine mood—not with the sweet melancholy of a Watteau, but flippantly and not without sarcasm. The Church wants Madonnas, and the atheist paints them for the Church—strange saints frankly painted from the women of the streets, the rouge upon their cheeks. The life of the people is in the vogue, and, if with realism, he catches something of the air of the French pastoral. Thus, in this his first phase, we have Goya painting frivolous Spain, and doing it wondrous well, as Watteau and Boucher and Lancret were painting France. But Goya was of its people, he was an intellectual—and he gets into his utterance of the age a sting of grim satire of which the Frenchmen were innocent. They were the better painters; but he the more searching genius.

Of his art of this phase, then, were the pastorals and

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the church pictures. He could give you a vapid Madonna with the best of them, this atheist. As the French Court called upon Boucher for tapestry designs, so the Spanish Court must be in the fashion, and Goya is called upon to paint designs for tapestry. So peasants dance by the tavern or round the maypole or on the green at the fair. Lovers lie about upon the grass. The great ladies put off their rank awhile to strut it as shepherdesses, or to bring home the harvest. The juggler and the mountebank and the clown are come into fashion; and the merry world plays at Blind Man's Buff, or Toss the Manikin in the Blanket, or struts it in dandified fashion on the public promenade. Such was the age, and Goya uttered it in unforgettable fashion.

Of these designs are *Blind Man's Buff on the banks of the Manzanares*, the *Children blowing a Bladder*, the *Love Potion*, the *Women washing Linen in the River*, the *Blind Guitarra*, the *Kite*, the *Dance in San Antonio de la Florida*, the *Street Boys playing at Soldiers*, the *Stilt-walkers*, the *Girls tossing the Manikin in the Blanket*, and the *Game of Pelota*, the national game of ball in Spain. He painted several of these pictures again in smaller and more delicate style for the Countess Benaventa for her palace of Alameda.

The Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid holds a large number of fantasies painted by Goya at this time, of which the bull-fights, the carnivals, and the Inquisition are the subjects—*Las Corridas de Toros*, the *El Auto de Fé*, the *Procession of the Viérnes Santo*, *El Entierro de la Sardina*, being amongst the masterpieces, dramatic, full of action, merry, satiric. Goya was a born impressionist; he seized the moment on the wing. "A picture is finished when its effect is true," said he. If it needed finish, he put exquisite finish to its enhancement, as in the festival of the *Romeria*

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de San Isidro, of which he wrote that he would not lightly consent to paint so finished a work again. Wherever the life of the people caught his fancy, his quick art recorded it, whether pastoral or gallantry or dramatic incident the motive, and his hand's skill yielded the *Majas (street-women) on the Balcony*, or *Coach attacked by Brigands*, attune to his swift vision.

He painted now and then, though the religious picture ill-suited him, a *Crucified Christ* or a *St. Francis*; and he decorated the cupola of the church of the Virgen del Pilar at Saragossa. But his religious subjects pale before such a masterpiece as his famed *The Maypole* in the Casa Torres collection, to say nothing of perhaps the finest portrait of a woman painted by Goya in the same collection, the *Señora de Cean Bermudez.*

And in his portraits he shows the same grim vision that did not shrink from painting the rouge and pencillings on a princess's cheeks or on the faces of his ladies in his pastorals. This rebel paints the Court. But he has none of the Frenchmen's elegant politeness that hides the real character under the fine manner. Goya had given deep study to the art of Velazquez. He taught himself engraving, and engraved the masterpieces of the great Spaniard. He never came to the hand's skill in painting of the great Spaniard; but he caught from him an astounding faculty of truth. He reached great heights in portraiture; and he brought exquisite gifts of colour to the handsome business. His portraits of women, the delicate beauty of the race, are rendered with rare insight; he sets the powder on their pale cheeks, and he shirks nothing, yet through all he gives their subtle essence. When he paints the nude, he is frankly concerned with the nudity. He painted two pictures, a *Maja naked* and a *Maja clothed*, 'tis said, that he

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GOYA

1746–1828

SCHOOL OF SARAGOSSA

'THE MAJA, CLOTHED"

(PRADO)



might show the draped figure to be more alluring than the naked. But there is a tradition that would seem as likely —were it not that the dates are challenged, though not convincingly—for it would appear that the lady is the famed Duchess of Alba, whose intrigue with the painter was a by-word. Goya, so runs the gossip, had painted the Duchess as a Venus, when the Duke expressed keen interest to see her portrait; and Goya hurriedly painted another, in which she reclines, arrayed, to quell the great man's jealousy. Goya seems to have caught the fancy of the great ladies of the Court, and the worship that the beauties lavished upon him and his wonderful voice was one of the scandals of the day.

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But Goya was near done with the wild intrigues of these days. A mightier passion than lust was awakening in the man, and was soon to sweep him towards a passionate love of the people and the fury of the patriot, the championship of liberty. His hand was to utter a fiercer satire, his art to be impelled by a more vigorous aim. Goya was to become a Rebel—to wear the cap of Revolution.

II

Charles IV. came to the throne in 1788, and at once made Goya painter to the king. Goya was soon his favourite artist; and it is a wonder that his frank mockery of everything about the Court never set him foul of the king. Charles IV. and his queen, Maria Luisa, detested the smug decorum and stiff atmosphere of the Spanish Court. Goya's grim humour and rollicking wit tickled them out of all boredom. So the revolutionist and satiric Goya became the personal friend of the big king. The queen and the Countess of Benavente vied for his company;

whilst the beautiful Duchess of Alba fell violently in love with him. It was, unfortunately, in his close service to her that Goya's first serious infliction was to fall upon him; she had been banished to San Lucar, and Goya went with her. On the journey the coach broke down, and Goya taking out the bar of iron that had broken and caused the smash, welded it in a fire. He received a bad chill, which brought on deafness which slowly grew upon him and destroyed his sensitive hearing.

Goya stayed at the Court. He wrote the courtly letter as skilfully and tactfully as a Voltaire; but with his hand's skill he wrought such portraits of the Court as reveal its wide corruption. The whole lesson of the French Revolution, hard by, was lost upon that Court, but not upon Goya. He stripped the royal blood of its majesty, and showed the princes to be the inane puppets that they were: *The King*; *The Queen*—who stands like the flashy courtesan that she was; *Godoy*; the *Crown Prince Ferdinand*, whom his bluff father so hated—Goya reveals the malice and hypocrisy of the man, sly, spiteful, furtive. The shameless queen and the Countess of Benavente make him their pet; he paints them as they are—he drew the countess in *Until Death* trying to mitigate the terrors of old age with cosmetics.

Goya's gift of portraiture and his range in portraiture are very remarkable. He suits his craft with consummate judgment to his subject. His art leaps from grave to gay, from blitheness to biting satire, as his subject moves him. Here his drawing is weak, there brutal, but his exquisite sense of colour atones for the weaknesses. He cares nothing so long as he creates his impression. Here his brush runs to coarse paint, there he employs the paint with astonishing subtlety and délicatesse. Think of the same hand that painted the *Queen* in all her brutal courtesan shamelessness,

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now at the Alcázar at Seville, painting the exquisite portrait of *Goya's little Grandson*. The Prado holds the large group of *The Royal Family*, a *Doña Luisa* (the queen), an *Equestrian Portrait of Charles IV*, and others of the royal House of Bourbon, in which Goya shows his satirical gifts to such purpose that one wonders how he escaped displeasure. At the Prado is a fine full-length of the king, *Charles IV*, and at Naples there is another, with dog and gun. Naples possesses also a full-length of *The Queen*.

His habits reveal the man's profound sense of art. His sitter, compelled to silence, took the painting-throne, before which he set up his canvas—Goya would then become long absorbed in deep brooding, doing nothing but brooding upon his sitter—then he would start to paint, painting with great rapidity, seldom requiring more than a second sitting. "The secret of the artist," said Goya, "is in deep study of the object and in the firmness of the handling." The moment the impression was complete he ceased from all further finish. The British Museum possesses a fine head of the *Duke of Wellington* in red chalk by Goya. The Prado holds his *Guitar-player*, displaying his decorative sense, and his exquisitely finished portrait of his father-in-law, *Bayeu*, over which his hand lingered with loving care, as though he would utter his affection for the man by his very craftsmanship. He delighted in limning the beauty of the women of his race. In his famous *Asensi* the brush moves swiftly—as in the dainty *Marchioness of Pontejos* it lingers over every detail of dress and landscape. At times his art is strangely akin to that of Gainsborough. At Madrid is the superb portrait of the *Marchioness de la Solana*. The Prado holds his *Equestrian Portrait of General Palafox*, his full-length *General Urratia*, his *Ferdinand VII, Young*, an early and well-known *Charles III*, a fine *Duke of*

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Osuna and Family, the famous *Portrait of Himself*, and several portraits of the children of the Royal House. At the Académia de San Fernando are the fine portraits of *Godoy*, of *Ferdinand VII*, and *Goya when Young*.

The Academy of St. Ferdinand in Madrid is very rich in masterpieces by Goya. There hangs the haunting and compelling *Madhouse*, besides the *Bull-fight*, the *Carnival*, the *Procession*, and the *Sitting of the Inquisition*—the portraits of *Don Juan de Villanueva*; of *Don José Luis de Muñárris*; of *Maria Fernandez* ("La Tirana"), a fine affair of lighting; of *Don Leandro Fernández de Moratin*.

The National Gallery holds his *Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel* and his *Don Peral*, a fine harmony in greys is also lent thereto. The Louvre possesses the well-known *Ambassador Guillemardet*, seated before a table.

The Duke of Alba possesses a quaint full-length portrait of the *Duchess of Alba*, who seems a tall doll with a toy dog in attendance—a strange vision of the great woman whom Goya loved and served so faithfully. The Marchioness of Martorell has one of his greatest portraits of an eighteenth-century beauty, the *Marchioness de Pontejos*. Buda-Pesth owns a very finely rendered *Water-carrier*.

And as with the Royal House so with the Clericalism that Goya hated, for he saw that it was the most dangerous weapon against the freedom of the people.

Seville Cathedral wanted a canvas of *Saints Justa and Rufina*, the patron protectors of that city, from the Court-painter—Goya painted for the cathedral the well-known women of the street in Madrid, and as he painted he said grimly: "I will make the faithful worship vice."

Goya's contempt of the Church of Spain he took small pains to hide. The sycophancy of that Church to the Court in asking the Court-painter to decorate churches is

perhaps best evidenced by that act. It is incredible that anything but sheer ignorance to understand the things he wrought could have prevented his painting the churches of Madrid, of Seville, of Toledo and Saragossa and Valencia with the satiric art that he therein created. The man frankly detested the job; but he kept for Madrid his grimmest irony. The Church under the Bourbons had become the meeting-place of fashion. In 1798 Goya was given the decoration of the cupola of San Antonio de la Florida. In three months of hard work he wrought that great ironic fresco of San Antonio de Padua raising a dead man to make him discover the name of his murderer; and Madrid was frantic with delight. He wrought within the cupola of San Antonio a heaven in which naked angels skip and pose with as unmistakable intent as the light-o'-loves in the canvases of the erotic art across the Pyrenees. Along the balustrade is crowded a tangle of beggars, clowns, dandified folk, women of the street—the fan screens the eyes of beckoning, the girls show their trim ankles, the undershirt half-reveals immodest suggestion. Well-known beauties of the Court dance a ballet. And for this splendid audacity Goya was made chief painter to the king!

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The Prado has the good fortune to possess the paintings that Goya now wrought for his own purpose in his own house. They reveal the grim and forceful imagination of the real man as though a veil had been lifted from his soul. It tickles one largely to read the critics' jargon about Goya, of all artists, caring nothing for his subject—it is akin to their drivel about the beauty in the idiots of Velazquez. Here we have Goya without let or hindrance. He lets his hand go in devilries and grim satire that bite like acid on metal, whether he design *Saturn devouring his Son* or *Judith beheading Holofernes*; whether he give us the *Witches'*

Sabbath or the *Pilgrimage of the Inquisition along the Romeria de San Isidro*, his command of the grotesque is appalling, his rendering of horror is horrible. Goya knew that art was not beauty. His whipping of his age is terrible.

Goya gets him to his etching-needle and becomes more daring. The work of Rembrandt had discovered to Goya the reach of the etching-needle. In 1797 he gave forth his *Caprichos*, and he poured forth his contempt of his age, upon wantonness and cruelty, upon the servility of courtiers, upon the bribery of the State, upon affectation and flunkeydom, upon the hypocrisy of the priest, and the dullard denseness of the mob. His watchword is now to be Liberty. It was like Goya's calm effrontery to dedicate this work to the king! The biting satire of these things which were privately circulated struck at the whole fabric of Castilian pride and pomp. The Church at last grew angry. The Inquisition moved against him, and he was only saved by the generous intervention of the king, who calmly said that they had been done to his order. It was a splendid lie—yet one of the few acts of Charles IV. that rouses one's admiration. In his etching, Goya was early employing the massing of aquatint—for "in nature exists no colour and no lines, nothing but light and shadow," said he. So, with huge delight he attacked the follies of the day, the corruption and folly of the people, the religious acts of the time, the State, and raised his witches and weird fantasies out of the darkness wherein an ass feels the pulse of a sick man, or a woman steals the teeth from the mouth of a fellow who hangs from a gibbet.

Goya hated hypocrisy, tyranny, and cruelty with the bitter hatred of the free man.

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III

WHEREIN A COMET BURSTS OVER THE WRECKAGE OF SPAIN AND ILLUMINES THE HIDEOUSNESS OF THE NIGHT IN ITS PASSING

With 1808 the French Revolution came tumbling over the Pyrenees like molten lava. The Spanish Court could now no longer ignore the battlecry of Liberty. War was upon them. That the Crown Prince Ferdinand was bitterly hostile to Godoy made the people the ally of the furtive prince. The king hated his son. The king saw the inevitable when Napoleon was at the head of the battalions that threatened, and he laid the crown of Spain at the feet of the French conqueror at Bayonne in 1808 and retired to Fontainebleau. Napoleon set his own brother Joseph as king over Spain; and Joseph entered Madrid amidst the public acclamation of the party of progress as a Liberator. Goya was of those who hailed the new *revelation.*

But Spain was not herself free; and Joseph had some limitations as regards the sense of Freedom for a Spaniard. The Reaction set in. After all, the French were invaders, and the pride of the Spaniard was irked. The volunteers arose under the priesthood, and England sent support. Spain knew the horrors of war.

Goya had welcomed Napoleon as had the whole intellectual part of Spain. It was Goya who chose for Napoleon those Spanish pictures of which several still hang at the Louvre. But with the rising of his own people Goya was torn between his revolutionism and his patriotism. A sterner mood came over him. For him the pomp and glory of war held no illusions. He was a Spaniard and a realist. And in his grim art he now uttered the horror of the hell that is called war. He saw the batches of condemned men shot down by the soldiery; he saw the terror and agony of mothers madly striving to

shield their children from the brutality of the soldiery; he saw stricken men in the agony of death; the battlefield meant vultures glutted on the bodies of the fallen. His *Desastres de la Guerra* are no heroic call to war—here the heroic strut, the splendours of war make no sign. For Goya Art was not Beauty. Was ever such an awful indictment of war?

IV

After the violence of Revolution the old story—the Reaction. As in France so in Spain. The kings came back to their thrones; the priesthood returned over the land; the Inquisition was again established—Freedom of thought and life were at an end. On the tenth day of the August of 1812, King Joseph was in flight from Madrid; in 1814, Ferdinand came back to the throne of his forefathers as Ferdinand VII; *darkness returned over Spain,* and one of the first decrees signed by the king was couched in spirit and phrase worthy of the dark ages: "Every heretic shall have his tongue bored through by the headsman with red-hot irons." No book might appear until the Jesuits sanctioned.

It was a grim day for Goya. He had taken the oath of allegiance to Joseph Bonaparte—had painted his portrait. He took the oath of allegiance to Ferdinand. "In our absence," said Ferdinand, "you have deserved exile, nay, worse, you have deserved death; but you are a great artist, and we pardon everything." Goya was Court-painter, but his contempt for the king was too deep for alliance. For eight years he remained at Madrid as painter to the king, and painted several portraits of the sovereign—the *Equestrian Portrait of Ferdinand VII.* at the Academy of Fine Arts, the *Portrait of the King* at the Prado, standing in the approved Napoleonic attitude before his cavalry, amongst them. His

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etching-needle was privately busy—he was at work on his bull-fights, *The Tauromachia*, on his *Proverbs*, and on his *Prisoners*, in which he protests against the vile torturing of prisoners. Goya now withdrew from the Court to the house in the outskirts of Madrid that the people call the House of the Deaf Man—for he was now quite deaf, he was lonely, his wife and son and many friends were dead. So he lived in his villa, alone, brooding in his deafness upon the misery of the world. In 1815 he published his *Tauromachia*. He was adding to that grim gallery of paintings that hung on the walls of his house. The witches and grim creatures of his early creations still haunted the old man's fancy—hypocrisy still whispers into the ears of religious pilgrims, madness and evil and cruelty are in the land.

Goya despised the Court; he felt bitterly the loss of liberty to Spain; he brooded upon the depths into which each year the country sank. He felt an alien in this stupid narrow Court. Beyond was naught but ruin. In 1822 he asked permission to journey into France that he might take the gout-cure at the sulphur springs of Plombières in Lorraine. He painted, before he went, a *Communion of San José Calansanz* for the fathers at the church of San Anton Abad; the fathers haggled about the price, and Goya only finished the work at the prayerful entreaty of their head priest.

But once across the Pyrenees, safe out of his own sorry land, the deaf old man shook himself free—no Plombières for Goya—he went to Paris and was received with wild acclamation. His six weeks of leave went by, and passed into years. He found the young Frenchmen a-thrill with that modern revelation that he had so fearlessly fought to initiate. From Paris he went to Bordeaux, where he settled

at the house of his staunch friend, Madame Weiss, and was at home amongst a band of Spanish exiles. But old age and deafness now had the threat of blindness added to the battery of his enfeeblement. Yet he wrought in these years a large art—portraits, etchings, dainty paintings on ivory, and his fine series of the *Taureaux de Bordeaux*. It was in the February of 1819 that the old genius first wrought a lithograph of the *Woman Spinning*; and his hand's skill retains all its virile cunning.

In 1827 the aged Goya seems to have become home-sick, and he got him to Madrid. He was received with great formality, and treated with every token of respect by the king and Court. Ferdinand ordered VICENTE LÓPEZ to paint the old man's portrait. The old war-dog of grim humour was not yet dead—after the second sitting, Goya carried off the painting, for, said he, López will only spoil it "if he worked upon it with his niggling brush." But Madrid fretted him, and a few months saw him back again at Bordeaux. He returned to blindness, but he was only to know a year of it. On the 16th of March in 1828 his resolute body was struck with apoplexy as the dawn broke, and he yielded up the lease of his vigorous and fearless genius.

Goya lay down and died at the very time that the French Romantic school was giving forth its battlecries.

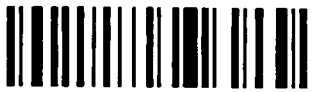
With Goya passed away the one original genius in European painting who understood and fitly uttered his age. David could only try to put life into the dead bones of antiquity, and create the ice-cold thing. This man saw with keen eyes that the old world was dead; that life evolves and must create its own utterance. The Monarchy and the Church had failed, so he laughed them to scorn. If there must be a Church, must be a Monarchy, then these

things must be new things—not old. There was but one guide, the Reality of Life—a more mystic thing than all these shibboleths, a very miracle in which hypocrisy cannot live. Beauty and the Ideal he treated with utter contempt as mere popinjay toys. The man saw eye to eye with life; and it was revealed to him that in the communion of the emotions of life to his fellows alone lay the significance of all art.

WHEREIN A COMET BURSTS OVER THE WRECKAGE OF SPAIN AND ILLUMINES THE HIDEOUSNESS OF THE NIGHT IN ITS PASSING

For awhile the still body of Goya lay forgot in the cemetery of Bordeaux, and the vulgarity of genteel Europe strove to put oblivion upon him. But he was the first of the moderns. His swift impressionism created school at last. And that which he essayed, if with blundering endeavour on occasion, brought revelation to the whole modern achievement. Goya stood for light and atmosphere and for movement. To the Tenebrosi, to Velazquez, and to Goya, the debt of modern art is prodigious.

THE END OF VOLUME III.


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